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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BECKET—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with that of Mr. Quinn, who is much coarser in texture. The supporting cast is always in the shadow of the principals, and the direction, by Peter Glenville, never does get all the elements of the play into clear focus. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BEST MAN—A nimble journalistic piece of work, in which Gore Vidal, the author, takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. The leading candidates—one principled, the other unprincipled—are Melvyn Douglas and Frank Lovejoy, in that order. Lee Tracy is splendid as a venerable ex-President, straight from the cracker barrel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

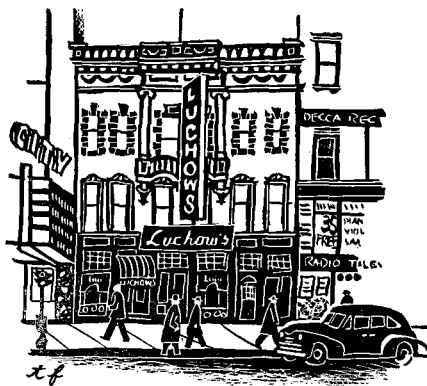
THE HOSTAGE—A rousing romp with Brendan Behan, who makes the disorderly conduct of his creatures a virtue instead of a vice. The drama—or, rather, the vaudeville—takes place in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being held prisoner by the I.R.A. Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage head a fine cast that was taught its paces by Joan Littlewood, a most perceptive director. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—This product of the imagination of a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her accessible daughter, her fancy man, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. But Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in her role as the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A THURBER CARNIVAL—This happy Thurberian anthology now even features the Master as an active participant onstage. Paul Ford lends a jovial helping hand, and Burgess Meredith directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—Maybe Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies isn't very consistent in its dramatic development, but there can be no doubt that it is the work of a playwright born. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Jason Robards, Jr., Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE MIRACLE WORKER: The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, over-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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came the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TENTH MAN: Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

LAUGHS AND OTHER EVENTS—Stanley Holloway in his one-man revue, staged by Tony Charmoli. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 5.)

THE WALL—A play by Millard Lampell, based on John Hersey's novel, with George C. Scott and Yvonne Mitchell. Directed by Morton DaCosta and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Billy Rose. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees this week on Thursday and Saturday,

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both at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BYE BYE BIRDIE—An unpretentious, barely resistible musical that Gower Champion has directed from a score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and a book by Michael Stewart. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IRMA LA DOUCE—An exercise, purporting to be a jolly French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is desperately short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIORELLLO!: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GYPSY: Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MUSIC MAN: Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Moves on Monday, Oct. 17, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE FAIR LADY: Michael Allinson and Margot Moser (substituting for Pamela Charles) are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LA PLUME DE MA TANTE: A French revue, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer. Colette Brosset is another of the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC: Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TAKE ME ALONG: A musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" In the cast are Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY: Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLerie in Leonard Bernstein's musical about the Jets and the Sharks. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and certain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

TENDERLOIN—Maurice Evans in a musical based on the novel of the same name by Samuel Hopkins Adams. George Abbott and Jerome Weidman wrote the book, Jerry Bock composed the music, and Sheldon Harnick did the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Abbott and presented by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince. Opens Monday, Oct. 17. (46th

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Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FACE OF A HERO—A play by Robert L. Joseph, taken from a novel by Pierre Boulle. The cast includes Jack Lemmon, Albert Dekker, James Donald, and George Grizzard. The producer is Lester Osterman, the director Alexander Mackendrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of pervers. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A COUNTRY SCANDAL—An adaptation, by Alex Szogyi, of an early play by Anton Chekhov. Wildly funny but uncertainly Chekhovian. The cast, which is splendid, includes Mark Lenard and Ronald Weyand. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS—Martyn Green in an adaptation by Paul Shyre (who also directed it) of the third volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical novels. Opens Thursday, Oct. 13. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as that. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do superior work in the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A.—Banalities shouted loud and clear and jokes visible from afar, characterize this musical revue, which has, however, an altruistic cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—An unwise revival of one of Philip Barry's think plays, in which a group of vaudevillians ensconced in a cabaret attempts to find out why evil is always cheap and good is always dear in this world. Now and then, the cast sublimates its material. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

H.M.S. PINAFORE—An "updated" version, fashioned by Tyrone Guthrie and first shown at Stratford, Ontario, this summer. The lyrics have been slightly altered, obtrusive slapstick has been added, and the singing is often strikingly garbled. However, Douglas Campbell, as the Boatswain, and Harry Mossfield, as Captain Corcoran, are ringing exceptions. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

THE IDIOT—Another adaptation, billed as a "new

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play," of Dostoevski's trunk-size novel. Lost along the way are the nuances that make the characters behave so singularly, and retained is much of the melodrama, which flows through the book like the Volga. The set is impressionistic and perfect, and so are the costumes. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

KITTIWAKE ISLAND—Kathleen Murray in a musical with book and lyrics by Arnold Sundgaard and music by Alec Wilder. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KRAPPS' LAST TAPE AND THE ZOO STORY—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. George Bartenieff will replace Mr. Daniels starting Sunday, Oct. 16. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE PEDDLER—A musical drama based on the Sacco-Vanzetti story. Armand Aulicino wrote the book and lyrics, and Frank Fields composed the score. Preview Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 14. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

SIGN OF JONAH—The author of this 1947 morality play is a German pastor named Guenter Rutenborn, and he seems to be saying that universal remorse, rather than old-fashioned penitence, is the answer to man's weaknesses. There is a lot of talk about Nazi gas chambers, which must have enlivened his original

German audiences. The costumes, which are as colorful as September weeds, and the sets, which are mildly Expressionistic, provide some diversion. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

THE THREPPENNY OPERA—Mack the grandfather. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

VALMOUTH—Sandy Wilson has written the tunes, the book, and the lyrics for this musical, which tramples mercilessly all over its source, a 1919 Ronald Firbank novel having to do with some Catholic English aristocrats and some pagan Negroes who collide in an English resort town. The songs understandably elude their singers, and the acting, with a few exceptions, is powdery. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

BALLETS AFRICAINS—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a four-week engagement. (Alvin, 52nd St. W. of Broadway. CI 5-5226. Wednesdays at 7:30; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.)

INDRANI—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

VICENTE ESCUDERO—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

BHASKAR—With his company, in a program of dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER—With his company, in the final performances of "Christopher's Wonders," an illusion show. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, at 8:40; and Saturday, Oct. 15, at 11 and 3.)

MORT SAHL—A prominent news psychoanalyst, plus the Limelitters, who make up their own traditional folk airs. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8 and 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Lights! Action! Camera! Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are on the dead run all night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's squadron of light cavalry (Wilbur Evans is riding master, and Jimmy Carroll is also in the cast) is now going to work twice a night on a short-term synopsis of "The Vagabond King," frequently at the top of its lungs. There's dance music between the recitals. Closed Mondays...

¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. Twice a night, there's a visit by Gogi Grant, whose family album contains nothing but songs recorded by her. Closed Sundays... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orches-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. No dancing in either domicile. . . . No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximilian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye, who likes to visit New York but etc., and his large assortment of bandmen are in the equally large Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The great men of the two sister republics (the United States and Texas) find an uncommon meeting place in the grand old Maisonette, where they and their ladies waltz about to the handiwork of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. During the dinner and the supper hour, Joanne Gilbert makes an Academy Award entrance to present a bouquet of ballads. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a simultaneous paean to Roman architecture and the witchery of moonlight, tees off with feasting music by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra a bit past seven, but blossoms at eight-thirty into upbeat dance music (the Hansens and Charles Holden's band) that goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The course of Empire always running smooth; i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both palaces are closed to the public on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Emil Coleman, who knows how to keep the time immemorial that New Yorkers have always liked to dance to, operates the big, suave orchestra in the Empire Room, and (at dinner and supper) lends his band to Rosemary Clooney, singer of the evening, who gets about C+ for effort. Miss Clooney leaves on Saturday, Oct. 15; on Monday, Oct. 17, Frankie Laine and his entire collection of sound waves will be taking the stand. Closed Sundays. . . . Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways, with Michael Zarin's trio and Ray Bari's chirruping band (thinking music from six to eight-thirty, dance music thence to one) except Sundays, and the Baris all by themselves on Sundays (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a bar big enough to float ten thousand cocktail olives in at once, offers a view of the city and the docile drinking-and-dining music of a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it hotsy-totsy. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) the lambent piano of Budd Gregg. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour goes on and on into the night; the party spirit is slightly leavened by graybeards who have managed to survive into their thirties. Bob Printz plays ah-youth! piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do single and double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **MON-SIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It's not too easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers.

Closed Sundays for refuelling. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, who may be the best ivory hunter in the business, whips up dozens of concentric and eccentric ripples on an admiring Steinway. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The home life of the Trapp family if they'd lived in Florence. All week long, there's regional piano by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten; Tuesday through Saturday, a supply of lasagna like "The Barber of Seville" is bandied about viva voce. Closed Mondays.

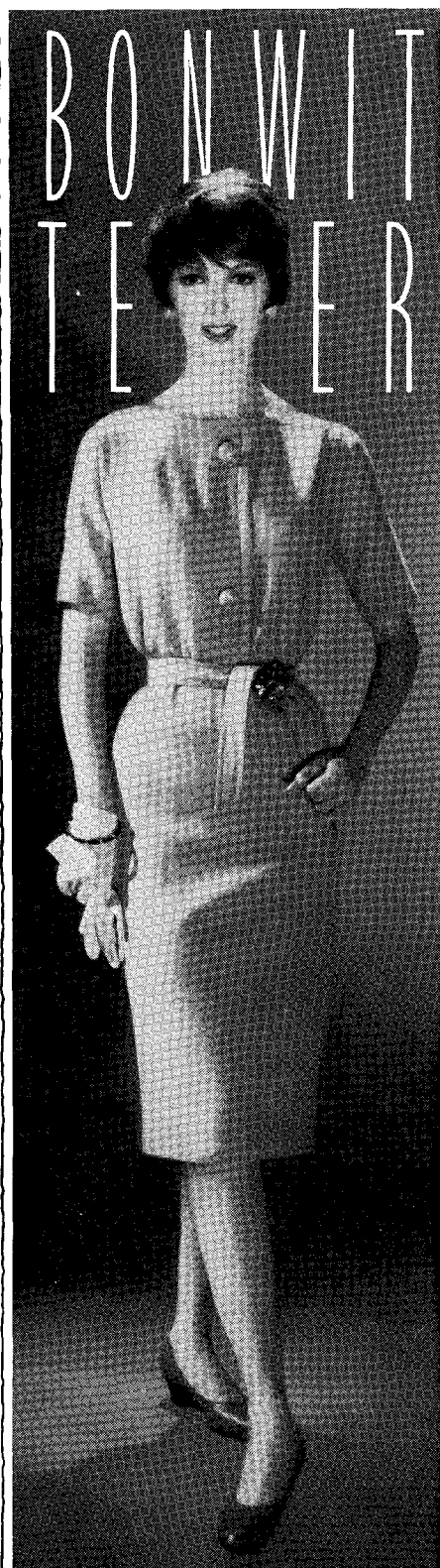
. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Argentines whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castle, moat, and drawbridge—it all used to be in the Fifth Avenue window of F. A. O. Schwarz. Norbert Faconi, the major-domo of this wonderland, moves from table to table with a listen-he's-playing-our-song violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MAL-MAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600):

Poor's Manual taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer, who doesn't mind making an occasional false move at his piano, is in residence from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): A social hall with a setting that is satisfactorily ornamental. Charles De Forest, specialist at the wistful half-world ballad, and Stanley Paul, pianist, look after the aural portion of the amusement. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the ones he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a night, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A seven-day-a-week South Seas shopping center—resort clothes and all—equipped with bar, kitchen, menu, and string music that's as Polynesian as things ever get on this island. George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar.

. . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its now-and-then companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, the best of which is Fernando Sirvent's eloquent guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mittel-europa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbabons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and (as of Friday, Oct. 14) Laureanne Lemay's French-Canadian chansons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Renato Rossini, which believes every word of the fiery songs it sings. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): This celebrated girl-watchers' gallery has just had another vernissage, this one entitled "Vive la Femme" and concerned



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with modern and wholly representational art forms. Dancing. . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Vaudeville in the ranch-house era—that is to say, Billy Eckstine warbling as though his heart would break; Charlie Barnet's medium-size band doing arrangements by Rosemarie de Paris; and Don Rickles, an *agent provocateur* with a kill-or-cure way of talking to the ring-siders. Closed Sundays. . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, a firm believer in living wisely and too well, will stop reading aloud from his diary on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jack E. Leonard, who has finally got around to visiting New York, turns out to be an armchair philosopher who's not averse to bickering with the customers but still believes in live and let live. Dorothy Loudon, a stormy petrel who's not at all sure about live and let live, presents her case for the opposition in very apt words and music; Janice Mars, the other member of the task force, believes that love songs will find the way. Jimmy Lyons' trio and Otis Clements' piano fill the interludes. . . **IN THE LOUNGE**, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night from Monday through Friday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The dark at the top of the stairs is wholly dissipated by a revue—Julius Monk's latest contribution to the gaiety of nations—that is brisk and brusque in almost instantaneous alternation. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Marie Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The fools that rush in here are Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, whose songs and music-making haven't a grain of sense. They are assisted by the bongos of someone succinctly named Bogee. Nine-thirty is their starting time; Robert Colston, who does solo flights on the piano, reports at nine. Closed Sundays. . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The most effective part of the florid floor show in the dining room is sometimes the assiduous pursuit of the rumba and samba by the town's knowledgeable Spanish colony, which gets its meals and its kicks here. The professional part of the show is largely Argentine flamenco. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight. . . **OFF THE BAR** is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Domingo Alvarado (voice) and Juan de la Mata (guitar) do flamenco music so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A wholehearted effort to bring chaos out of order. The participants are Tony and Eddie, hounds at bay whose weapons are their own hammer and tongs, plus the gramophone recordings of others; Phyllis Diller, housewife at bay with only her tongue, which has the strength of ten, to defend her; the dithery sing-alongs of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames; and the piano of Peter Daniels. Jimmie Daniels, that old boulevardier, is *padrone*. Miss Diller, by the way, ends her stay on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Closed Mondays. . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Upstairs over the Roundtable is the dais upon which Mabel Mercer, classicist, *salonnière*, and humanist, is installed. It's not only what she sings but how she sings it. Her pianist, of course, is Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): It's a stormy night every time the returning Wild Bill Davison, who used to sleep in, lifts his trumpet from its bed of coals. His band follows him thorough bush and thorough fire. Graham Forbes is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355): Jimmy Giuffrè's driving quartet and Aretha Frank-

lin, one of this year's crop of orioles, leave on Sunday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 18, Ahmad Jamal's trio, which is Abyssinian progression, will head the list of arrivals. An afternoon session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, too. Closed Mondays. . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The block party reaches high tide about nine and starts ebbing around midnight, after which it's easier to listen to Joe Bushkin's high-pressure quartet, in which Jo Jones is handling the drumsticks. You can always detect the heavy breathing of the band that does the background for Duke Hazlett, one of the Chicago boys, who has seen all and heard all of Frank Sinatra without being able to do much about it. Closed Sundays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): It's hard to tell whether this establishment or Pee Wee Erwin's rumpus band is the oldest institution in the Village. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's trio, which shifts from abstraction to wild-eyed joy and back again, is happily and perspicaciously demonstrating the modern idiom inside the circular bar. Ben Tucker, her bass man, has plenipotentiary powers. The interludes, for advanced thinkers only, are attended to by John Bunch and his bass, Henry Grimes—a consummation that has long been devoutly wished. No music Mondays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannons' roar, rockets' red glare. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Sundays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays) arrive at seven-forty-five to pick up what pieces, if any, are left by the afternoon shift, which is manned by Tony Parenti's trio and Johnny Letman's threesome. Mr. Cole's quintet leaves Tuesday, Oct. 18; the next night, Roy Liberto's sextet takes over. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . **IN THE UPSTAIRS ROOM**, which will be in action on Saturday, Oct. 15, the Coles will do the housewarming. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The will to live is implicit in Buddy Rich's sextet and the Benny Golson-Art Farmer Jazztet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when they cut out. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan treats her piano as a whipping boy. In the circumstances, she really doesn't need the trio she has put together. The Erskine Hawkins quartet brings up the rear. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . **HALF NOTE**, 280 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A Greenwich Village town hall whose meetings are open to any performer of new-era music. John Coltrane's quartet makes quite a tempest in its teapot. Closed Mondays. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's sextet, which likes the idea of beachcombing among the West Indian tribal melodic structure, and Leon Bibb, a folk voice with a real whiplash, are rumbling along every evening but Sunday. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The quartet in which Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano are involved has a cheerful outlook on modern music, an unorthodoxy that is its own reward. John Handy's recently assembled foursome is on its shake-down cruise. The Handys are off Mondays, the others are off Tuesdays. The building the enterprise occupies must once have stood on Cannery Row. . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): A Far North trading post that makes a specialty of modern American jazz, which is nimbly dispensed by Bill Taylor's bright-eyed threesome. No music Mondays. . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Ada Lee, a new jazz singer with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

distinct possibilities, ends her first Manhattan showing on Sunday, Oct. 16. Harry Edison's middle-of-the-road quintet disappears the same night, but Lord Buckley, an Existentialist conversationalist lately imported from Chicago, will stay on. Gil Evans' twelve-man band, which is sure to own a bunch of deft orchestrations, is due on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A beer hall that sets aside its weekends for the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, the staff will probably include Buck Clayton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Johnny Letman, Gene Sedric, Zutty Singleton, Mickey Sheen, and Panama Francis. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Mal Waldron's quartet, a clear and honest exponent of progress, resigns on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Next evening, Yusef Lateef's Moslem foursome moves in. On Mondays, the floor is occupied by the Cecil Taylor Unit of four, which is working on a hush-hush project for an unknown power.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAVID ARONSON—Paintings on religious themes; through Oct. 29. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

JEAN ARP AND SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP—Sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and tapestries; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

LARRY BIGELOW—Landscape water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

CH'I PAI-SHIH—Still-lives, paintings of animals and people, and landscapes by this Chinese artist, who died in 1957, plus Thai paintings from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through Nov. 15. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ADOLF DEHN—Caseins and water colors, including cityscapes and farm scenes; through Oct. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

ELIOT ELISOFON—Water colors of flowers, plants, and nudes; through Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ENSOR—Oils and drawings in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Belgian artist, who died in 1949; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

APELLES FENOSA—Sixteen small bronze figurines by this Spanish sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Abstractions; through Oct. 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

HENRY J. GLINTENKAMP—Paintings by one of the Independents of 1910, who died in 1946; through Oct. 29. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN D. GRAHAM—Figurative paintings and oil drawings (1943-60) by this Russian-born artist, long a resident of the United States; through Oct. 29. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

PAUL GRANLUND—Figure sculptures; through Oct. 29. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

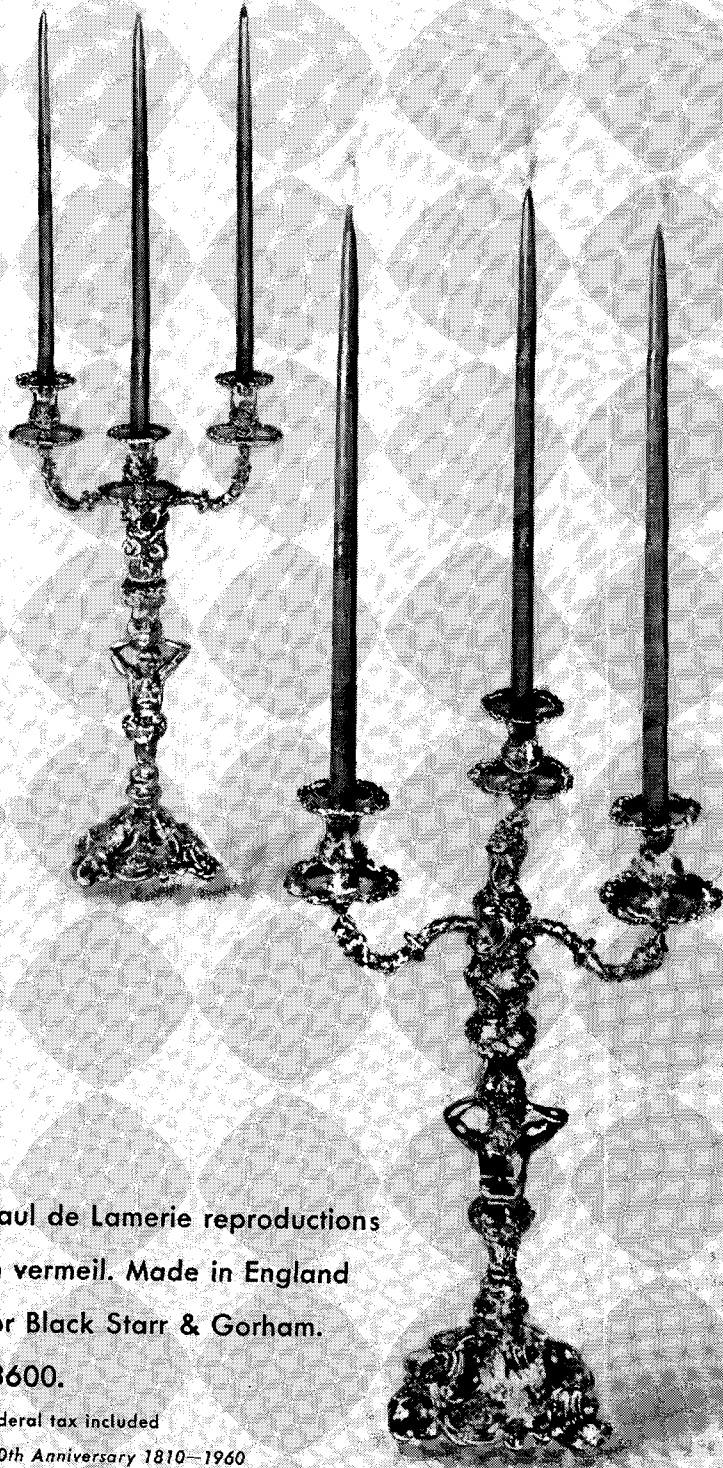
GENICHIRO INOKUMA—Abstract oils by this Japanese artist; through Oct. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KABAK—Abstract impressions of landscapes, in oil; through Oct. 29. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

TADEUSZ KANTOR—Canvases by one of Poland's foremost contemporary painters. First one-man show in America; through Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KILEY—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 29. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

ARTHUR KIMMIG—The city at night is the theme of a showing of oils; through Saturday, Oct.



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15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LANDÉS LEWITIN—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GLEN MICHAELS AND RAYMOND ROCKLIN—Panels in wood, stone, and metals by the former; sculptures in cast and welded bronze, as well as in stoneware, by the latter. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—In observance of her hundredth birthday, a loan exhibition entitled "My Life's History," comprising forty-five paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

HENRY NIESE—Still-lives, landscapes, and figures; through Nov. 5. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St.)

TETSUO OCHIKUBO—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ALICIA PENALBA—Abstract bronze sculptures by this Argentine-born sculptor; through Nov. 4. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

SHAY RIEGER—Stone figures and animals; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MAX SCHNITZLER—A twenty-year retrospective of Abstract Expressionistic paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL SCHUMACHER—Abstract oils by this German artist; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK STELLA—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HALLMARK ART AWARD—Fifty-seven paintings (from twenty countries) that have been purchased by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fifth international competition; through Oct. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gordin, Costantino Nivola, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Wood and ivory carvings, mostly magical and religious statues and masks, from West Africa; through Oct. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Jonah Kingstein, Alice Neel, and Anthony Toney, together with drawings by Giacomo Porzano; through Saturday, Oct. 15. ... **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: The gallery is opening its new quarters with a showing of paintings by, among others, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, and Jane Wilson; through Oct. 29. ... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Works by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and others; through Nov. 5. ... **MI CHOU**, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by three young Americans—Sung Woo Chun, Dale Joe, and Noriko Yamamoto; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Closed Mondays.) ... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: The Annual Watercolor Exhibition; through Friday, Oct. 14. (Daily, noon to 6.) ... **NEW GALLERY**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by such modern masters as Picasso, Degas, and Jackson Pollock; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The October show consists of paintings selected by John Hultberg, Chen Chi, and John Koch; through Oct. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) ... **REHM**, 36 E. 61st St.: The opening exhibition at the gallery's new address comprises paintings, by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others, that were sold by the gallery in its early years (1923-40) and are now on loan from museums and private collectors;

through Saturday, Oct. 22. ... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Georgia O'Keeffe, Claire Falkenstein, and five other women painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 22.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Helen Frankenthaler, Esteban Vicente, and Ben Nicholson; through Oct. 29. ... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: A second version of the June exhibition called "New Media-New Forms," made up of works in new combinations of painting and sculpture by, among others, Dubuffet, Arp, and Claes Oldenberg; through Saturday, Oct. 22. ... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Miró, Modigliani, Calder, and other modern painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, including Massimo Campigli, Filippo de Pisis, and Arturo Tosi; through Oct. 22. (Closed Mondays.) ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Emile Bernard and Louis Valtat are among the artists represented in a show called "A New Look at the Neglected Nineteenth-Century Masters;" through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Closed Mondays.) ... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Giacometti, Kandinsky, and Severini; through Nov. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Buildings," an exhibition of prints, drawings, and photographs embracing Colonial, Federal, Greek Revival, Victorian, Gothic, and skyscraper modern architecture. ... "The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, together with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; starting Saturday, Oct. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. ... "Visionary Architecture," a display of models and enlarged photographs showing twentieth-century buildings and city-planning projects that were never executed. Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright are among the designers. Through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints by European artists, including Picasso, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Georges Braque; through Oct. 31. ... "Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; starting Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and drawings by Isidro Nonell, along with works by eighteen younger Spanish painters. After Thursday, Oct. 20, the Museum will be closed until Tuesday, Nov. 1, when there will be a new show. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of autograph letters of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Eisenhower; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Pottery by Dean Maxfield Mullavey, ceramic reliefs by Harris and Ros Barron, and award-winning silver designs from seventeen countries; through Dec. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Melanesian paintings and sculptures, from New Guinea and the New Hebrides; through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America—1960," consisting of paintings by thirty artists below the age of thirty-six, among them Sonia Gechtoff, Wolf Kahn,

and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana."... Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "La Bohème."... Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30: "The Pirates of Penzance."... Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Carmen."... Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30: "The Mikado."... Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English)... Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: The American premiere of Werner Egk's "The Inspector General" (in English), conducted by the composer.... Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Carmen."... Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly."... Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Through Sunday, Nov. 6.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Bernstein conducting—At **CARNEGIE HALL**: Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3 (all with Aaron Rosand, violin); and Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano, and Leonard Rose, cello)... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: An all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL PLAYERS—Thomas Dunn conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Charles Bressler, tenor; Isidore Cohen, violin; Samuel Baron, flute; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.)... Josef Krips conducting on Monday, Oct. 17. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting on Tuesday, Oct. 18, with Pinna Salzman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:40.)

RECITALS

MICHEL BLOCK—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

NEW DANISH QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

GUIONAR NOVAES—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

JULIAN BREAM—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:40.)

THEODORE BIKEL—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

LAUREL HURLEY—Soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

McHENRY BOATWRIGHT—Baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

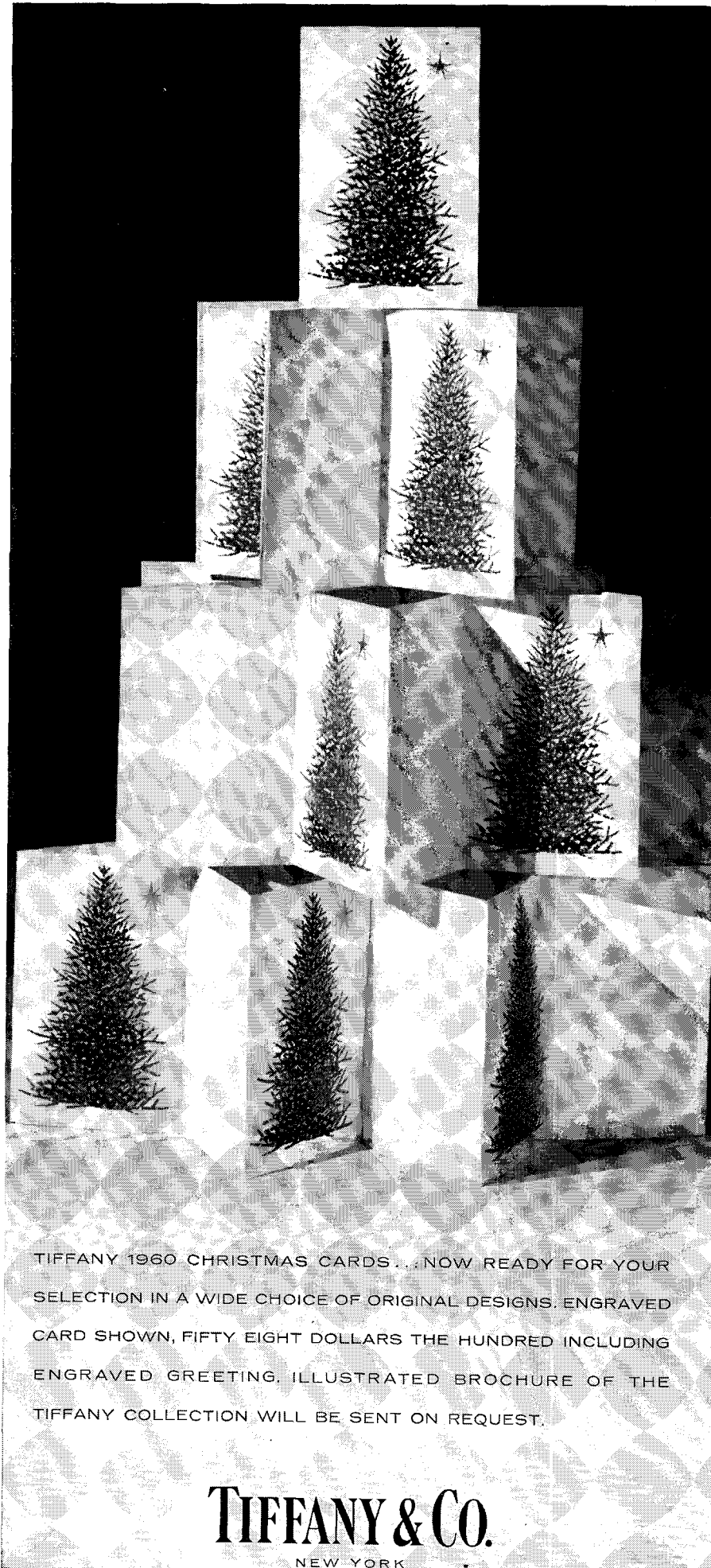
MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—In the first in a series of four concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER—Russian pianist, in an all-Beethoven program. The first in a series of five concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

LOUIS KENTNER—In the first in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The first concert in the series, this one by the Fine Arts Quartet, with John Wummer, flute. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

FOLK-SONG CONCERT—Pete Seeger, the Clancy Brothers, Tommy Makem, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Count Basie's orchestra, Joe Williams, and Stan Kenton's orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 14: Knicks vs. College All-Stars... Thursday, Oct. 20: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Games begin at 9.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 15: Denny Moyer vs. Jorge Fernandez, welterweights, 10 rounds... Saturday, Oct. 22: Emile Griffith vs. Willie Toweel, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30... Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2... Navy vs. Air Force, at Baltimore, at 1:30... Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30... Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2... Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2... **SATURDAY, OCT. 22:** Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2... Columbia vs. Holy Cross, at Baker Field, at 1:30... Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2... Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2... Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30... Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30... Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2... Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 16, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto... Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 17-22.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15)... Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: The final game of the season, Oct. 16... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 22. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15; the Vosburgh Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 19; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25)... **UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey, Friday, Oct. 21. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above)... **GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.:** Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 22. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30... **SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs:** Nightly at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 22, at noon.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Beauty and the Beast," Saturday, Oct. 15, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2 and 3:30... "Two Sisters," Saturday, Oct. 22, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Satur-



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days at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PISCATOR PLAYERS:** "The King's New Clothes." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 3.)... **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "The Three Pigs," plus a magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 11.)... **"The Pied Piper."** (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)... **PENNY-WHISTLE PLAYERS:** "A Little Bit of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—While the heads of government are attending the General Assembly, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters. However, special programs on General Assembly meetings are being carried by all radio and television networks; the daily papers will be your best source of news on scheduling.

DRAMA READINGS—Brendan Behan reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—Among some one hundred and twenty-five exhibits there will be eighteenth-century furniture and other vestiges of the past, including china, silver, toys, paintings, and postcards. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 17-21, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 4:15.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 13, at 1:45: Chinese semiprecious-mineral carvings, ivories, lamps, and other decorative objects, belonging to Mrs. Alfred Wynshenk and others. ... Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 1:45: French and English furniture, silver, enamels, pewter, porcelains, paintings, tapestries, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; from the estate of Charles H. Morse. ... Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Old Master and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the collection of the late Lillian S. Timken and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.



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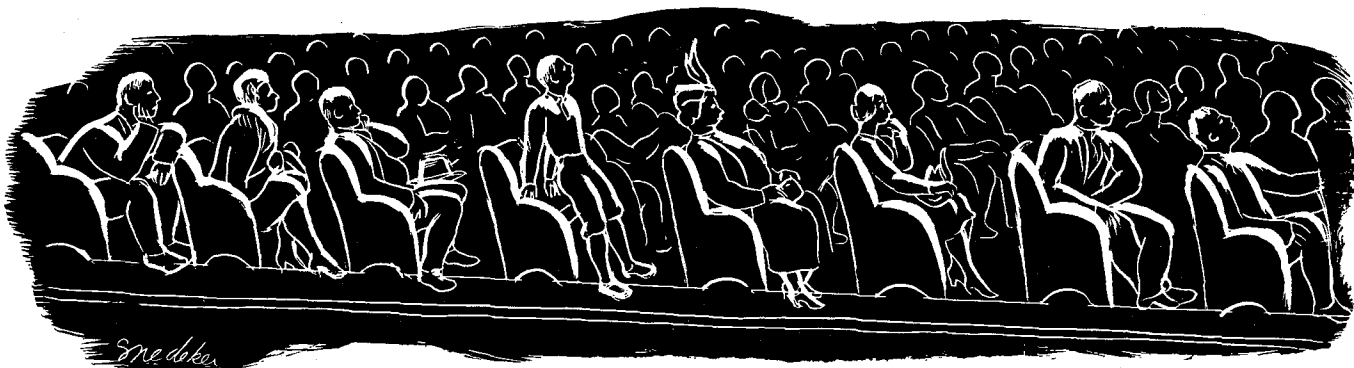
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



BEN-HUR—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

ELMER GANTRY—Richard Brooks' interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists, either crooked or crazy. Intermittently compelling, always sardonic, the film has Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as its leading tent-show shouters, and has the further advantage of including Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones in supporting roles. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 19.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—With this French film, which describes the brief, intense, and hopeless affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in Hiroshima (where the movie was photographed), Alain Resnais emerges as one of the finest movie directors now in practice. In the principal roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are highly commendable. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored most buoyantly. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—The Swiss they are a tranquil lot, but it seems that an occasional homicidal maniac can turn up amongst them, even as amongst us, and give the police a bad time. Heinz Ruhmann brilliantly enacts the role of a conscientious police inspector, Gert Frobe is a plausible murderer of little

girls, and the scary pursuit takes place against an enchanting Alpine background. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE—One of the best travelogues about life in the wilds of Africa that we've had in a long time. It was created under the auspices of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 16-18.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS—Nothing very lucid can, or need, be said about this delightful, utterly confused romp through some of the prettiest meadows of Provence. A stiff-necked professor is pursued by a passionate peasant girl and does not escape. Jean Renoir, who wrote, produced, and directed this French film, preaches a gospel of love and idleness, and very convincing he is. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS—Nothing here for tears. Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. The role of Potter is played with relish by Alastair Sim. Ian Carmichael is a drolly inept young man who, in despair of losing his girl to a suave masher (the toothy Terry-Thomas), learns the art of one-upmanship from Potter and scores off everyone in sight. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 19, tentative.)

SONS AND LOVERS—This first screen adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel concentrates so closely on the author's superb dialogue that there is almost no time for the camera to catch up with the streets, fields, and houses of Nottingham, the English coal-mining town in which the story is set. Trevor Howard, as the brutal, drunken Morel, turns in the best performance of his career, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-suffering wife, is appropriately long-faced. However, Dean Stockwell, as the Morels' troubled, gifted son, seems more troubled than gifted. The direction, by Jack Cardiff, and the script, by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, are reverent. An English-American

production. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Oct. 19.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18, tentative.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 15.)

HARVEST (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18, tentative.)

I AM A CAMERA (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 18.)

THE MAGICIAN (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 14.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; Oct. 16-18, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Oct. 15: "The Ramparts We Watch" (1940), a full-length March of Time film. Starting Oct. 16: "Benson at Calford" (1926), Episode I of the serial "The Collegians"; and "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Oct. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner.
From Oct. 14: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Satur-

days, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 18: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier.
From Oct. 19: "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 19 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 18: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.
From Oct. 19: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 18 (tentative): "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.
From Oct. 19 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Oct. 13: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
From Oct. 14: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Entertainer," Laurence Olivier, Brenda Banzie.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 18: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.
From Oct. 19: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 17: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Oct. 18: "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary call is advisable.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 18: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.
From Oct. 19: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 18 (tentative): "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

From Oct. 19 (tentative): "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 18: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.
From Oct. 19: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 18: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.
From Oct. 19: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)

Through Oct. 14: "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" and "Jubilee" (both in Russian and both revivals).

From Oct. 15: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Oct. 13: "Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco; and "Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Oct. 14-17: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

From Oct. 18: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 18 (tentative): **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **HARVEST** (both in French and both revivals).

From Oct. 19 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 18: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "The Young Land," Pat Wayne, Dan O'Herlihy.

From Oct. 19: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 15: "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani; and "Maddalena" (in Italian), revival, Marta Toren, Gino Cervi.

Oct. 16-18: **MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE**; and "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

From Oct. 19: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Heaven on Earth," Barbara Florian.

TRANS-LUX NORLIANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 16: "The Big Fisherman," revival, John Saxon, Howard Keel; and "Jungle Terror," revival.

Oct. 17-18: "Comanche," revival, Dana Andrews, Kent Smith; and "Fort Bowie," revival, Ben Johnson.

From Oct. 19: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 19: "Weddings and Babies," Viveca Lindfors, John Myhers.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 18: "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

From Oct. 19: **ELMER GANTRY**; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 13: "Nana" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Charles Boyer; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

From Oct. 14: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 19: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Oct. 16-18 (tentative): **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.

From Oct. 19 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

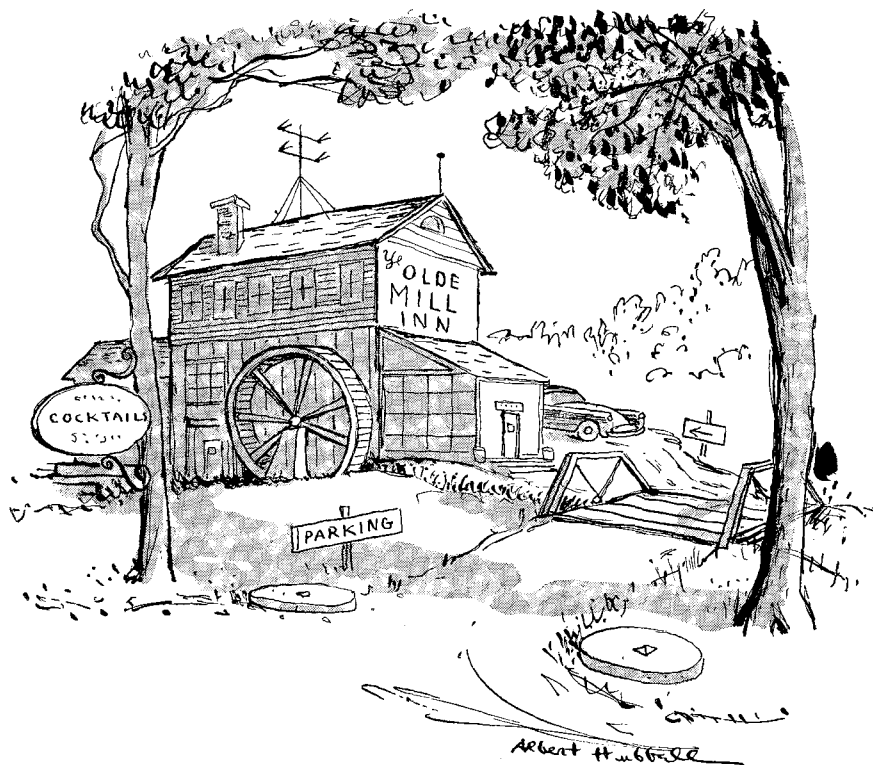
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 16: "The Big Fisherman," revival, John Saxon, Howard Keel; and "Jungle Terror," revival.

Oct. 17-18: "Comanche," revival, Dana Andrews, Kent Smith; and "Fort Bowie," revival, Ben Johnson.

From Oct. 19: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 18: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.

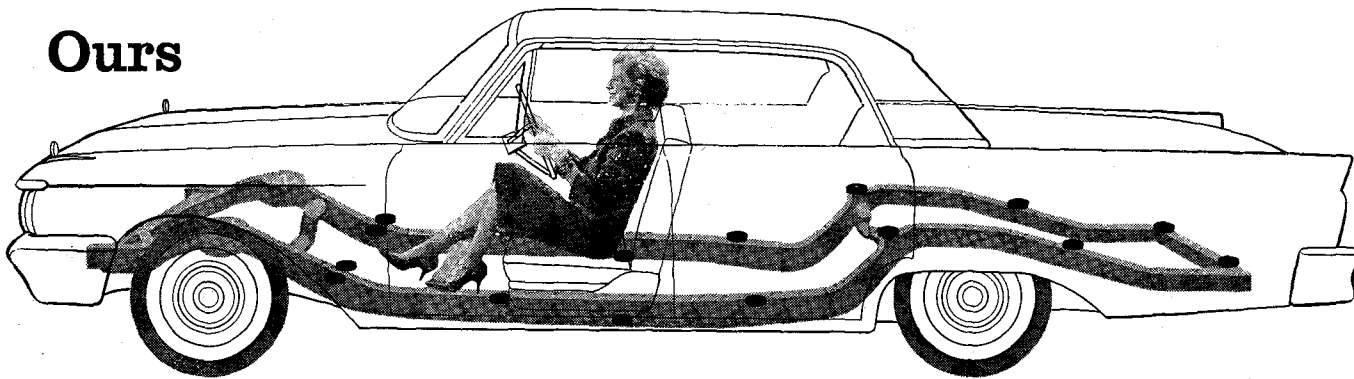
From Oct. 19: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.



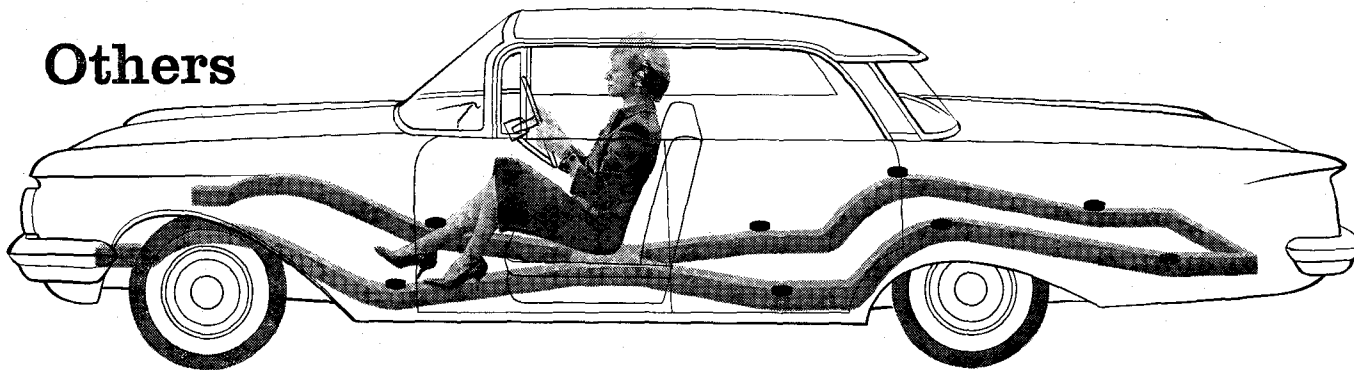
Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Which ride is quieter?

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There are more rubber body mounts in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, with more insulating body mounts, you get a remarkably quiet ride.

Also adding to the silence of the ride in our cars is extra sound insulation. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars there is up to 57% more area covered with sound absorption material.

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of Fine Cars: They are cars in which the passenger compartments are sealed off completely from the moving parts of the engine, drive shaft, transmission, differential, and other parts of the power train. Rubber and other equally effective insulating materials are used to lock out noise and vibration.

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Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. They are less subject to distortion, thus reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

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You have now read five of the many reasons why we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with the others) that *Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.*

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PLAUCHÉS WERE AT PUERTO RICO'S MOUNTAIN RESORT, EL BARRANQUITAS, WHEN TOM HOLLYMAN SNAPPED THIS PICTURE.

"My hero now wants a Rum Gimlet when he's in the tub!"

—writes *Rona Sue Plauché*, who gave her first lecture on moderation in Puerto Rico.

HONESTLY. My husband climbed out of that pool, sipped his Rum Gimlet—and suddenly made an announcement.

"From now on," he said, "I'll have a Rum Gimlet in my tub! Just the thing after a hard day at the office." We were on our honeymoon—and I launched into my first lecture on moderation. Cocktails in the bath *indeed!*

But I must admit that the Rum Gimlet really hits the spot. Imagine the tart,

clean taste of lime plus the brilliant dryness of Puerto Rican rum. And it's just perfect for parties. So simple.

Our hotel bartender had only one warning. "Make sure the rum you buy is labeled *Puerto Rican Rum*. It is distilled at high proof to make it *extra dry*. And every drop is *aged in oak*. Puerto Rican law requires it."

What all this means I'm not sure. But ask the man in that pool. He knows.



RUM GIMLET

One part Rose's Lime Juice (sweetened). Four parts white Puerto Rican rum, poured over an ice cube in a large cocktail glass. Float a thin slice of lime on top.

FREE! New 20-page Rum Recipe Book in color. Write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. 10-E, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

The 12:15 from Istanbul meets the 11:30 from Los Angeles
A brief encounter. Tomorrow morning, the sleek Air France Caravelle Jet to the right darts back to Istanbul via Rome and Athens. And the giant Air France Boeing 707 Intercontinental Jet returns to Los Angeles via the Polar Route. Every day, Air France transatlantic jet flights connect with over 18 Caravelle flights that speed Americans to 24 cities in every part of Europe, Africa and the Middle East. Right now, both of these jets are undergoing routine pre-flight checks at Orly Field, Paris. That involves many inspections—takes many man-hours to complete. No strain for Air France-Orly. The working day here is 24 hours long. Every day. Holidays included. The building in the background is the new Air France jet maintenance center. Beautiful. Busy. Big. Largest, most modern airline maintenance center in the world. One of the big reasons why every trip is a pleasant, memorable trip on Air France's huge jet fleet—17 Boeing 707 Intercontinentals, 24 Caravelle Jets in service by the end of 1960. Small wonder more people fly Air France across the Atlantic to Paris than any other airline.



AIR  FRANCE JET



PARLEZ-VOUS AND WESTPORT, TOO!

The question today is: Why did the man from Berlitz commute nightly to Westport, Conn., when he lived in Newark, N. J.? At first glance it would seem that he was taking the long way home, but once you know the facts, there's a very simple explanation. It involves his traveling companion, the gentleman in the black derby, Counsellor "X."

It seems that the Counsellor (legal ethics prevent using his real name) is an expert in a highly specialized law field. An important client insisted that he handle a difficult case in France. His own experience and the advice of his colleagues convinced him that speaking to a judge and jury through an interpreter would weaken his case. (The embarrassed barrister couldn't tell a tort from a demurrer in French.) But where and how was he going to find the

time to learn a new language? Berlitz suggested a solution and it went like this: Every night, for the 4½ months until the trial, a Berlitz instructor would ride home with him—and the lawyer would learn to speak French while they commuted on the 5:25.

The rest is history. 4½ months later our legal friend flew to France, perfectly able to communicate with judge, jury, witnesses and even the concierge in his Bordeaux hotel. He conducted the entire case in French, both inside and outside the courtroom, and won his client enough francs to pave the Champs Elysées.

The foregoing (believe it or not) is an actual language problem that Berlitz solved. We hope it emphasizes the fact that whatever your language needs are, Berlitz can help you. Private Berlitz instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. You can use lunchtime, pre-business hours, after business hours and even traveling-to-or-from-business time. You

can plan business trips or take time out for vacations and Berlitz will accommodate you. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. There are 211 Berlitz Schools in leading cities across the country and around the world. The local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs. (Whether you ride the 6:09 to Khartoum . . . the 4:51 to Stoke Poges . . . or the 5:25 to Westport—he'll do his best for you. And, he knows how to read the local timetable—even if it's written in English!)

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE,
PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES GO TO

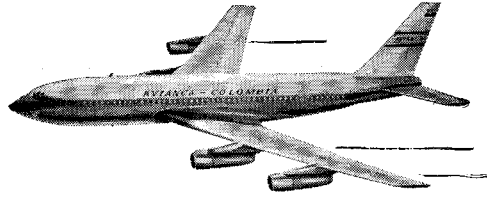
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RED RUANA service, smartest from New York to Montego Bay, Kingston and Bogota. On AVIANCA's big Boeing 707s cruising up to ten miles a minute, your flight's relaxing as a siesta under the palms! Cabins are extra spacious, lounge luxurious . . . 2 galleys, 2 bar units with very latest equipment aloft. **RED RUANA** service with expert attendants brings you South America's finest hospitality.

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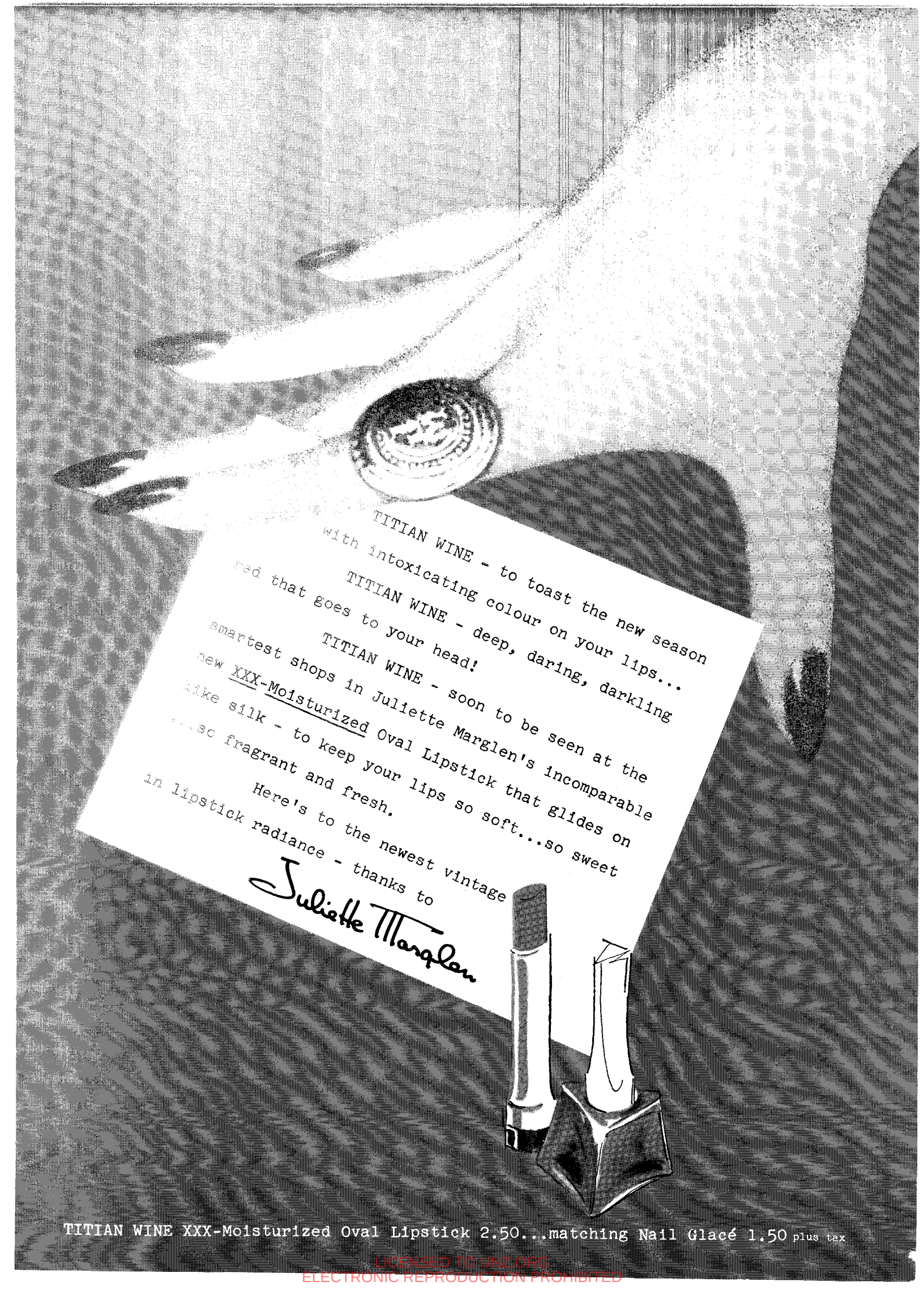
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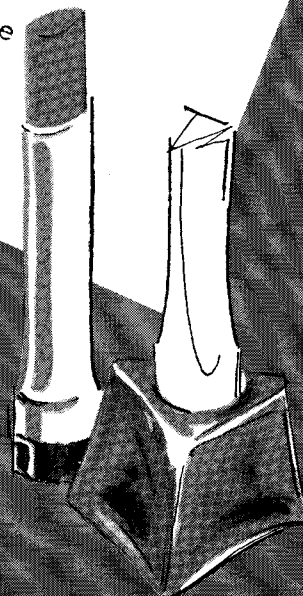
Miami: 309 East Flagler St., Miami 32

FR 7-2336

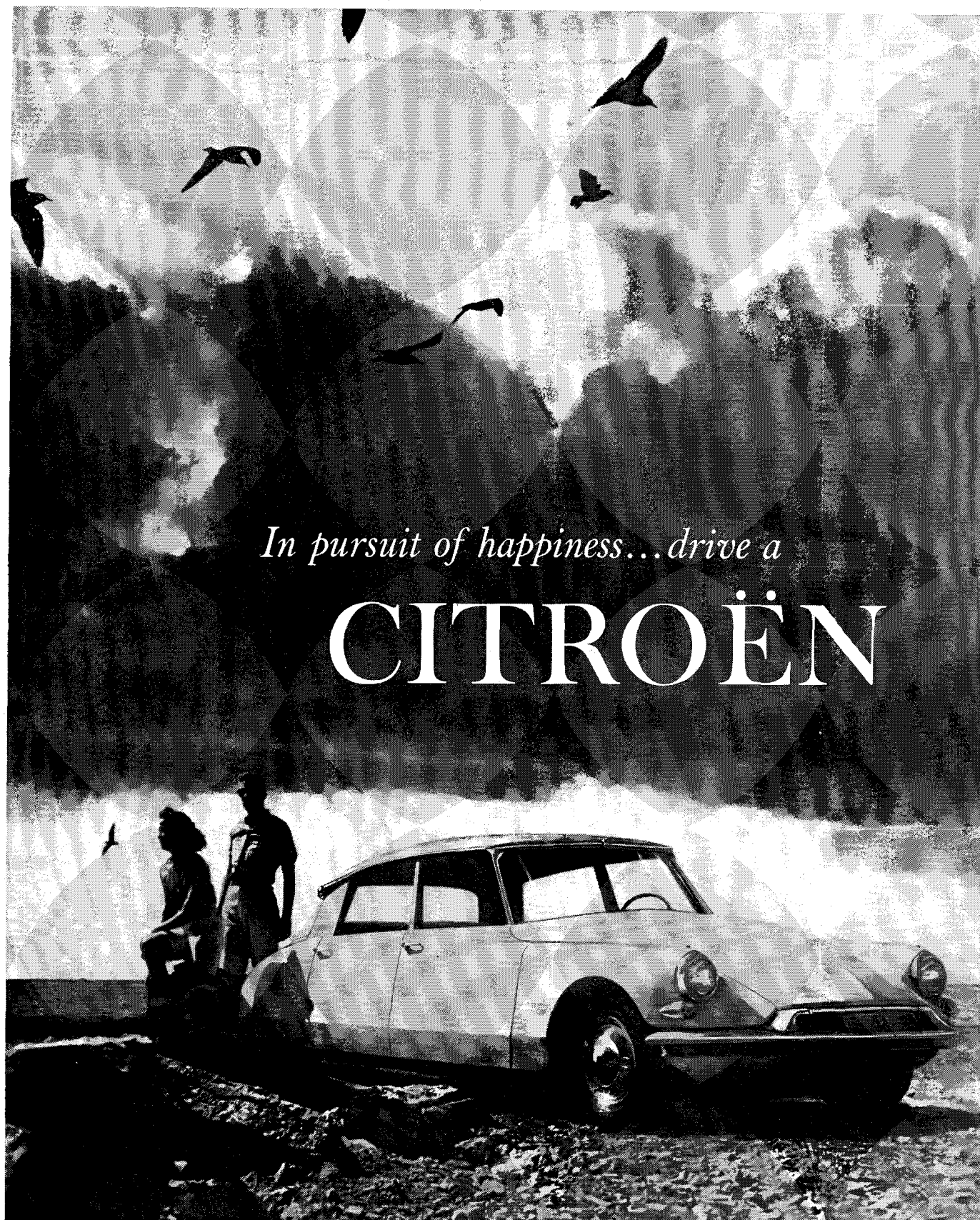


TITIAN WINE - to toast the new season
with intoxicating colour on your lips...
TITIAN WINE - deep, daring, darkling
red that goes to your head!
TITIAN WINE - soon to be seen at the
smartest shops in Juliette Marglen's incomparable
new XXX-Moisturized Oval Lipstick that glides on
like silk - to keep your lips so soft...so sweet
...so fragrant and fresh.
Here's to the newest vintage
in lipstick radiance - thanks to

Juliette Marglen



TITIAN WINE XXX-Moisturized Oval Lipstick 2.50...matching Nail Glacé 1.50 plus tax



Citroen is as new as tomorrow... in originality of concept, freshness of design, and in the practical application of the most advanced principles of automotive engineering. In fact, Citroen has *today* as *standard equipment* what other cars hope to have *tomorrow*.

SPEEDS OVER 90 MPH • UP TO 34 MPG • 123" WHEELBASE • 5 PASSENGERS • RECLINING SEATS • DISC BRAKES • FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE...AND AIR-OIL SUSPENSION FROM \$2545 P.O.E.
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NEW ZERO KING CARRIAGE COAT

BE COVERTLY UNCONVENTIONAL in this unique coat of covert cloth. Detachable knit hawl collar takes turns as a scarf—just flip it up. Inside, unbeknownst to anyone but you, is a 100% wool lining of roaring red. About \$55.

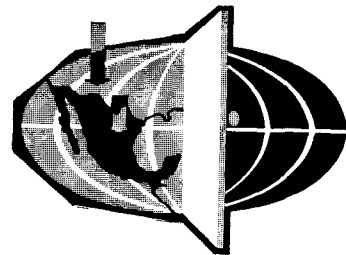
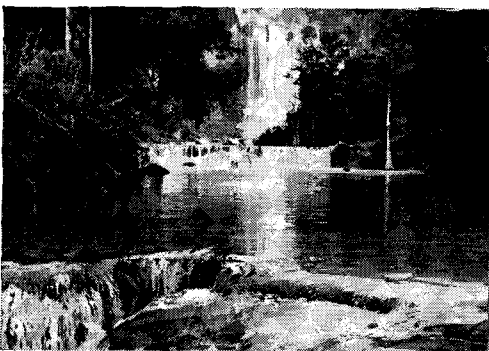
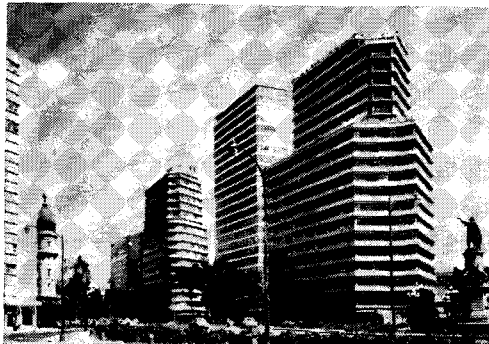
Covert cloth by *Cyril* Knitwear B. W. Harris Manufacturing Co., Park Square, St. Paul 1.



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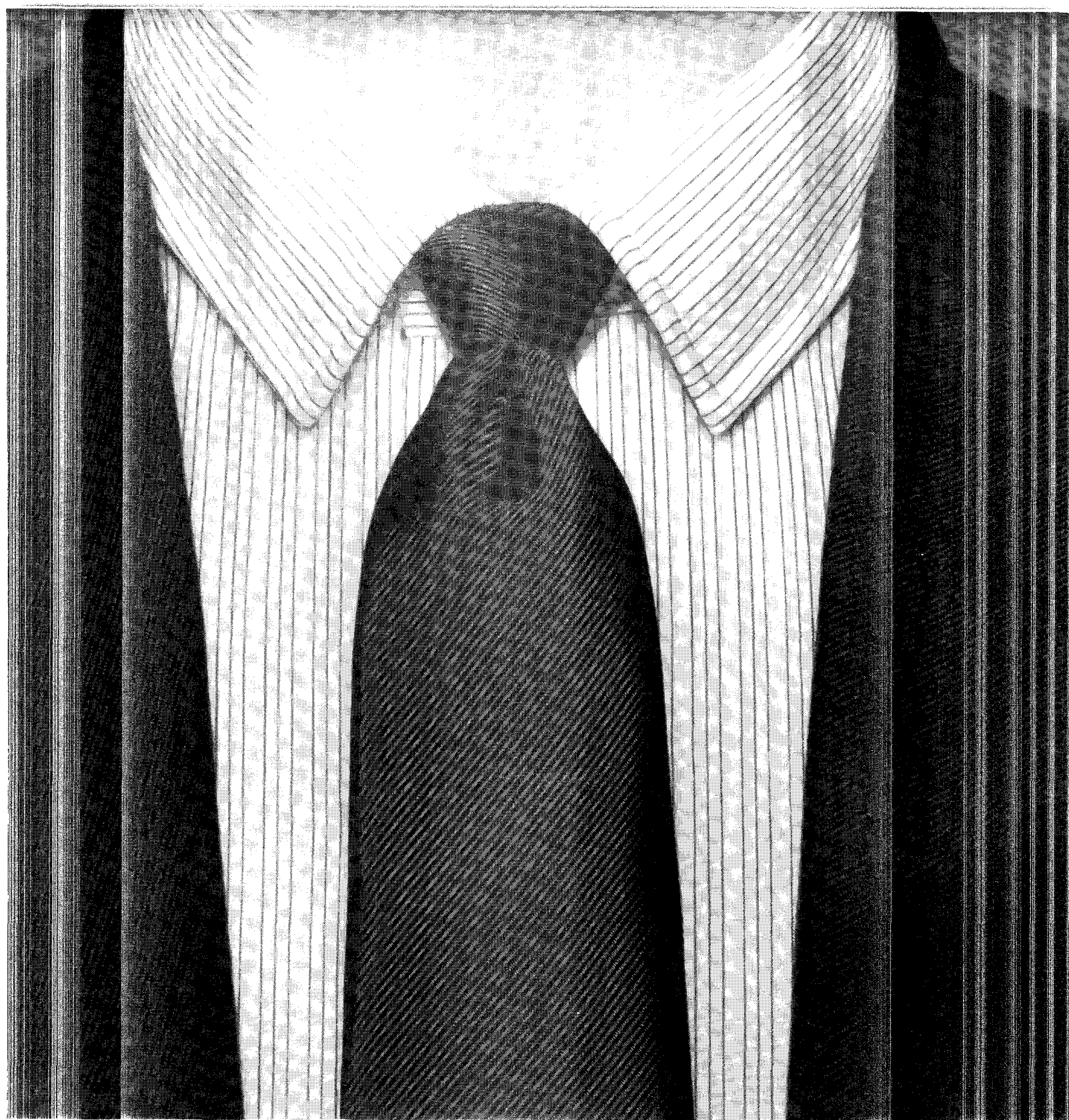
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____ Country _____

My occupation is _____

Proposed method of travel _____



In black, navy blue, mandarin blue, West Point gray, deep red, brown, olive, or silver. About \$9.

Hathaway's new Philadelphia collar: short points, no paraphernalia

HATHAWAY DESPISES fashion for fashion's sake. We never put out a new collar unless it serves a purpose. And unless we have *proved* that men like the way it looks.

Now we have designed a collar for men who applaud the trend toward shorter points, but who don't want to fiddle around with the usual pins or tabs. You see it above. Those points lie flat without

any paraphernalia. You don't even have to fuss with collar stays. Hathaway sews them right into the shirt.

We call this collar the *Philadelphia*—because that's where we gave it a trial run. The City of Brotherly Love *loved* it. So now you will find it in the good stores from coast to coast.

The Philadelphia collar comes on twenty-eight different Hathaway shirts—

stripes, checks, solid colors, and white. The unusual stripe above costs about \$9. The fabric is an imported all-cotton broadcloth.

If you would like to know about Hathaway's many other collar styles, send for a free copy of our illustrated *Handy Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*.

Write C.F. Hathaway, Waterville, Me. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

Short and chic—these **Leathermode** coats with matching linings of deep, soft Verel pile! They're a match for autumn frosts, too. Cosily nestled in this warm and wonderful Verel pile, you'll be snug as a hug. And what clear lustrous colors!



Kidskin coats lined with pile of **100% Verel modacrylic**. Sizes 8-18. *Left*, sandust or haze, about \$70. *Right*, beige or white/black, about \$50. At fine stores including: B. Altman & Co., New York; Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; B. Forman, Rochester; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Verel is the trademark for Eastman modacrylic fiber. Only fibers are made by Eastman, not fabrics or garments.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16



A
MAN
YOU CAN
LEAN ON
THAT'S
KLOPMAN!

My **YOUNGLAND** dress proves it! Klopman wove the fabric—65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER and 35% COTTON, there's no finer fabric made. Better looking, better feeling, better wearing. (Better woven, that's why!) Youngland's jumper-effect dress with embroidered galloon lace. Red, sizes 7 to 14, about \$15. Sizes 3 to 6x, about \$13. Best & Co., New York; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston. KLOPMAN MILLS, INC., 450 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 1



The Huntsman II, new wingtip boot, \$35. Other styles \$25 to \$70.

“The pleasures at a man’s feet;
judge his taste by these!” —ADDISON

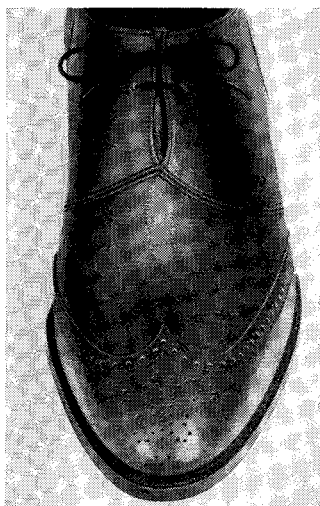
Johnston
& Murphy

A GENESCO Division, 511 Main Street, Nashville 3, Tenn.

Introducing "The Huntsman II"

a new wingtip boot that rises boldly to all occasions

How does Johnston & Murphy create its unique styles? It follows a rigid rule. A shoe must not only have form. It must perform.



The new *Huntsman* does both. It is a masterpiece of the bootmaker's art.

First, as to form. As you can see, *The Huntsman* is a wingtip boot. That's a bold innovation, of course. But men of good taste are wearing it everywhere.

A bold innovation that becomes a respected classic has a secret ingredient. It's time.

Time in selecting the calf—the best of the hide. Time in designing the last. Time in molding the hide to the last.

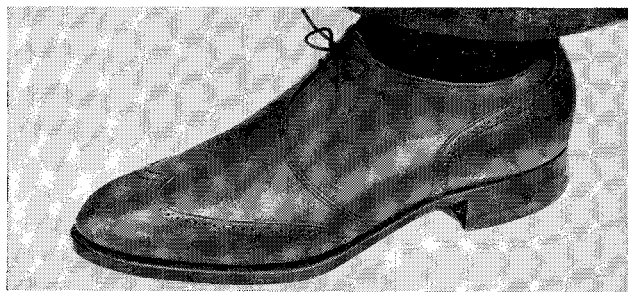
The Huntsman was kept "on wood" for weeks. It was molded to the last like a second skin. It was *dried* on the wood—not in an oven. That's why this shoe will keep its distinctive



lines as long as it lasts. It will never change size. It will never change shape. It will keep its individuality all its life.

Will *The Huntsman* perform?

The answer is in the insole. That's where your foot makes contact with *The Huntsman* for some 10,000 steps a day or 170 miles a month. The functional integrity of *The Huntsman* depends on this insole. It's the "structural guts" of this unique boot.



That's why so much care goes into selecting the leather for it.

A word about *The Huntsman's* heel. It will probably outwear the sole. It is springy, too, shock-proofing every step you take.

A wingtip boot like *The Huntsman* will go anywhere. It's at home . . . on business, professional and social occasions.

Come in and try it on—in black or granite green. \$35. Or order by mail.

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Nostalgia Perfume

turns my lamb into a wolf!

Parfums Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN autumnal mood possesses us. We sense approaching winter in the chilly wind that issues from our ventilator and flutters the newspaper clippings on our desk. Most of these items appeared in the brave green days of summer and have now turned a fine seasonal yellow. They rustle on our blotter and pile against our books, and



we cram them by handfuls into the wastebasket. Crises, threats, alarms, and mistakes, they all pack down together, compost for another year's rank growth of headlines.

Some few summer cuttings we mean to press among the pages of a large dictionary. We would not willingly part with an account of the first two-way conversation ever to be reflected off the moon. The first words to bounce off that distant, awful surface were "Hi, Walt." And we mean to keep a report of the troubles of the New Jersey Highway Authority, which requires its toll collectors on the Garden State Parkway to courteously thank all motorists for their money. Unused to any such civility, the drivers commonly proceed several dozen yards before the message sinks in, whereat many of them, in evident astonishment and delight, back up to say "You're welcome," and thus greatly hinder the flow of traffic. And now there comes dancing down the indoor breeze an article dealing with a new ball-point pen that was engineered by the Parker Pen Company. A judicious admixture of diamond dust on the point, the firm declares, renders the pen capable of withstanding "all the pressures of writing." This visionary statement, we trust, will be greeted with

charity, as well as frank skepticism, by all writers.

One more summer item and our desk is clear for the new season. It concerns a billboard erected by the National Biscuit Company out in Syracuse. This billboard plays music at passersby, the volume being such that it "can be heard in a passing car whose windows are closed." Judged strictly as an attempt to make life unendurable in Syracuse, the sign does not appear to be an immense success. Only five complaints were mentioned in the clipping, the most serious of which came from "an elderly lady living five hundred yards from the sign." We find her objection unreasonable. If the music is to be heard through the windows of a car, it stands to reason that it must also be heard through the windows of a house, and we would ask the complainant bluntly, man to little old lady, whether she would really prefer to live in peace and quiet if it meant interfering with the right of an American firm to make money by any method it chooses. Besides, why should the company forbear to serenade its customers when it does not hesitate to warble at its own employees? For the whole idea behind the sign, we gather, is to impress the public with the fact that Millbrook Bread is "baked to the accompaniment of music," on the theory, presumably, that music hath charms to soothe the savage yeast.

Connections

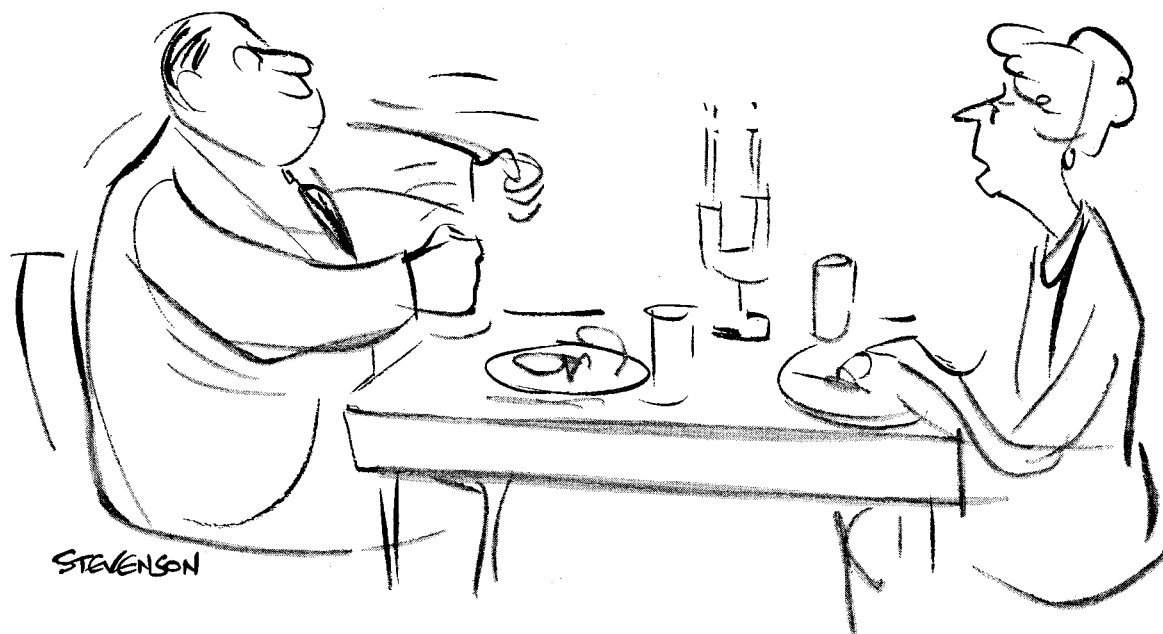
WE'VE just come away from a breakfast talk with Professor Werner Heisenberg, the theoretical physicist and Nobel Prize winner who directs the Max Planck Institut für Physik und Astrophysik in Munich, and if we seem addled it is because we've been thinking about the Professor's staggeringly abstruse world—a world made up of the properties, actions, and interactions of the thirty known ele-

mentary particles, which are believed to hold the solution to the matrix riddle of the universe. Convinced that we should contemplate the cosmos as little as possible, we'll begin by telling you that Professor Heisenberg turned out to be a stocky man in his late fifties, with a pink, cherubic face, merry blue eyes, a reassuringly mischievous smile, and a halo of gray hair splaying out from the sides of his head and giving him the appearance of a kindly concert impresario. Sitting down to orange juice, coffee, and a piece of toast with marmalade, he glanced at our plate of scrambled eggs



and bacon and told us that small meals enhance one's powers of concentration. "Such breakfasts you Americans eat!" he said. "I am always amazed." Professor Heisenberg's amazement at American breakfasts, we thereupon learned, goes back to 1929, when he spent two terms lecturing at the University of Chicago, and visited the West Coast; in 1932—the year he won the Nobel Prize, for his work in quantum mechanics—he returned to lecture at the University of Michigan; and in 1939 he taught at M.I.T., and again at the University of Chicago. "So, you see, I am not a stranger," he said. "I feel quite at home here."

Professor Heisenberg went on to tell us that he has also visited the United States several times since the Second World War, and that during his present stay he attended the Tenth Annual International Conference on High Energy Physics at the University of Rochester, where he reported on his Non-Linear Spinor Theory of Elementary Particles. At this point, we pushed our American breakfast aside, gulped coffee to clear a mind that had begun, defensively, to



"If you disagree with me, dear, why don't you just say so?"

anesthetize itself, and asked about the Non-Linear Spinor Theory. Professor Heisenberg nibbled at his piece of toast and smiled. "It's an attempt to formulate a law that will explain and predict the masses and characteristics of all the elementary particles," he said. "Spinor is a mathematical quantity discovered thirty years ago by Dirac and Pauli. It refers to the spinning motion of Fermion particles as they move about in orbits—a motion similar to that made by the earth as it moves around the sun. The term 'non-linear' describes big interactions between sub-atomic particles called nucleons that result in the complicated phenomena of creation, exchange, and absorption of pairs of protons and anti-protons or of neutrons and anti-neutrons. I am convinced that the symmetry principles that must govern particle interactions hold the secret of the nucleus. If all this seems difficult to visualize, you must understand that the world of the atom is one of probability, rather than certainty."

Getting back to certainty, we asked Professor Heisenberg to tell us about his life in Munich. "Aside from physics, my chief interest is music," he said. "I love music, and so do my children; I have seven. Our whole family plays chamber music together. I myself play the piano." With a pleased smile, he added, "I might tell you that when the Institut was moved from Göttingen to Munich, last year, we performed together at the dedication ceremonies." Music and physics have properties and characteristics in common, the Professor remarked. "You see, it is really a harmonic world," he said. "The trou-

ble is that we have split it into too many complex details. People are confused today. They have lost the sense of harmony that underlies everything. They do not see the big connections." According to Professor Heisenberg, the big connections in the world of high-energy physics are to be deduced not from the properties of the elementary particles but from the relationships between them. "The particles in themselves are not fundamental," he said. "Experiments conducted in the accelerators at Brookhaven, Berkeley, and Geneva provide valuable information about the phenomena of the particles, but such details interest me only as they give clues to the whole. Some physicists start by concentrating on detail. For myself, I must start not from detail but from a general connection, a feeling I have about the way things should be." He held up a cupped hand and revolved it slowly. "To understand nature, we must make order out of phenomena," he said. "We must take the data, hold them up to the light, and then make a turning point by formulating theories and expressing them in mathematical equations." In Professor Heisenberg's case, understanding and solving the equation that expresses the Non-Linear Spinor Theory has taken two years of intensive work. "There are still difficulties in the mathematics and some unanswered questions, but I believe that my equation is essentially the right one," he told us. "It may take years to prove, but I will give it up only at a very late stage, or if some new experimental data should force me to admit I have been wrong. It is possible,

of course, for anyone to be wrong."

We asked Professor Heisenberg if the Rochester conference had provided any developments that would substantiate his belief in the equation, and he said that there had been some encouraging signs, but that breakthroughs are not achieved simply. "I will tell you a story that illustrates how we physicists can sometimes make progress," he went on. "At this conference, Yoichiro Nambu, of the University of Chicago, read an interesting paper concerning a theory of elementary particles suggested by superconductivity—a

baffling phenomenon of solid-state physics, which is a field entirely different from my own. Superconductivity occurs in certain metals that lose electrical resistance at extremely low temperatures. In working out some of the problems posed by this phenomenon, Nambu has encountered mathematical difficulties similar to those confronting me in the Non-Linear Spinor Theory. Perhaps these puzzles that seem so different are related. Perhaps, through cross-research, we can achieve some enrichment of our mathematical tools that will enable us to go on more easily. Our Russian colleague Nikolai Bogolyubov is interested in the apparent link between Nambu and me. So now we must try very hard to find this link. The mathematics will be enormously complicated, but this is a usual challenge." Professor Heisenberg again cupped his hand and revolved it. "I am convinced that the universe is connected by a truly simple law," he said, "and that if we can only do things well enough, everyone will see the kind of understandable world we live in."

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Saul's Dairy, at 114th Street and Broadway, is selling, for forty-three cents, eight ounces of something labelled "Pork Salut," and we don't want to know what it is.

Junior Museum

WE borrowed a child the other Saturday morning and went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Junior Museum, which was holding an open

house to introduce a special exhibition called "How to Look at Sculpture."

"Care for a cookie?" a nice young lady, bearing a tray of cakes embellished with white-icing knights in armor, said to both of us, and we each took one.

Our charge, a nine-year-old boy, wandered off by himself, and under a Degas "Dancer," in the main gallery, we read:

Do you feel that Degas caught the momentary pose of the dancer? Bequest of Mrs. H. O. Havermeyer.

Yes, we felt, and wondered how the Havemeyers felt. As we pushed on, past a score of children and parents, to "Relief of a Horseman," showing a nude horseman on a nude horse, we heard a boy somewhat junior to ours ask his mother, "Are all these people supposed to be naked?"

"Yes, honey," she said. "Otherwise you can't see the muscles."

"Why are they supposed to be naked?" he asked.

"Because, David, the sculptor wants to show how the body is made, and you can't show that with clothes," she said.

We picked up our own lad and took him to the library, where Chaim Gross, in rolled-up shirtsleeves, was carving a head out of a block of wood as a dozen children looked on. He invited them to

help, and several boys, including ours, volunteered. As Mr. Gross guided them with mallet and chisel, they looked intent and pleased.

We guided our companion to a room marked "Studio," where Lewis Iselin, similarly shirtsleeved, was busy with a clay head. "Every once in a while, you can feel it," he said to a group of some thirty children and half as many grown-ups. "It's coming just the way it should. Other times, it's a *battle*. Very often a person's most important feature is his color. Sometimes you have to exaggerate it. A girl has big blue eyes, and they're all you can see, so you make them a little bigger. The appearance of a blonde is different from that of a brunette; there are more shades of light in her hair. If you're modelling a blonde, you make deep incisions in the hair."

Our boy, a redhead, went off to get another cookie, and, back in the gallery, we paused before two French eighteenth-century fountainheads placarded as appearing to be "sea gods with crowns of rushes and shells. Gift of J. Pierpont Morgan."

"Mummy, why are the lions throwing up?" a small boy said.

"I know it's 'The Thinker.' He thinks," another boy said to another mother, before Rodin's "Thinker,"

and, glancing at a booklet called "How to Look at Sculpture," which a young lady had given us, we noted that "Rodin" was pronounced "Roe-dan" and "Houdon" "Oo-dawn."

Amid cries of "Daddy, what's this?," "Are you girls hungry?," and "Put your shirttail in, Frank," we made our way around the gallery until we encountered Miss Louise Condit, who runs the Junior Museum.

"We had ninety-three the first hour," she said. "We've never had anything like it. We've suggested that parents bring children who are between six and fourteen, but the show is geared to age ten. Little boys are less afraid to ask questions than girls. Girls are like adults; they hesitate to expose themselves."

Recovering our redhead, we took him to the adjoining auditorium to see "Works of Calder," a twenty-three-minute color film full of mobiles and Burgess Meredith narration. The boy seemed interested for the first five minutes and then got restless, so the two of us left. Thinking he might prefer to lunch by the Dorothy Draper pool, we bypassed the Junior Museum Snack Bar and led him upstairs to the senior cafeteria. That may have been a mistake. "Strange vegetables in here," he said, of his salad, but he ate most of them, along



"We finally just made ourselves go to the Shakespeare Festival last summer. And, do you know, it was a fun thing."

with a ham sandwich, chocolate ice cream, and a chocolate milk.

OVERHEARD in the post office on West Forty-third Street, lady changing her mind in the course of buying a four-cent stamp: "No, I don't like the special-issue color. I want a purple one."

Plummie

AMAN'S best friend is not his publisher. We got a letter from Simon & Schuster the other day saying that P. G. Wodehouse was going to have his eightieth birthday on October 15th; that on that date they were issuing a large collection of his choicest pieces, "The Most of P. G. Wodehouse;" and that, in further celebration, they planned to run a "salute" to him in the *Times*, "with the signatures of some fifty well-known writers and theatre people." Jeeves, the perfect butler, and Bertie Wooster, his employer, have been friends of ours since childhood, and besides we always like to get in touch with a spry octogenarian, especially when he has long had the reputation of being the funniest writer in the world, so we called Mr. W. up at his home, in Remsenburg, on the South Shore of Long Island, and were rewarded with an invitation to lunch. "My wife tells me to warn you that the grounds are in a terrible mess, as Donna uprooted eighteen of our trees, and I don't suppose the debris will be cleared away by the time you get here," he said, so it was with no surprise, as we drove down a lane to the Wodehouses' house, that we found ourself in a dendrological jumble. Fallen boughs and cut-off trunks abounded; workmen were sitting around consuming beer and sandwiches; and the master, in a checked odd coat and gray slacks, greeted us on a littered lawn with a rueful smile.

"About five or six thousand dollars' worth of damage," he said. "We've had five workmen here every day for days. Every tree was dancing about. We were without electricity and water for three days. We'd been warned of the hurricane, so we filled the two bathtubs, but the water all leaked out in a couple of hours. I took my morning bath in that birdbath in the garden. Luckily, we have a gas stove, so we were able to have hot meals."

"Congratulations on being about to be eighty," we said.

"Save them," Mr. Wodehouse said. "I'm going to be seventy-nine. Simon &

Schuster got it wrong, but I'm very fond of them as publishers. However, I *am* working on my eightieth book. My first was published in 1902, when I was twenty-one—it wasn't anything much—and Jeeves started in 1916, so I suppose he must be ninety-six. The critics often hold this time element against me. In my latest Jeeves novel, published this year, I referred to something as having happened 'the previous summer'—it was, in point of fact, the presentation of prizes at the Market Snodsbury Grammar School by Gussie Fink-Nottle—and a reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* pointed out that it had happened twenty-six years ago, but I never can see that this matters; Perry Mason never gets any older. I'm very fond of my characters, but I suppose the Jeeves series must be approaching its end. You have to find some trouble for Bertie to get into, and it's hard for a man with a large private income to keep getting into trouble. It was very difficult to know what to do with my characters after the war. I suppose a fellow like Jeeves is unthinkable now, and yet life doesn't seem so much different to what it was—at least, in England. I think the upper classes must be doing it on capital. My son-in-law, Peter Cazalet, who trains race horses—my ex-stepson-in-law, to be precise—has a butler, a chef, a valet, all that sort of thing. I think there's more snobbishness in England now than there ever was. To me, my books are sort of historical novels."



We followed him to a sunny flagstone terrace overlooking the garden, and Mrs. Wodehouse appeared from the house with a pitcher of Martinis. "We used to have a penthouse at 1000 Park Avenue," she said. "Then, a few years ago, we moved out here on a year-round basis. I rarely leave the place except to market in Westhampton, ten minutes away. I haven't been to New York in four years, I'm so busy feeding the birds. I got up at three this morning to feed them."

"Owls?" we asked.

"Blue jays and quail, mostly," she said. "I didn't want them to be disappointed when they came in the early morning. I always see their point of view. I throw bags of nuts all over the park for the squirrels, and we have two cats and a dachshund to take care of."

She indicated a dog that had curled up between the back of Mr. Wodehouse's neck and a canvas chair. "I always write in the morning, and then take the hound for a three-mile walk after lunch," its owner said. "I still touch my toes fifty times every morning.

The daily dozen. I've done those exercises since 1919, when I read an article about them by Walter Camp in *Collier's*. You sort of twist your body about while standing up. They seem to be good, but I suppose one of these days I'll just come apart."

After two Martinis apiece, we sat down in the dining room to an excellent lunch, served by a pretty maid called Lynn. "We've given her a car," Mrs. Wodehouse said as Lynn went to the kitchen. "She and the cook, Gracie, come by the day. We have to have dinner at six-fifteen. Gracie lives in Riverhead, and her husband comes for her at night. Plummie and I will have been married forty-six years next week. He's such a darling that it's beyond all understanding. I call him Plummie for 'Pelham'; it's Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, you know. The head of the Wodehouse family is the Earl of Kimberley."

"I'd love to have had a *nom de plume*, like 'Tab Hunter' or 'Mark Twain,'" Mr. Wodehouse said.

"Plummie is absolutely a creature of habit," his wife said. "He's never missed his exercises."

"I get up at eight and make my breakfast—toasted black bread, with honey, and five cups of tea," Mr. W. said.

"Then he brings my breakfast up," Mrs. W. said. "After a morning's writing, he goes to the television just before noon and—bang—turns on 'Love of Life.' He loves 'Love of Life.'"

"A capital soap opera," Mr. W. said. "In the afternoon, after walking the dog, I try to do some more work."

"At five-fifteen, he has a bath," Mrs. W. said. "Then we have two Martinis—we don't ordinarily drink before lunch, though we did today, in your honor—before our early dinner."

"In the evening, we sort of mess about," her husband said. "We may play double-dummy bridge. We see one or two neighbors, but no parties. I correspond a bit with Evelyn Waugh."

Lunch over, we regained the terrace, by way of the living room, where Mrs. Wodehouse paused to show us a photograph of Mr. Cazalet at the Grand National, with the Queen Mother. "He married my daughter by my first husband, who died in India in 1910," Mrs. W. said. "I have two grandchildren by Peter. My daughter died seventeen years ago, and Peter remarried. He has a three-thousand-acre park, called Fairlawne, in Kent."

Back on the terrace, our host advised us that both he and his wife have become American citizens.



"I don't know. For some reason, I still can't picture either one of them up there."

"They asked us some incredible questions," she said. "They asked me if I had ever been a prostitute. 'You're quite sure you've never been a prostitute?' they said. 'I'm not attractive enough, honestly,' I said."

"It's like being elected to a very good club," her husband remarked.

"Plummie loves America," Mrs. W. said. "He loves A. T. & T. He loves the dividend. He gets five hundred dollars and I get five hundred dollars. We used to send parcels to England, but now they have everything there."

"You know, I'm always very glad when the summer is over and everything comes to life. For instance, the theatre," Mr. Wodehouse said as he

walked with us to our car. "I suppose my work is pretty juvenile—some people seem to want something more mature these days—and when you've written about eighty books and they're always exactly the same Edwardian stuff, it's sometimes difficult to churn it out, but I love to write, and enough people still seem to like it. Now, Michael Arlen hated writing, and he gave it up, but I don't know what I'd do if I didn't write."

Cable Switch

IN the course of a call at one of the Iron Curtain missions to the United Nations, for the purpose of installing a

teleprinter that would connect the delegation with its headquarters overseas, a teleprinter-installation man began tentatively sending out the usual test messages. While he was doing this, several high-ranking delegates gathered about the teleprinter to savor the magic of a continuous link with home. As they peered over his shoulder, the installation man automatically began batting out, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." The delegates stirred restlessly. "What party is this?" one of them finally inquired. The installation man, without breaking stride, typed a new message: "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's back."

WHEN WE WERE NEARLY YOUNG

IN Madrid, nine years ago, we lived on the thought of money. Our friendships were nourished with talk of money we expected to have, and what we intended to do when it came. There were four of us—two men and two girls. The men, Pablo and Carlos, were cousins. Pilar was a relation of theirs. I was not Spanish and not a relation, and a friend almost by mistake. The thing we had in common was that we were all waiting for money.

Every day I went to the Central Post Office, and I made the rounds of the banks and the travel agencies, where letters and money could come. I was not certain how much it might be, or where it was going to arrive, but I saw it riding down a long arc like a rainbow. In those days I was always looking for signs. I saw signs in cigarette smoke, in the way ash fell, and in the cards. I laid the cards out three times a week,

on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday were no good, because the cards were mute or evasive; and on Sundays they lied. I thought these signs—the ash, the smoke, and so on—would tell me what direction my life was going to take and what might happen from now on. I had unbounded belief in free will, which most of the people I knew despised, but I was superstitious, too. I saw inside my eyelids at night the nine of clubs, which is an excellent card, and the ten of hearts, which is better, morally speaking, since it implies gain through effort. I saw the aces of clubs and diamonds, and the jack of diamonds, who is the postman. Although Pablo and Pilar and Carlos were not waiting for anything in particular—indeed, had nothing to wait for, except a fortune—they were anxious about the postman, and relieved when he turned up. They never sup-

posed that the postman would not arrive, or that his coming might have no significance.

Carlos and Pablo came from a town outside Madrid. They had no near relatives in the city, and they shared a room in a flat on Calle Hortaleza. I lived in a room along the hall; that was how we came to know each other. Pilar, who was twenty-two, the youngest of the four of us, lived in a small flat of her own. She had been married to Carlos's stepbrother at seventeen, and had been a widow three years. She was eager to marry again, but feared she was already too old. Carlos was twenty-nine, the oldest. Pablo and I came in between.

Carlos worked in a bank. His salary was so small that he could barely subsist on it, and he was everywhere in debt. Pablo studied law at the University of Madrid. When he had nothing to do, he went with me on my rounds. These rounds took up most of the day, and had become important, for, after a time, the fact of waiting became more valid than the thing I was waiting for. I knew that I would feel let down when the waiting was over. I went to the post office, to three or four banks, to Cook's, and American Express. At each place, I stood and waited in a queue. I have never seen so many queues, or so many patient people. I also gave time and thought to selling my clothes. I sold them to the gypsies in the flea market. Once I got a dollar-fifty for a coat and a skirt, but it was stolen from my pocket when I stopped to buy a newspaper. I thought I had jostled the thief, and when I said "Sorry" he nodded his head and walked quickly away. He was a man of about thirty. I can still see his turned-up collar and the back of his head. When I put my hand in my pocket to pay for the paper, the money was gone. When I was not standing in queues or getting rid of clothes, I went to see Pilar. We sat out on her balcony when it was fine, and next to her kitchen stove when it was cold. We were not ashamed to go to the confectioner's across the street and bargain in fractions of pennies for fifty grams of chocolate, which we scrupulously shared. Pilar was idle, but restful. Pablo was idle, but heavy about it. He was the most heavily idle person I have ever known. He was also the only one of us who had any money. His father sent him money for his room and his meals, and he had an extra allowance from his godfather, who owned a hotel on one of the coasts. Pablo was dark, curly-haired, and stocky, with the large head and opaque eyes you saw on the streets of Madrid. He was one of the New Spaniards—



"Who am I trying to kid?"

part of the first generation grown to maturity under Franco. He was the generation they were so proud of in the newspapers. But he must be—he *is*—well over thirty now, and no longer New. He had already calculated, with paper and pencil, what the future held, and decided it was worth only half a try.

We stood in endless queues together in banks, avoiding the bank where Carlos worked, because we were afraid of giggling and embarrassing him. We shelled peanuts and gossiped and held hands in the blank, amiable waiting state that had become the essence of life. When we had heard the ritual “No” everywhere, we went home.

Home was a dark, long flat filled with the sound of clocks and dripping faucets. It was a pension, of a sort, but secret. In order to escape paying taxes, the owners had never declared it to the police, and lived in perpetual dread. A girl had given me the address on a train, warning me to say nothing about it to anyone. There was one other foreign person—a crazy old English-woman. She never spoke a word to me and, I think, hated me on sight. But she did not like Spaniards any better; one could hear her saying so when she talked to herself. At first we were given meals, but after a time, because the proprietors were afraid about the licensing and the police, that stopped, and so we bought food and took it to Pilar’s, or cooked in my room on an alcohol stove. We ate rationed bread with lumps of flour under the crust, and horrible ersatz jam. We were always vaguely hungry. Our craving for sweet things was limitless; we bought cardboard pastries that seemed exquisite because of the lingering sugary taste they left in the mouth. Sometimes we went to a restaurant we called “the ten-peseta place” because you could get a three-course meal with wine and bread for ten pesetas—about twenty-three cents then. There was also the twelve-peseta place, where the smell was less nauseating, although the food was nearly as rank. The décor in both restaurants was distinctly un-European. The cheaper the restaurant, the more cheaply Oriental it became. I remember being served calves’ brains in an open skull.

One of the customers in the ten-peseta restaurant was a true madman,

with claw hands, sparse hair, and dying skin. He looked like a monkey, and behaved like one I had known, who would accept grapes and bananas with pleasure, and then, shrieking with hate at some shadowy insult, would dance and gibber and try to bite. This man would not eat from his plate. He was beyond even saying the plate was poisoned; that had been settled long ago. He shovelled his food onto the table, or onto pieces of bread, and scratched his head with his fork, turning and muttering with smiles and scowls. Everyone sat still when he had his seizures—not in horror, even less with compassion, but still, suspended. I remember a coarse-faced sergeant slowly lowering his knife and fork and parting his heavy lips as he stared; and I remember the blankness in the room—the waiting. What will happen next? What does it mean? The atmosphere was full of cold, secret marvelling. But nobody moved or spoke.

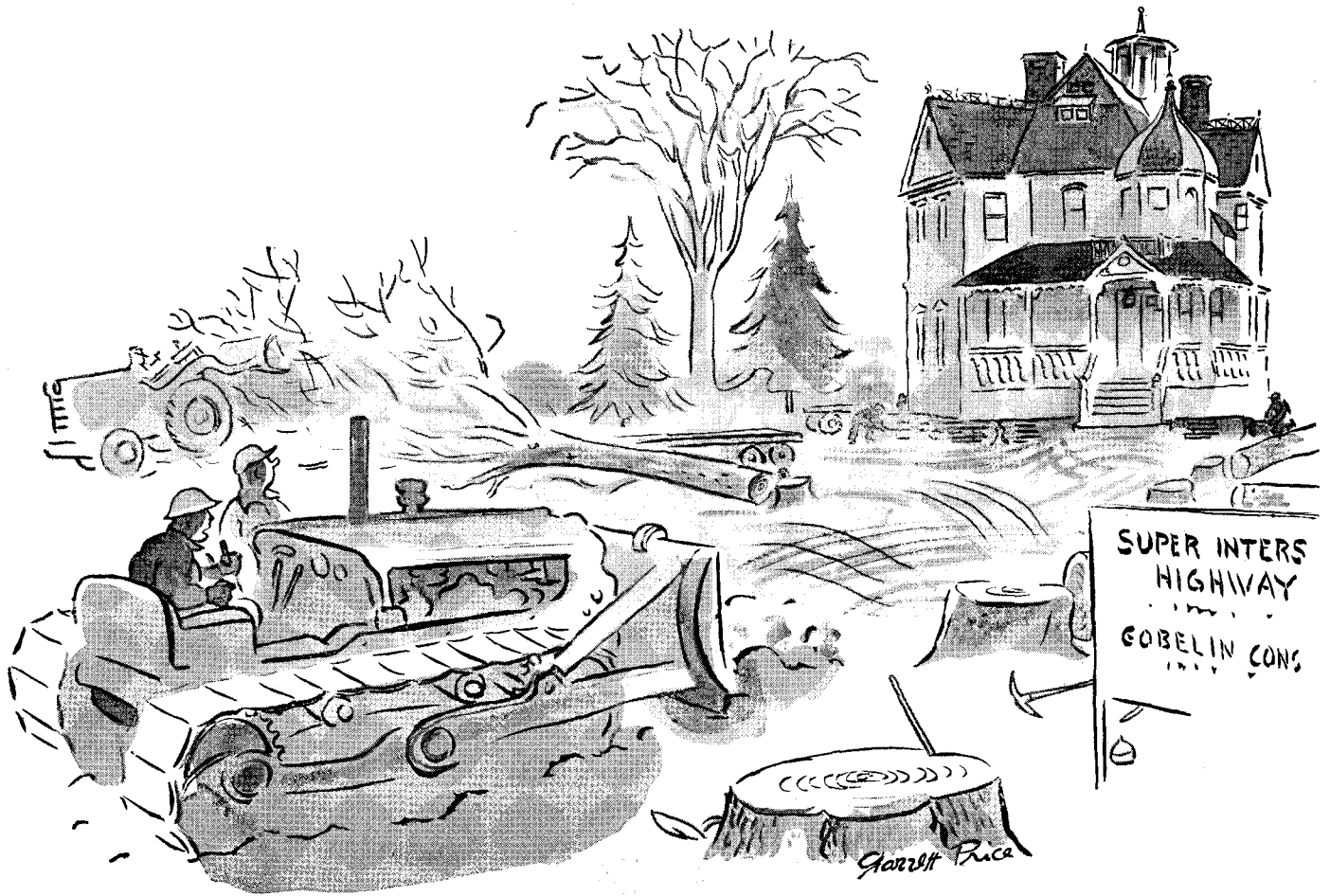
We often came away depressed, saying that it was cheaper and pleasanter to eat at home; but the stove was slow, and we were often too hungry to linger, watching water come to the boil. But food was cheap enough; once, by returning three empty Valdepeñas wine bottles, I bought enough food for three. We ate a lot of onions and potatoes—things like that. Pilar lived on sweet

things. I have seen her cook macaroni and sprinkle sugar on it and eat it up. She was a pretty girl, with a pointed face and blue-black hair. But she was an untidy, a dusty sort of girl, and you felt that in a few years something might go wrong; she might get swollen ankles or grow a mustache.

Her flat had two rooms, one of which was rented to a young couple. The other room she divided with a curtain. Behind the curtain was the bed she had brought as part of her dowry for the marriage with Carlos’s stepbrother. There was a picture of María Felix, the Mexican actress, on the wall. I would like to tell a story about Pilar, but nobody will believe it. It is how she thought, or pretended to think, that the Museo Romántico was her home. This was an extraordinary museum—a set of rooms furnished with all the trappings of the romantic period. Someone had planned it with love and care, but hardly any visitors came. If any did wander in when we were around, we stared them out. The cousins played the game with Pilar because they had no money and nothing better to do. I see Pilar sitting in an armchair, being elegant, and the boys standing or lounging against a mantelpiece; I say “boys” because I never thought of them as men. I am by the window, with my



“Head shrinker—I mean psychoanalyst!”



"Nuts! They're going to move it."

back turned. I disapprove, and it shows. I feel like a prig. I tip the painted blind, just to see the street and be reassured by a tram going by. It is the twentieth century. And Pilar cries, in unaffected anguish, "Oh, make her stop. She is spoiling everything."

I can hear myself saying grandly, "I don't want your silly fairy tales. I'm trying to get rid of my own."

Carlos says, "I've known people like you before. You think you can get rid of all the baggage—religion, politics, ideas, everything. Well, you won't."

The other two yawn, quite rightly. Carlos and I are bores.

Of them all, I understood Carlos best, but we quarrelled about anything. We could have quarrelled about a piece of string. He was pessimistic, and I detested this temperament; worse, I detested his face. He resembled a certain kind of Swiss or South African or New Zealander. He was suspicious and faintly Anglo-Saxon looking. It was not the English bun-face, or the Swiss canary, or the lizard, or the hawk; it was the unfinished, the undecided, face that accompanies the rotary sprinkler, the wet Martini, pussyfooting in love and friendship, expense-account foolery, the

fear of the open heart. He made me think of a lawyer who had once told me, in all sincerity, "Bad things don't happen to nice people." It was certainly not Carlos's fault; I might have helped my prejudices, which I had dragged to Spain with my passport, but he could not help the way he looked. Pablo was stupid, but cheerful. Pilar was demented, but sweet. What was needed—we agreed to this many times—was a person who was a composite of all our best qualities, which we were not too modest to name. Home from the Romantic Museum, they made me turn out the cards. I did the Petit Jeu, the Square, the Fan, and the Thirteen, and the Fifteen. There was happy news for everyone except Carlos, but, as it was Sunday, none of it counted.

WERE they typical Spaniards? I don't know what a typical Spaniard is. They didn't dance or play the guitar. Truth and death and pyromania did not lurk in their dark eyes; at least I never saw it. They were grindingly hard up. The difference between them and any three broke people anywhere else was in a certain passiveness, as though everything had been dealt in

advance. Barring catastrophe, death, and revolution, nothing could happen any more. When we walked together, their steps slowed in rhythm, as if they had all three been struck with the same reluctance to go on. But they did go on, laughing and chattering and saying what they would do when the money came.

We began keeping diaries at about the same time. I don't remember who started it. Carlos's was secret. Pilar asked how to spell words. Pablo told everything before he wrote it down. It was a strange occupation, considering the ages we were, but we hadn't enough to think about. Poverty is not a goad but a paralysis. I have never been back to Madrid. My memories are of squares and monuments, of things that are free or cheap. I see us huddled in coats, gloved and scarfed, fighting the icy wind, pushing along to the ten-peseta place. In another memory it is so hot that we can scarcely force ourselves to the park, where we will sit under elm trees and look at newspapers. Newspapers are the solace of the worried; one absorbs them without having to read. I sometimes went to the libraries—the British Institute, and the American

one—but I could not for the life of me have put my nose in a book. The very sight of poetry made me sick, and I could not make sense of a novel, or even remember the characters' names.

Oddly enough, we were not afraid. What was the worst that could happen? No one seemed to know. The only fear I remember was an anxiety we had caught from Carlos. He had rounded twenty-nine and saw down a corridor we had not yet reached. He made us so afraid of being thirty that even poor Pilar was alarmed, although she had eight years of grace. I was frightened of it, too. I was not by any means in first youth, and I could not say that the shape of my life was a mystery. But I felt I had done all I could with free will, and that circumstances, the imponderables, should now take a hand. I was giving them every opportunity. I was in a city where I knew not a soul, save the few I had come to know by chance. It was a city where the mentality, the sound of the language, the hopes and possibilities, even the appearance of the people in the streets, were as strange as anything I might have invented. My choice in coming here had been deliberate: I had a plan. My own character seemed to me ill-defined; I believed that this was unfortunate and unique. I thought that if I set myself against a background into which I could not possibly merge that some outline would present itself. But it hadn't succeeded, because I adapted too quickly. In no time at all, I had the speech and the movements and very expression on my face of seedy Madrid.

I was with Pablo more than anyone, but I remember Carlos best. I regret now how much we quarrelled. I think of the timorous, the symbolic, stalemate of our chess games. I was not clever enough to beat him, but he was not brave enough to win. The slowing down of our respective positions on the board led to immobility of thought. I sat nervously smoking, and Carlos sat with his head in his hands. Thought suspended, fear emerged. Carlos's terror that he would soon be thirty and that the affective part of his life had ended with so little to show haunted him and stunned his mind. He would never be anything but the person he was now. I remember the dim light, the racket in the street, the silence inside the flat, the ticking of the Roman-numbered clock in the hall. Time was like water

dropping—Madrid time. And I would catch his fear, and I was afraid of the movement of time, at once too quick and too slow. After that came a revolt and impatience. In his company I felt something I had never felt before—actively northern. Seeing him passive, head on hands, I wanted to urge and exhort and beg him to do something: act, talk, sing, dance, finish the game of chess—anything at all. At no period was I as conscious of the movement and meaning of time; and I had chosen the very city where time dropped, a drop from the roof of a cave, one drop at a time.

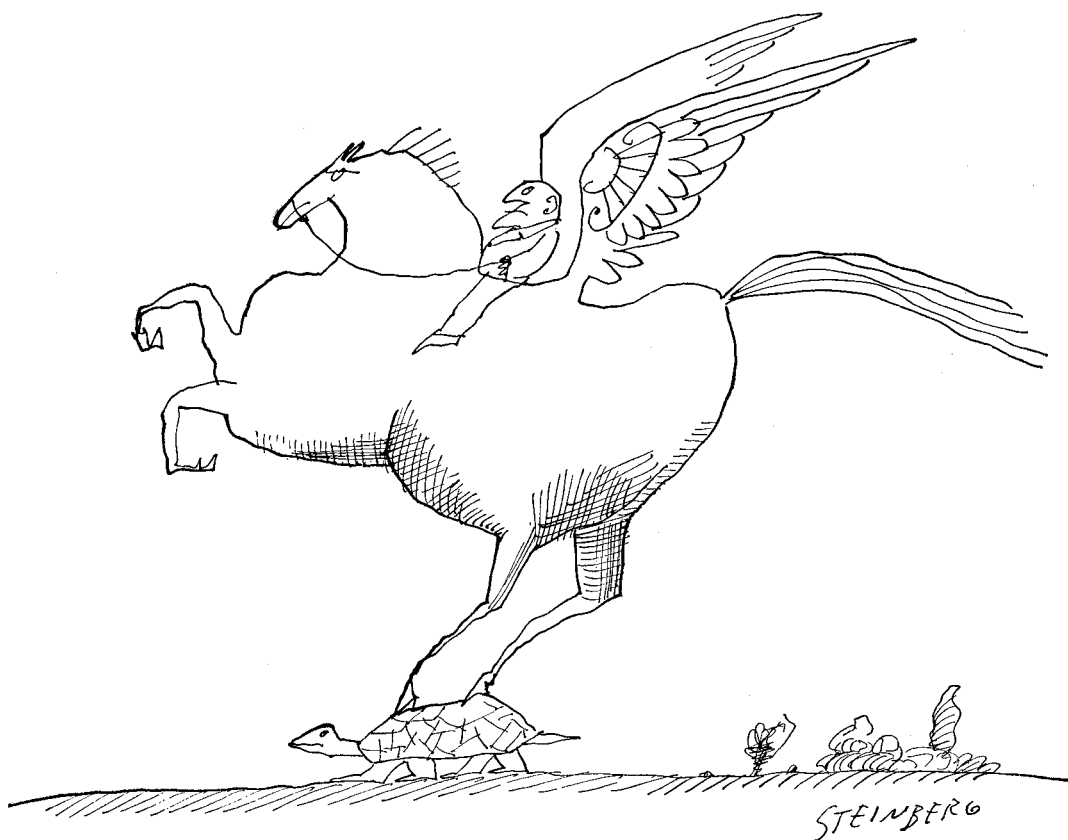
We came to a financial crisis at about the same moment. Pablo's godfather stopped sending money to him—that was a blow. Pilar's lodgers left. I had nothing more to sell. There was Carlos's little salary, but there were also his debts, and he could not be expected to help his friends. He looked more vaguely Anglo-Saxon, more unfinished and decent than ever. I wished there was something to kick over, something to fight. There was the Spanish situation, of course, and I had certainly given a lot of thought to it before coming to Spain, but now that I was here and down and out I scarcely noticed it. I would think, "I am free," but what of it? I was also hungry. I dreamed of food. Pilar dreamed of things chasing her, and Pablo dreamed of me, and Carlos dreamed he was on top of a mountain preaching to multitudes, but I

dreamed of baked ham and Madeira sauce. I suspected that my being here and in this situation was all folly, and that I had been trying to improve myself—my moral condition, that is. My financial condition spoke for itself. It was like Orwell, in Paris, revelling in his bedbugs. If that was so, then it was all very plain, and very Protestant, but I could not say more for it than that.

ONE day I laid out forty-eight cards—the Grand Jeu. The cards predicted treachery, ruin, illness, accidents, letters bringing bad news, disaster, and pain.

I made my rounds. In one of the places, the money had come, and I was saved. I went out to the University, where the fighting had been, eleven or twelve years before. It looked like a raw suburban housing development, with its mud, its white buildings and puny trees. I waited in the café where Pablo took his bitter coffee, and when he came in I told him the news. We rode into the heart of Madrid on a swaying tram. Pablo was silent—I thought because he was delighted and overwhelmed; actually, he must have been digesting the astonishing fact that I had been expecting something and that my hanging around in banks was not a harmless mania, like Pilar in the Romantic Museum.

My conception of life (free will plus imponderables) seemed justified again. The imponderables were in my pocket,



TOWARD HATTERAS

APPROACHING THE SWAMP

Rooted in land and sky,
A wedge of woods fans out
Between the ramshackle farms;
Low trees of uniform height,
Gray-green with white blotches
On their trunks, motionless
In any weather (because
Of how their limbs interlock
Close to the soil), they bear
No foliage whatsoever.

BEYOND THE WOODS

A blasted garden inside,
A cage of burs and spikes
Head-high, thorning the air,
Perhaps one mile in girth
(As though fire had swept above
Without touching the ground),
And scattered pools of sand
Smooth as a drum. And then,
The first cypress, swollen-stemmed,
And deciduous cottonmouth.

THE BOG

Here it is dim. Lustreless
Pale reds and greens are here
(Gouts of thinned bloods pressed through
The skin of the half-dark);
A drop of water falling
Is indistinguishable
From a hidden beak tapping
At a hollow stump. Things slip
Off into themselves, the slime
Hardening into a dream.

A VIEW OF THE FENS

A place whereon to stand,
The log half in green curd,
Inevitable white
Clouds tumbling from one corner
Of the sky, inscrutable pole
To which some skiff was tied,
One sees a hawk fly circles
Out of sight: the skiff
Grows clear—a memory
In sand, ten yards behind.

SEEN FROM WATER: THE INUNDATED HOUSE

Half in water, it grows—
Its four corners split
Apart by grass, its tar
Roofing curled by the sun,
Its rows of Mason jars
With half-legible labels,
Standing on window sills
Tipped at a harsh angle—
Held up by the same mud
That sucked its beams apart.

APPROACHING THE SEA

Poling where pole can touch,
Through channels free of rot,
Between grass, grooved by the wind,
That shows the telltale water,
Supposing that islands lie
Beneath the waves of grass,
One morning one will hear
The sea . . . catch sight of the breakers
In white fire of arrival
Crash on their bar of beach.

—DAVID GALLER

and free will began to roll. I decided, during the tram ride, to go to Mallorca, hire a villa, invite the three for a long holiday, and buy a dog I had seen. We got down from the tram and bought white, tender, delicious, unrationed bread, weighed out by the pound; and three roasted chickens, plus a pound of sweet butter and two three-litre bottles of white Valdepeñas. We bought some nougat and chestnut paste. I forget the rest.

Toward the end of our dinner, and before the end of the wine, Carlos made one bitter remark: "The difference between you and us is that in the end something will always come for you. Nothing will ever come from anywhere for any of us. You must have known it all along."

No one likes to be accused of posturing. I was as irritated as I could be, and quickly turned the remark to his discredit. He was displaying self-pity. Self-pity was the core of his character. It was in the cards; all I could ever turn

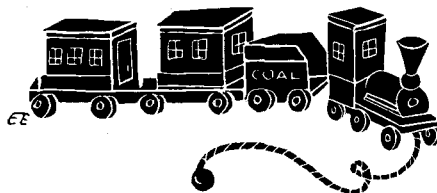
out for him were plaintive combinations of twos and threes—an abject fear of anonymous threats, and worry that his friends would betray him. This attack silenced him, but it showed that my character was in no way improved by my misfortunes. I defended myself against the charge of pretending. My existence had been poised on waiting, and I had always said I was waiting for something tangible. But they had thought I was waiting in their sense of the word—waiting for summer and then for winter, for Monday and then for Tuesday, waiting, waiting for time to drop into the pool.

We did not talk about what we could do with money now. I was think-

ing about Mallorca. I knew that if I invited them they would never come. They were polite. They understood that my new fortune cast me out. There was no evasion, but they were nice about it. They had no plans, and simply closed their ranks. We talked of a longer future, remembering Carlos and his fear. We talked of our thirties as if we were sliding toward an icy subterranean water; as if we were to be submerged and frozen just as we were: first Carlos, then Pablo and me, finally little Pilar. She had eight years to wait, but eight would be seven, and seven six, and she knew it.

I don't know what became of them, or what they were like when their thirtieth year came. I left Madrid. I wrote, for a time, but they never answered. Eventually they were caught, for me, not by time but by the freezing of memory. And when I looked in the diary I had kept during that period, all I could find was descriptions of the weather.

—MAVIS GALLANT





"These are the Crosswells. They've just taken the Talbot place on Breezy Hill."

GOD WRITES A BAD HAND

AS the Order's ace representative on the road, its biggest breadwinner, and the one Clementine with a national reputation as a preacher, Father Urban had taken his new assignment very hard. Just about everything had gone or was going wrong at St. Clement's Hill, the Order's retreat house, near Duesterhaus, Minnesota, but it was impossible for Father Urban to think that he had been sent as trouble-shooter—not with Father Wilfrid (who should have been given a few minutes alone in a room with a revolver) staying on and retaining the rectorship. Father Urban was sure that there had been jealousy, and perhaps even malice, behind the Father Provincial's decision to take him off the road. But the irony was that it had happened right after the Clementines (whose mother house was just outside Chicago) had moved their "little headquarters" in the city to a splendid building and an excellent address on the near North Side, where they could ill afford to be if they had paid their rent in money instead of orisons. Their benefactor, Mr. Billy Cosgrove, who owned this building and others—owned a good chunk

of Chicago, in fact—was not overly concerned about the people to be converted and otherwise edified from the new location, nor was he a great admirer of the Clementines as an order, but he had taken a very strong liking to Father Urban. So Father Urban's transfer had been, among other things, a slap in the face to Billy. In the circumstances, Father Urban was in no mood to perform miracles when he arrived in Minnesota.

Miracles were badly needed at the Hill. Wilf had billeted himself and his staff of three in the less habitable of the two buildings, because, he said, the more habitable one could better stand to be left unheated in the wintertime. He might have been right in this—certainly the turnover in retreatants didn't, at that time, warrant using two buildings—but it did strike Father Urban as a typically Clementine arrangement. There were others. To keep body and soul together, Wilf hired himself and the other priests out to hear confessions on Saturdays and to say Masses on Sundays in neighboring parishes. This meant that if there had been retreatants seeking to spend weekends at the Hill,

there wouldn't have been priests on hand to minister to them. During the rest of the week, Wilf kept himself and his staff busy redecorating the place against the day when they'd be glad they had. Father Urban couldn't think why retreatants would ever come to them in numbers unless they were recruited by drastic means, but he said nothing.

Wilf had put together a brochure, illustrated with photographs—a bomb timed for Lent—and seemed to have every hope that it would bring retreatants their way. In the brochure, Father Urban was shown saying Mass ("Ora") and hoeing in the garden ("Labora"). Wilf himself was shown reading his office ("A Quiet Hour") in a vintage rowboat on Holy Spirit (better known as Pickle) Lake. There was a picture of Father John at prayer in the chapel, and one of Brother Harold in the kitchen, in chef's hat and cassock. The bomb hadn't gone off, but Wilf was used to failure of all sorts, and had taken it very well. His response was to order another printing of the brochure, to set summer as the new target date for an influx of retreatants, and to go on redecorating.

At this point, with Wilf's permission, Father Urban had gone forth to make calls in Duesterhaus; in Olympe, the county seat; and even in Duluth and the Twin Cities. He would drop in on executives at their places of business, but he was quick to tell them that he didn't want anything. He didn't stay long, and on leaving he'd say, "I just wanted you to know where we live. Drop in on us sometime." After that, if he ran into somebody he had met in this way, it was like old times. Hello. Hello! He watched the papers for funerals, too, and turned up at some of these. Wherever he went, people always seemed glad to see him.

This much Father Urban had done with his bare hands, you might say, and it was all to the good, but the nine-hole golf course, conceived by him in the spring and opened for play in the summer, had at last made a big difference at St. Clement's Hill. Now the course was more than fulfilling its threefold purpose (as set forth originally in a letter to the Provincial—a letter signed by Wilf but composed by Father Urban): to serve the people, to serve the secular clergy, and to serve the Order of St. Clement. To the Hill had come well-to-do types who had never made a retreat before, who definitely needed what the Clementines could give them, and whose support—and not just material support—was needed if the place



"Look, Harry, I weigh a hundred sixty-five. I had beef stew and apple pie about three hours ago. I have to drive. Let me know when I've got ten-hundredths of one per cent of alcohol in my bloodstream, will you?"



was to succeed as a spiritual powerhouse. To the Hill, too, had come the diocesan clergy in annual retreat, and this convention was really paying off. The local clergy, some of whom had naturally been suspicious of the Clementines as interlopers from afar, were now sending their parishioners to the Hill in groups. And that summer, from the Order's mother house, near Chicago, had come Clementines, young and old, in numbers for the first time, which was also part of Father Urban's plan, for among many there are always a few who enjoy working with their hands, and there were the fairways to mow and the greens to water and weed.

With Father Urban himself again, operating as of old, St. Clement's Hill was actually under new management. Life had become not only easier but more meaningful there. "Yes, we've seen a few changes here" was about all Father Urban would ever say in acknowledgment of his achievement. He let the credit go to Wilf, as rector, and to the brochure, of which there was to be a new edition, with an aerial view of the course and a closeup of the shrine to Our Lady below No. 5 green. Wilf was playing the cards, but behind him, directing the attack and passing him an

occasional ace, was Father Urban—and behind *him* was Billy Cosgrove.

"HELLO," Father Urban said. "Hello!" Billy Cosgrove was calling, long distance. Billy said he had been sitting there in his office, in Chicago, not feeling so hot, when a little voice had said to him, "Let's go fishing." The little voice hadn't got very far until it said, "Take Father Urban along." That had done it. Billy was hoping to get in about three days—no more, unless they just couldn't pull themselves away—at a place he often went to some hundred miles north of Duesterhaus. How was Father Urban fixed for time?

"Gee!" said Father Urban. "I'm afraid this is something for Father Wilfrid. I'll see what he says. Fortunately, he's right here."

Father Urban explained to Wilf what Billy wanted, making use of Billy's words. Father Urban saw the fishing trip as a fine opportunity for him and the Order, and he wanted everything to go as smoothly as possible. Wilf, he knew, would make no objection, but would appreciate being consulted. He decided to bring Wilf all the way into the picture. "Here, Father," he said to him. "Why don't you say hello?"

Wilf took over. "What's this about a little voice?" he asked Billy, getting quite a bang out of himself. "Yes, this is Father Wilfrid. What's this I hear about a little voice?" Soon Wilf was giving a flattering account of his stewardship at the Hill. He never did say whether it would be all right for Father Urban to go fishing, but it was clear that he was all for it.

The plan was for Father Urban to meet Billy and Paul—Billy's chauffeur and stooge—the next day at the depot in Duesterhaus, and for the three of them to have lunch at the Hill and then drive north. It was understood that Father Urban would provide the car. Wilf, in all seriousness, offered Father Urban the official car—a battered pick-up truck that he had found in one of the fields when he first came to Duesterhaus. Father Urban, knowing Wilf's admiration for the vehicle, said solemnly, "I wouldn't want to leave you without transportation."

For a couple of months, Father Urban had used a rather flashy convertible belonging to some summer people, but unfortunately they and their cars had returned to their home in St. Paul. So he called several owners of suitable cars, but for one reason or another they all failed him. By bedtime

that night, there remained three possibilities. There was a priest in Olympe who had accommodated Father Urban on the occasion of Billy's last visit to Duesterhaus but who might not care to lend his car, a fine black Chrysler, for a fishing trip. There was a used-car man, also in Olympe, who had heard of Father Urban's need and had offered a station wagon that couldn't be trusted, if what the man said was true: "Just the thing for a fishing trip, Father." And there was an agency in Olympe that rented cars for quite a bit more than Father Urban was prepared to pay.

The next day, as it turned out, Father Urban had to meet Billy and Paul in the pickup truck. He had the promise of the Chrysler, but he had to drive to Olympe to get it—and the pickup truck simply refused to start until it was too late for him to do anything but go to the depot. "A comedy of errors!" he cried, before they could hear him. He shook Billy's hand. A smile did for Paul. Billy was wearing a tan suit of whatever cloth it was the Army used in warm weather, a primrose shirt, with dotted navy-blue tie, and a dark straw hat with a dark-red band. Paul was wearing the pants to his off-black whipcord chauffeur's suit and a conservative sports shirt. He had on a silly straw cap that Father Urban disliked intensely.

"I don't see no Indians," Paul said.

"Spoken like a true Chicagoan," Father Urban said, and began again, "A comedy of errors! I had hoped to meet you in another car." He looked over at the pickup truck with which Billy and Paul hadn't yet associated him, and told them of his trouble with it.

Billy and Paul stared at the thing. With its motor running—Father Urban had been afraid to turn it off—it seemed to tremble under their gaze.

"What happened to the job you had when I was here last spring?" Billy asked.

"I'm afraid that one didn't belong to us."

"So what do we do?"

Father Urban said that they'd have lunch, which Brother Harold was doubtless preparing at that very moment, and then Father Urban and Brother Harold would drive to Olympe, and Father Urban would drive back from there with the car Billy remembered.

"Good God," Billy said.

"I'm afraid it means a delay of an hour or so."

"I don't like it," Billy said.

It seemed to Father Urban that Billy was blaming him for a situation he had

done his best to prevent, but he said nothing. If you failed, as he had, it was better not to seek credit for trying, and Billy rather liked picking up the pieces anyway. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had anything to do with the Clementines.

"I don't like the idea of a borrowed car," Billy said. "Let's see if we can buy one."

He and Father Urban left Paul with the luggage and walked over to the main street, where there were two dealers. Father Urban had been rocked by Billy's casual approach to buying a car—a grand and typical gesture that he was afraid Billy wouldn't be able to bring off in Duesterhaus; the dealers sold more farm machinery than cars. The first place looked unpromising, but the other had a station wagon in the window.

"That ought to do," Billy said.

"I understand the resale value is high," said Father Urban.

"Can't you use it around the place?" Billy asked.

Until then, Father Urban hadn't been sure that the transportation problem at St. Clement's Hill was being solved. "God writes straight with crooked lines," he said.

"Come again."

Father Urban said that they'd had a certain amount of trouble with the pickup truck, and that he had often regretted (and never so much as that

Out West, how unambiguous:
Avenues march in rigorous
Gridirons like a superplus
Of plusses commandeering us
Into some homogeneous
Equation.

Here, how out-of-hand:
Alleys John Winthrop's cattle planned
Meander like an ampersand,
Their only gesture of command
A quaint, unmonitory "and."

How hard, in fact, to get well lost in
Omaha, Sacramento, Austin.

How simply effortless in Boston.

—GEORGE STARBUCK

morning) having to meet visitors at the depot in the old thing.

"What you said before—how's that go again?"

Father Urban repeated the line. "It's an old saying. From the Portuguese, I believe. Anyway, one of my favorites."

"I like it," Billy said.

He bought the station wagon. Unfortunately, however, there was the matter of a license for it. This had to be procured in Olympe, fourteen miles away. The dealer said that he would send his wife to Olympe for the license, and Billy and Father Urban didn't have to worry about it. This wasn't good enough for Billy. He had bought the car on the assumption that it was ready to go, and he wasn't going to lose time because some people didn't know their business. He'd take delivery at St. Clement's Hill in one hour's time or not at all. Father Urban, who had seen Billy like this before, in restaurants, followed him out of the place feeling sorry for the dealer and hoping for the best. For Father Urban, it was a long one and three-tenths miles back to St. Clement's Hill. On the way, he tried some small talk on Paul, but Paul did his best to observe the silence of his master.

AT the Hill, Paul was introduced to Wilf and Father John and Brother Harold, and they all sat down to a lunch of hamburgers and beer and strained conversation. Father Urban didn't feel like talking and he didn't feel like eating. Billy had removed his watch from his wrist, had put it by his plate, and was keeping an eye on it. Oh, to be able to say, "Now, look here, Billy. What if the man does come a little late? He's *trying* to do his best, and you have to give him credit for that. God does,





"I love you. Pass it on."

you know. That's really all that counts with Him. Now, how about it?"

No, it wouldn't do. Father Urban's influence with Billy was considerable, and growing stronger, but it wasn't up to anything like that. Meanwhile, Billy was doing a lot of tangible good in the world, and this might more than compensate for his little crimes against humanity, some of which, anyway, were atoned for right on the spot by Father Urban through his silent sufferings.

"Well, he made it," Billy said suddenly. From where he was sitting, he could see the driveway without turning his head.

"Thank God," said Father Urban.

"You don't blame me, do you, Father?" Billy asked.

"No."

A moment later, the doorbell rang, and Brother Harold answered it.

"Just ask the man how much it is,"

Billy called after him, taking out his checkbook.

Wilf looked at Father Urban, seeking some clue to what was happening. In a minute, Brother Harold reappeared, bringing a bill of sale and some other documents. Billy glanced at these and then passed them to Wilf without a word of explanation. That was how Billy gave.

When Wilf had got it all straight, he thanked Billy in the name of the Order, and said he was glad it hadn't been necessary to trade in the pickup truck, which, by and large, had given good service and very likely would continue to do so. "I think this calls for a little celebration," Wilf said.

Brother Harold brought in another round of beer. Father Urban left the room and brought in the dealer, who was waiting in one of the parlors. It was Father Urban's intention to make peace

between the dealer—a Mr. Swanson, who said all his friends called him Swan-ny—and Billy, who said there used to be a song by that name.

There was a feeling of good fellowship in the room now. Mr. Swanson, all the better for the bad time Billy had given him earlier, seemed very happy to be present. He took no part in the conversation, but he was enjoying his beer, and when he saw Wilf putting salt in his, was not afraid to ask for the shaker. Paul, not much for beer, he said, went out to look at the station wagon.

"I wanted to serve more of a meal than this," Wilf said to Billy, "but Father Urban, here, said no. He said you'd only want what we usually have. Of course, we don't have beer every day," he said, directing this last remark to Mr. Swanson.

"No," said Mr. Swanson.

"I didn't come here to eat, but you

don't have to apologize for this," Billy said. Then he addressed Father Urban. "You know Father Gabriel, don't you? Of the Dalmatian Order. They have this place out at Nero, Illinois."

"Oh, yes," Father Urban said. Oh, yes, indeed! Father Gabriel was a real go-getter, and the Dalmatians were almost as hard up for benefactors as the Clementines.

"Well, they had me out there for a meal recently," Billy said. "They served three kinds of hock. And then the head man had the nerve to tell me they were a very penitential order."

Father Urban laughed. "I wish we could say the same here—and serve the same."

"They were just spreading themselves on your account, Mr. Cosgrove. They're not a wealthy order," Father John said.

Father Urban could have killed him.

Billy had expressed a desire to visit the chapel, and, lunch over, the entire party moved in that direction.

"We'll drive you back to town when we leave," Billy said to Mr. Swanson.

Father Urban was gratified to hear this.

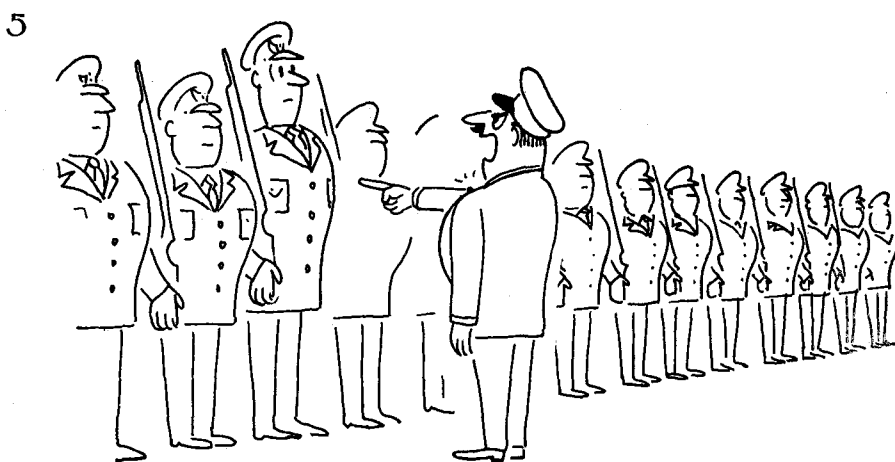
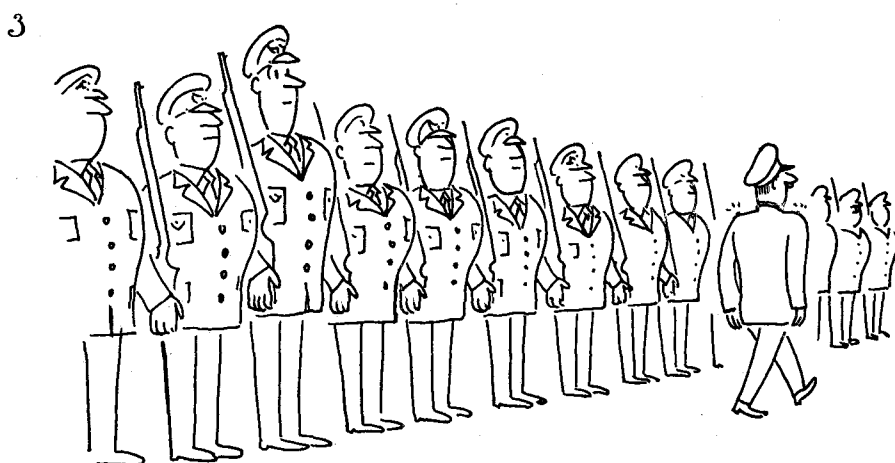
Brother Harold, who had just begun to redecorate the chapel when Billy visited Duesterhaus in the spring, had done as well as could be expected of a young man whose other occupations—cooking, housekeeping, gardening, and attendance at the golf course—left him little time for church decorating. He had had no art training to speak of (only a correspondence course in show-card lettering), and he wasn't very talented, but he had made the most of his deficiencies by painting in the new Byzantine manner. His winged ox, lion, man, and eagle, viewed as a group in that setting, were quite recognizable as the four Evangelists. Father Urban explained who they were, however, in deference to Mr. Swanson. "They're not representational in the photographic sense," said Brother Harold.

"Who's this?" Billy asked.

Father Urban explained that this—a stag drinking from three wiggly lines—was known as "The Living Waters" and symbolized not only baptism but the other sacraments, and therefore, you might say, the Church.

It was apparent to Father Urban that Billy wasn't taken with Brother Harold's iconography. Nevertheless, as they were leaving the chapel, Billy bucked up and said, "You don't have to apologize for any of this, Brother."

They made their way out to the station wagon. Paul had everything load-



ed, including Father Urban's bag, and was sitting behind the wheel.

"I'll ride in front with him, and that way I can tell him a few things about the car," Mr. Swanson said, as if he hoped thus to work his passage into town.

"Good idea," Billy said.

Father Urban feared that Mr. Swanson had been planning for some time to say what he'd just said, and that Billy didn't like it—didn't like having his little friendly gesture of offering Mr. Swanson a ride turned to his own advantage.

"And then maybe he can tell you," Mr. Swanson said to Father Urban.

"Sounds good to me," Billy said.

Mr. Swanson, now confidently addressing Billy, said, "And then *he* can tell the others here when he comes back."

"Let's get going," Billy said.

THE station wagon reached Henn's Haven at sundown. Billy stepped out, with his rod and reel already stripped for action. He introduced Father Urban to the proprietor of the log lodge, who had come out to greet

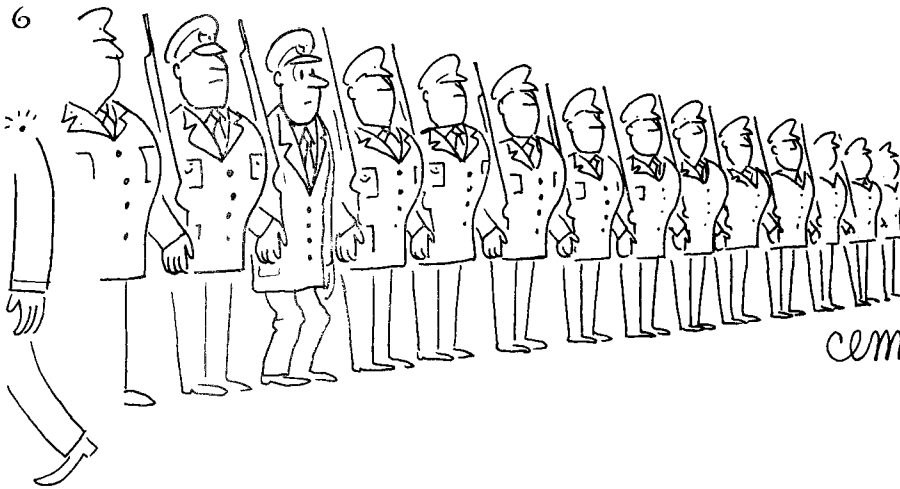
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them, and then hurried off toward the dock to try his luck in Bloodsucker Lake. Paul, who knew his way around, drove down a sandy road to their cottages. That left Father Urban alone with the proprietor, who apparently either hadn't been told that one of Billy's party would be a priest or hadn't expected to see one wearing gray flannel slacks, a white turtleneck sweater, and a crew cap. You never knew what people were thinking—only that you lost or gained ground fast the moment it was known you were a priest.

Chester Henn, the proprietor, wore

an old felt hat with a badge that said "PREVENT FIRES" stuck in the band of it. Father Urban put him in the fifties, with himself, and then in the upper fifties, with Billy. Chester had a complaining face, but his voice was quite content. He said he'd run out of the names of game fish native to the region, and didn't care to start in on the pan fish, so he'd taken a doctor friend's advice and named his three new cottages Jolly, Good, and Fun.

"And I suppose I'm stuck with Good," Father Urban said.

"They're all the same," Chester re-

plied. "And if there's anything wrong, I want to know it. If there's nothing wrong, tell your friends."

They walked down to the lake together. Billy was standing at the end of the dock, casting a plug out into the water. He wasn't having any luck, but this didn't appear to bother him. "I just want 'em to know I'm here," he said.

"Doc Strong, he got a nice one off there last month," Chester said. "We have a lot of fun." They watched Billy reel in nothing once more. "It's been a lot better in Snowflake this year," Chester said, and led Father Urban back toward the lodge. "We'll go there tomorrow. Or maybe to Strong. That's a lake I named after Doc Strong, who you may have heard me mention."

"Yes."

"Doc helped me when times was hard—like Mr. Cosgrove during the war, when we got hit by the gas rationing. For Mr. C.'s sake, I wish we hadn't run out of no-name lakes."

"Say, this is nice," Father Urban said. There was a screened-in porch running clear across the front of the lodge, from which there was a wonderful view of the lake. Then, inside were the lounge, dining room, kitchen, and lavatories—all on the first floor—and on the second floor, Chester said, were living quarters for himself and the missis. The logs the house was built of were painted green, with white chinking, on the outside, and were natural-varnished on the inside. The whole place was very well kept up. The stuffed birds and fur-bearing animals on the walls had on cellophane slipcovers; but that was overdoing it, Father Urban felt.

"Like a cup of coffee?" Chester asked him. "Or we have soft drinks. Near beer, if you want something a little stronger. Mr. C., I guess you know, he brings his own."

"Nothing right now, thanks," said Father Urban.

Father Urban knew from signs he'd seen along the way that the proprietors of Henn's Haven were Chester and Mother Henn, and from Billy he knew that Chester's first wife had died and that he had married again. But Father Urban hadn't been prepared to see such a young woman as the second Mrs. Henn, and he didn't know how to take it when Chester introduced her—she couldn't have been more than twenty-five—as "Mother."

"Hello," she said, and after that she just smiled. She was dark, perhaps part Indian, and so attractive that Father Urban was relieved when she left them for the kitchen. Her scent remained,



"Do you think Pat Nixon bothers Dick over every little squabble the girls get into?"

however. Father Urban moved away from it.

"My first wife was an older woman," Chester said.

"I see."

"For business reasons, we go on using the old name. It's a natural, and in this game all you've got is your name, built up over the years."

Father Urban nodded. There wasn't much wrong with that. After all, it would be only a matter of time before Mother looked the part. "You have children, Mr. Henn?"

"Well, no. Neither my first or my second wife—yet. Guess we just have to keep hoping, huh?"

"That's right," Father Urban said; then, in a firm tone, he went on, "Say, if you don't mind, I'd like to see where I live, before it gets dark."

"Honey!" Chester called, and his wife returned.

For Father Urban, it had been a rather tiring day, and after Honey, or Mother, had shown him to his cottage (which did turn out to be Good), he stretched out on his bed—but not for long, for Billy and Paul dropped in. Billy said he was in Jolly. At his suggestion, they all went over to the lodge for a sandwich and a drink. Paul carried a piece of Billy's luggage into the kitchen of the lodge. Chester appeared. He and Billy and Father Urban went into the lounge. Billy chose a table near

the dead fireplace, and shoved it nearer. "Come on," he said. "Turn on the heat."

"I didn't know if you'd be over or not," Chester said. He knelt and set off the logs already arranged in the fireplace.

"This is more like it," Billy said when the kerosene-treated logs had blazed up and Paul came in with their drinks. "Hey, where's the piano?"

"You didn't see this, did you?" Chester said, going over to a jukebox and turning on its fiery front. "We didn't have this when you were here in the spring."

"Where's the piano?" Billy asked again.

"I had a chance to sell it, Mr. C."

"Why, I loved that old piano," Billy said to Father Urban.

"We found out that was where all the moths was coming from," Chester said.

Father Urban felt that they were now heading into a squall.

"You must be slipping, Chester," Billy said. "That was the only piano I could ever really play."

"When we found out where the moths was coming from, I said, 'Honey, we better get rid of this old piano,'" Chester said.

"Those moths were coming from you," Billy said.

To nobody in particular Chester said,

"I have to get along with people."

"Where's the piano?"

Billy asked.

"A fella stopped by that makes a business of buying up these old pianos," Chester told him. "He wasn't from around here."

"I was afraid of that," Billy said. "Well, let's get on the phone and see if we can buy one."

Father Urban looked at the cuckoo clock over the fireplace. "Hadrn't we better wait until tomorrow?"

But by the time Father Urban had finished his club-steak sandwich, Paul, on the telephone, had reached the owner of a music store in the nearest town of any size, forty miles away. ("And most of it over gravel roads," Chester said. Father Urban couldn't see why Chester was so sad, if Billy was going to pay for the piano.)

"He don't deal in second-hand jobs," Paul shouted, from the phone. "He says he'll be real glad to sell us a new one."

"Ask him if he'll be real glad to deliver one tonight," Billy said.

Paul reported back. "He says are we kiddin'?"

"Tell him no," Billy said. "You better talk to him, Chester. Tell him who you are and how the hell to get here."

Father Urban finished his drink and declined another. He waited a moment, and then excused himself, saying he was tired. Billy didn't take this very well. He expected a piano to be delivered that night, and presumably thought that Father Urban should be willing to wait up for it.

"I've had a long day, Billy," Father Urban said.

"We've all had a long day."

"The truth is I have some office to read."

Billy's face softened up entirely. "That's different," he said.

PITY the poor resort owner! At the bottom of his efforts to get along with people there may be only the base conviction that it will profit him, but, even so, Father Urban felt sorry for Chester the next day. Billy and Paul had gone to bed the night before and left Chester waiting up for the piano. When it had come, in the wee hours,



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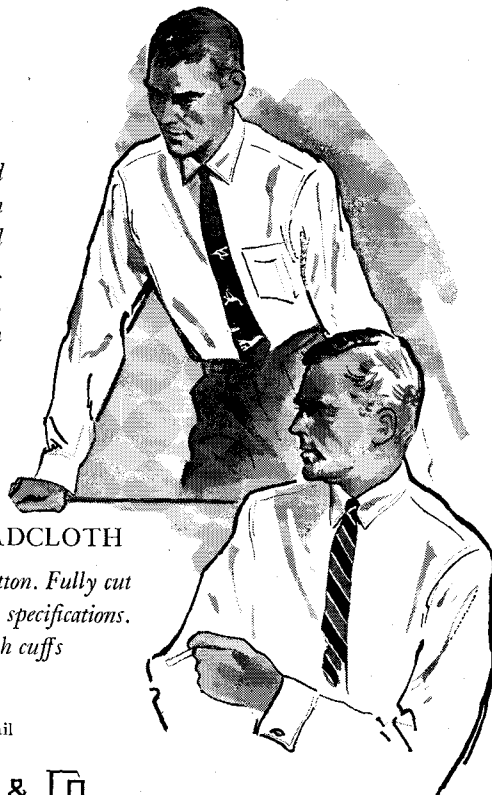
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Chester and the truck driver had had to move it into the lodge. Early in the morning, Chester had had to get Billy out of his bed, and minnows for the day's fishing out of their tank. It was Chester who made breakfast. He said Honey came down later.

The fishing that morning, as Chester said to a colleague—another guide in a passing boat—was nothing to brag about. Father Urban made the only catch, and Billy, who was after lake trout, had actually wanted him to throw it back—"a lousy two-pound bass!" They tried everything and everywhere. They tried Snowflake and they tried Strong. They tried trolling, fast and slow, Chester making the old outboard motor talk in a whisper. They tried all kinds of lures—redheads, daredevils, bassorenos, tezerenos, artificial mice, and lazy ikes. Chester went ashore and caught a frog, and Billy tried that. Billy had one strike, but nothing came of it. "Probably a shoe," he said.

"They're in here," Chester said, and spoke of the wind, the sun, and the moon.

"To think you get paid for this," Billy said.

"They're in here," Chester said.

"Aw, shut up," Billy said, and after that was silent.

They returned to the lodge for lunch. As they were getting up from the table, Father Urban said he wouldn't be going out that afternoon, if Billy didn't mind.

"I don't blame you," Billy said.

Father Urban knew what he was doing. He thought that he'd look better to Billy, and that Billy would look a lot better to him, if they spent more time apart. Father Urban slept most of the afternoon, but he was on the dock, breviary in hand, when the boat came in. Chester was rowing. Billy appeared to be in good spirits, so Father Urban called across the water, "How was it?"

"Wonderful!" Billy called back.

Paul had driven to town for supplies in the morning, but in the afternoon he had taken Father Urban's place in the bow of the boat, and he was the first one to disembark. He was all wet. Chester and Billy were somewhat wet, too, Father Urban saw, but Paul was all wet. "If I could swim, I wouldn't care," Paul said.

He told Father Urban what had happened. Billy had run the boat full speed through a place where tree stumps stuck up in the water, and he had nearly drowned Paul. Chester was now rowing the boat because the propeller on



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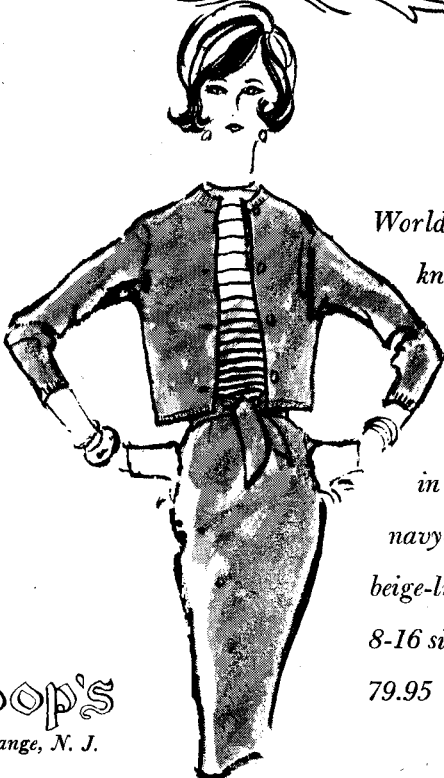
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the outboard motor had been badly bent. "He won't get me in that thing again," Paul said.

"Just wonderful," Billy said, getting out of the boat.

"How was the fishing?" Father Urban asked, to change the subject.

"The *what?*" Billy said.

Chester stayed in the boat, bailing it out with a coffee can. Father Urban felt sorry for him.

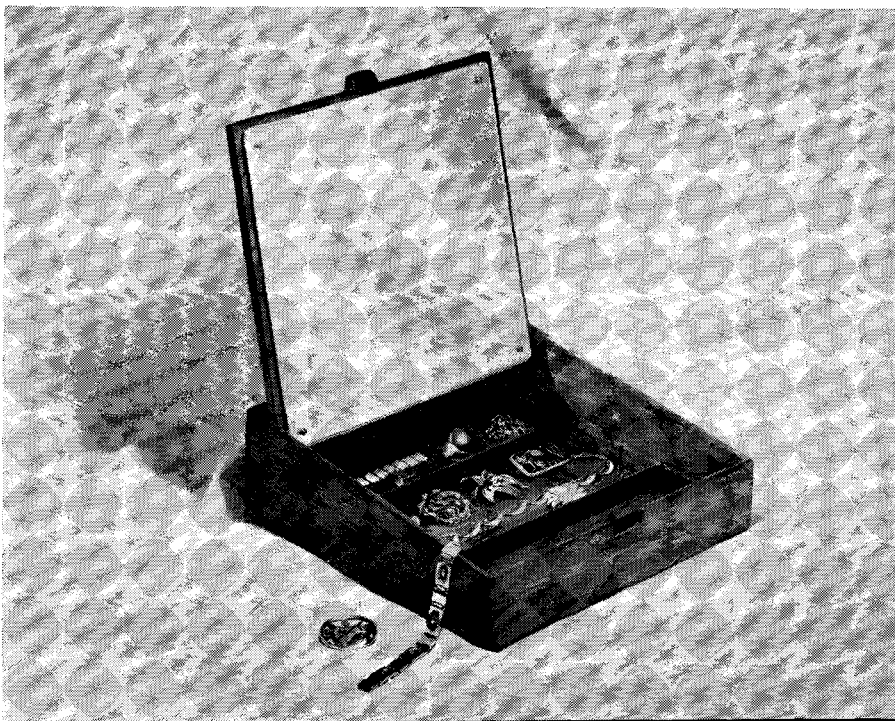
That evening, Father Urban went out of his way to be nice to Chester. Two couples, thirty or so, arrived in time for supper, and were asked by Billy to join him and Father Urban in a drink later. They accepted. When the party had gathered, there was dancing to the jukebox, Billy starting it off with Honey, and the couples following. Then they all changed partners, and Paul presently joined the dancing. Father Urban and Chester sat together.

"Mother taught her all she knows about cooking," Chester said once, when Honey danced by.

Billy went to the new piano to play. Father Urban soon realized that Billy wasn't just rusty, as he claimed. He just couldn't play the piano. Father Urban thought he understood why Chester had sold the old piano, and why he wasn't happy about the new one. Chester had to get along with people.

The dancers began to tire—Billy the dancer among them. But Billy the pianist and vocalist only waxed stronger. "Hello, Aloha! How are you?," he sang, but a line or two was as far as he got into the lyrics of any song. He had a glass on the piano, and another by the fireplace, where Father Urban and Chester, and the others when not dancing, were sitting at three tables pushed together. With one of the husbands, Billy argued the merits of shooting wolves from airplanes. "Upsets the balance of nature," Billy said, but in Father Urban's opinion what Billy really objected to was people having such fun in airplanes and thinking of themselves as noble conservationists. Billy had a heavy-stockholder's loyalty to the railroads, he loved playing with electric trains—although he was always wrecking them—and he hated airplanes. "We need the wolves. Too damn many deer anyway," he said. "Ask any farmer."

Father Urban had been discussing the golf course at Dueterhaus with one of the wives, a Mrs. Inglis, who was from the South and had had the good fortune to marry a man by the same name ("I've never changed my name!"). When Mrs. Inglis said she was going to tell Father Urban a secret if she wasn't



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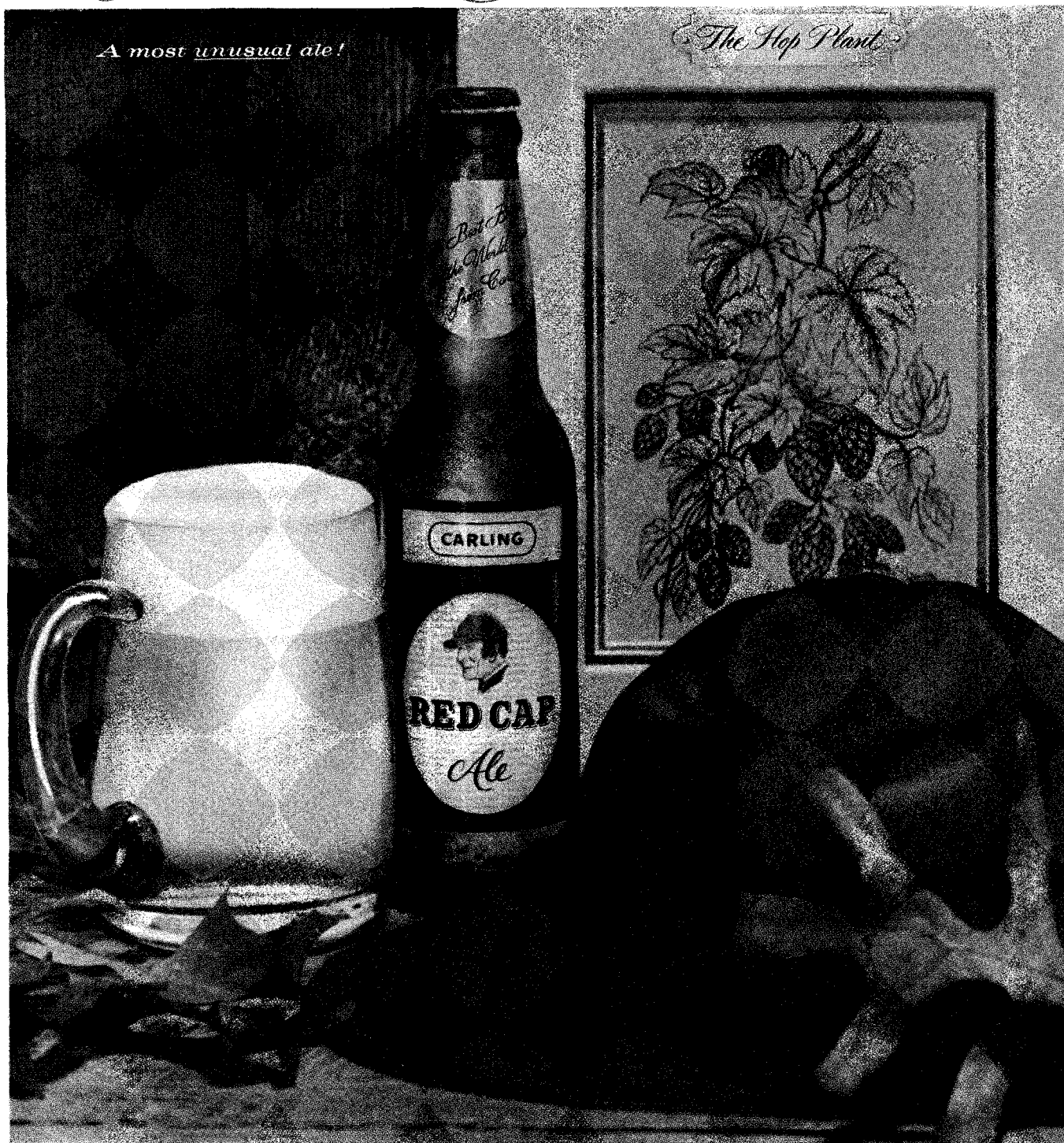
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careful, he decided that he would do well not to discuss his problems with her. He had given up on Chester, who was a little under the weather, some time earlier. He might have had one too many himself. Chester was talking about the first Mrs. Henn. "Do you see anything funny about that sign?" Chester asked.

Father Urban looked at a sign that read, "WE DON'T KNOW WHERE MOTHER IS, BUT WE HAVE POP ON ICE," and then back at Chester.

"Read it carefully," Chester said. "You never saw one with 'Mother' before. They always say 'Mom.'"

"That could very well be," said Father Urban.

"He's right!" cried Mrs. Inglis.

Billy joined them.

"Doc Strong had that sign made special for Mother," Chester said.

"His first wife," Billy explained to Mrs. Inglis.

"When Mother died, I was going to take it down," Chester said. "But I talked it over with people that had known Mother. Like Doc Strong. Doc knew Mother as well as I did. And Doc said no."

"I still think you should take it down," Billy said.

"Doc said, 'Mother wouldn't want us to take it down.'"

Chester's listeners observed a moment of silence. For Father Urban, it was a painful moment.

"That's the kind of person she was," Chester said.

After another painful moment, Billy said, "All right, Chester. But should we leave it up when you check out?"

Father Urban finally found it in him to rebuke Billy. "Take it easy," he said, but to no apparent effect. Perhaps he hadn't been heard. Everybody was watching Chester.

Father Urban stood up, saying, "Chester, if I were you I wouldn't try to answer that question now." He let it be seen that he was saying good night. He bowed to Mrs. Inglis, shook the hand of Mr. Inglis, who was standing, and asked the other husband, for whom standing would have been difficult, not to get up.

Billy tried to get Father Urban to stay longer, but Father Urban again said he had some office to read. Billy explained to Mrs. Inglis that Father Urban really wanted to stay—to dance and have fun—but couldn't because he belonged to a very penitential order. Father Urban waved an adieu. Looking back as he went out the door, he was afraid that Billy was developing the

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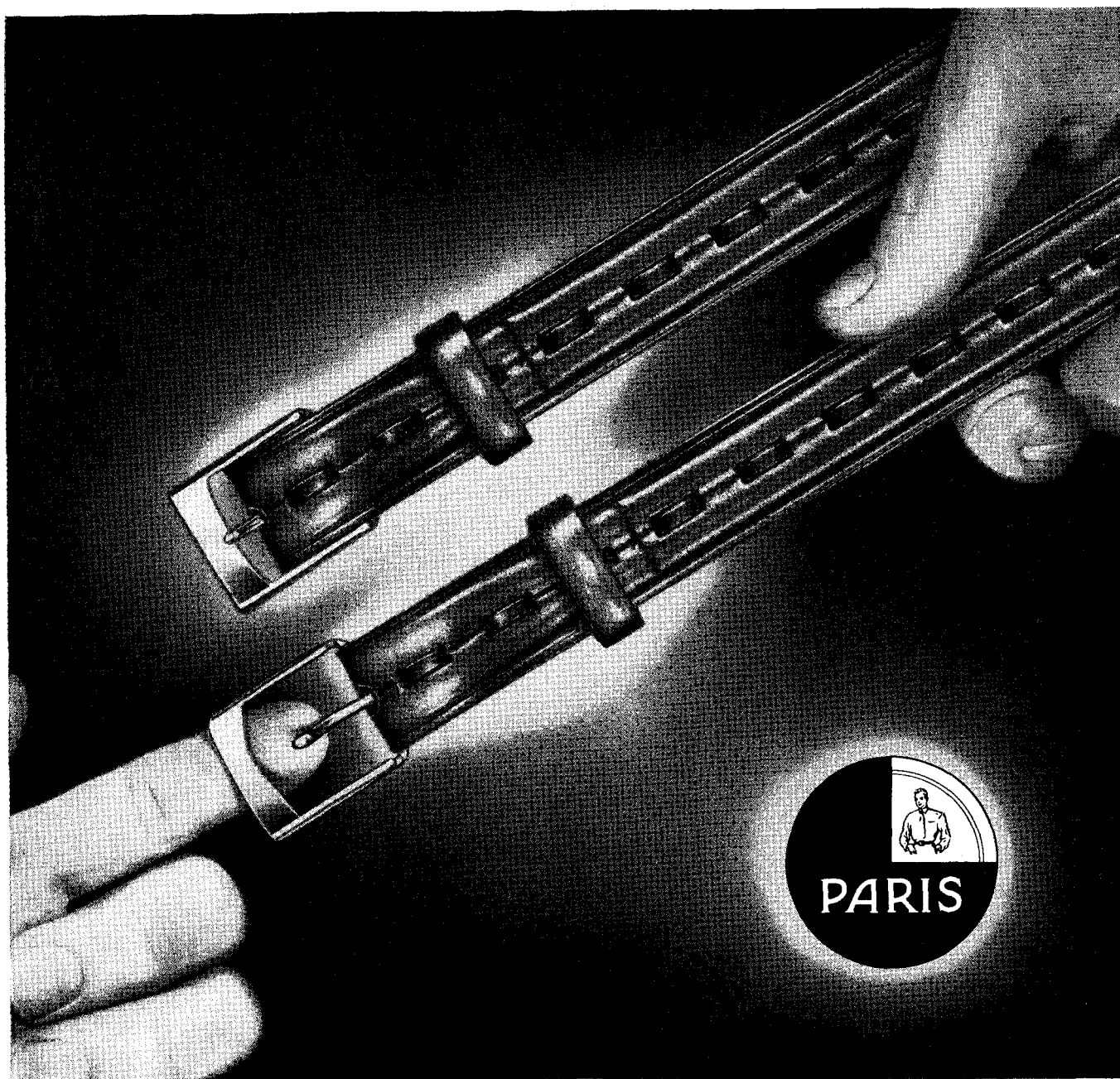
penitential theme for the whole company. Well, if so it couldn't be helped. There were worse things to worry about.

Two days and nights of close association with Billy had left Father Urban feeling anything but complacent about their relationship. Obviously, more had to be done for Billy in a spiritual way than Father Urban had been doing. Oh, definitely! Not that all was lost. Far from it. And the sins of the flesh weren't the worst kind. But Billy's character wasn't all that Father Urban had believed it to be. A few spoons seemed to be missing. Still there, though, was Billy's respect for the priesthood, and on that rock Father Urban would, God willing, build—go on building, he meant, but faster, faster.

BILLY, Paul, and Father Urban set forth the next morning, with Billy at the outboard motor—a different and more powerful one. During the night's revels, Billy had declared Chester to be bad luck, and so Chester wasn't in the boat. As for Paul, he had said the day before that Billy wouldn't get him into the boat again, which perhaps accounted for his presence there. Father Urban wished that none of this were happening.

Billy ran them around Bloodsucker twice before he gave up on it. Father Urban guessed that he was trying that lake in the hope of embarrassing Chester, who was not recommending it that season. Billy then took the boat up a narrow, stumpy stretch of water leading into Snowflake. Chester had warned them to reel in if they went through there, and Father Urban and Paul did so. Billy didn't. He had trolled through there the day before, he said. This time, though, his hook caught on a submerged stump. He took the boat back and worked for a while to free his line. Then he got mad and broke it. "That didn't feel like fifty-pound test to me," he said. Then he had to put on a whole new work—leader, spinner hook, and minnow. "Here," he said to Father Urban, motioning him to take charge of the motor, "you're not doing anything."

Not a very nice way to address me, Father Urban thought, and all because I took Chester's advice, and reeled in. They changed seats, Father Urban sitting in the stern on one of the two life-preserver cushions in the boat. Before Billy sat down, Paul slipped the other cushion under him, restoring it to its proper place. (Paul, first into the boat that morning, had taken the cush-



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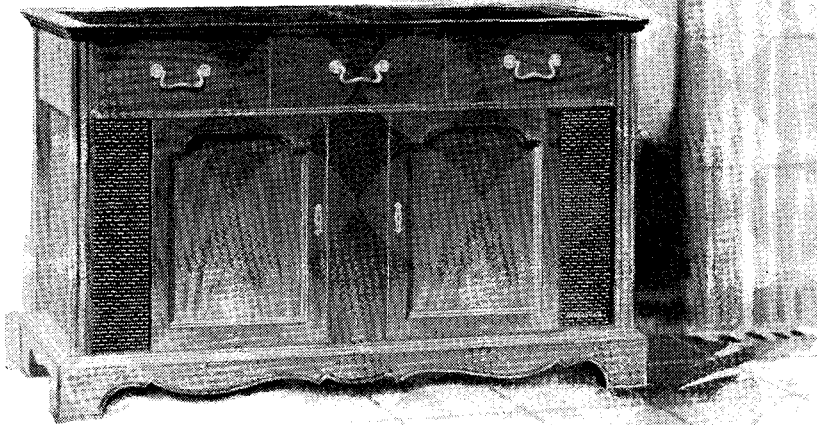
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ion to his place in the bow, and Father Urban had been quietly doing without it.)

Father Urban took the boat into Snowflake and turned right, as Chester had done the day before. He kept fairly close to the shore. Billy grabbed a minnow from the pail at his feet, took a stitch in its back with the hook, and cast it out behind the boat. It made a little splash.

This roused Paul, who had been dozing, and he now lowered his own minnow, which was quite dead, into the water. Paul didn't seem to care whether he caught any fish or not. Father Urban recalled that on the drive north Paul's part in the conversation had consisted mostly of remarks like "I was fishing out of the same boat when the boss landed this whale in Florida." Father Urban didn't know how Paul managed not to compete with Billy in Florida, but in Minnesota he used a dead minnow.

"This isn't what I came up here for," Billy said, addressing the trees on the shore.

"No," said Father Urban, also to the trees. If this went on, what would it be like when they finally gave up and rode back to Henn's Haven? Paul, the non-swimmer, had probably been thinking of the return voyage when he pinched the life preserver. Father Urban had been hoping that wind, sun, and moon would do whatever had to be done to improve the fishing, but he was afraid they hadn't. He had been hoping it would be possible to go back early, having caught their limit, and get some sleep. He had been hoping that when they woke up everything would be different—so different, in fact, that he would not find it inconvenient to have a little talk with Billy on the subject of his personal life.

This was a subject that Father Urban, happily, hadn't had to concern himself with in the past. He was not Billy's confessor, and until their arrival at Henn's Haven there had been no reason for him to suspect that all was not well enough with Billy. Father Urban wished with all his heart that it were none of his business. Billy, however, was known to be a big benefactor of the Order of St. Clement, and as such he had to behave himself in public. Either Billy thought very little of Father Urban or—what was more likely—he considered Father Urban to be very unworldly indeed. This was an idea that many people had of the clergy, and perhaps the clergy indulged them in it, but Father Urban didn't see how he could



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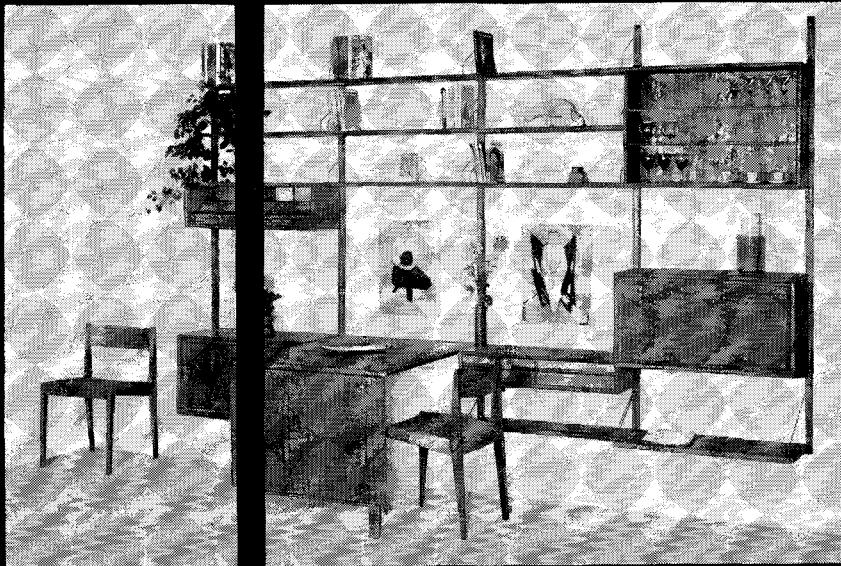
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have conveyed that idea to quite this extent.

He was up against a situation that had often confronted the Church in her long history, and one that had cost her heavily in lives and property. Father Urban, though not a scholar, had made something of a study of this particular aspect of ecclesiastical history. He had decided that it is all too easy for some people to do the right thing. He felt that Clement VII had been the wrong pope to deal with Henry VIII, and he wondered what the feeling was in Heaven on this point. Father Urban had preached a great many thrilling sermons on saints who had really asked for the martyr's crown, but he believed that there were others from whose lives we might learn more that would serve us better in the daily round. His heroes, rather, were those who had remained on the scene and got on with the work of the Church—which work, after all, had to be done for the most part by the living. Father Urban had jotted down a few notes in the hope of someday doing justice to a few of these heroes in a book. There was too much emphasis on dying for the faith. How about *living* for the faith? Take Lanfranc and William the Conqueror—of whom it was written (in the Catholic Encyclopedia and Father Urban's notes): "He was mild to good men of God and stark beyond all bounds to those who withstood his will." Lanfranc had recognized the importance of being more than merely right. He must have operated with great finesse, for he had got William and Matilda to found two abbeys by way of penance for their contumacy. Thereafter, the Conqueror was always careful to show himself a considerate and respectful son of the Church. Call the book "Lambs Who Lay Down with Lions and Lived."

"Hold it," Billy whispered.

Father Urban glanced at Billy's line and saw that it wasn't engaged. Then, as the boat turned a rocky corner, he saw what Billy saw—a deer. Its antlers had looked, at first, like a floating branch.

Paul saw it at last. After watching for a moment, he said, "Hey, how about that?"

Billy was trying to count the points on the antlers. "He'd look all right on your wall, Father," he said.

"Oh, for a camera!" said Father Urban.

"Brother Whatsit could see what a deer really looks like," Billy said.

The deer was making for a little peninsula of sand and gravel. Father

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[VOL. III Nº X]

THE giving season coming up we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have here what we consider a marvellously practical suggestion: Give *two* bottles. Why? Well, if you are an Irish Whiskey drinker, and we hope you are, you may have noticed that some of your friends aren't. And when you go over there you either have to take what they have got and settle for second best or sit around with your tongue lolling out. Now if you try to remedy this by giving them a bottle so they will have Irish Whiskey next time you are liable to arrive only to find they have drunk it all up themselves. Obviously, the

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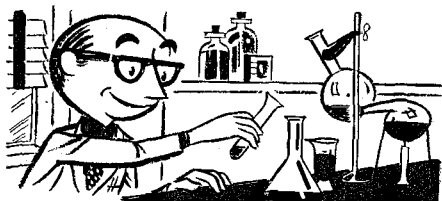
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Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Book worth reading. Economic growth of the U.S. vis-a-vis the U.S.S.R. is a major national concern—and a confusing Presidential election issue. Earlier this year, Business Week helped clear the air with what one distinguished observer called a “masterly” special report



on the subject, entitled, “The U.S. Invents a New Way to Grow.” It was the work of Senior Editor Leonard Silk, who had been working at it, on and off, for over a year. Dr. Silk offered an exciting thesis: that regular and systematic investment in scientific and industrial research is the powerful new force behind U.S. economic growth. This force, said the report, is rapidly changing the nation, the structure of industry, and the nature of the labor force—and is, in fact, the critical element in the international balance of power.

The impact of the report—and the response in industry and government—encouraged Economist Silk to expand it into a full-length book, just published



by McGraw-Hill (and available at your bookseller's!). Title: *The Research Revolution*, with an introduction by Prof. Wassily Leontief of Harvard. Len Silk is one economist who likes to talk plain English, so fear no gobbledegook.

BUSINESS WEEK

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Urban, mindful of the fishing lines, let the deer get between the boat and the shore before driving alongside. The deer didn't turn its head; it just kept going, as if following a narrow path in the water. Billy reached out and touched the antlers. Then, seizing one, he ducked the deer's head under the water, which was easier done than Father Urban would have imagined. Then Billy did it again—and again Father Urban, who hadn't liked it the first time, said nothing. And then he realized that Billy was trying to drown the deer.

There was power in the deer's neck, but there was no foundation for it. When Billy braced his elbows on the gunwale of the boat, he was able to turn the whole deer by its antlers. When he got the animal squared away from the boat, he pressed down. Father Urban saw the deer's eyes—big black bubbles—watching him, he thought, and he looked away. He *heard* bubbles then, and heard the antlers rubbing against the boat. He was feeling strongly what he'd felt only slightly on several occasions in the last three days. He was feeling cheap. He threw the motor into high.

The boat stood up in the water. He hadn't counted on that, but he held on, and Paul held on. Billy, holding on to the deer, left the boat on its way up. When it came down, which it did in a loud belly flop, Father Urban reduced speed and circled back. The deer was now swimming for a point farther up the shore. Billy was treading water, apparently in no difficulty, waiting to be picked up.

Father Urban brought the boat slowly alongside Billy and leaned away from the side that Billy was climbing over, with Paul's help.

Father Urban sensed that the next few minutes would be crucial—that his relationship with Billy was going to be a lot better or a lot worse from now on. The situation was so bad that it might be good. That was really looking on the bright side, of course, but this might be one of those times when Billy would decide he ought to pick up the pieces. With God's help, it might be so. Billy might respect Father Urban all the more for acting so boldly, for defying him in a good cause, and he might even thank Father Urban for saving him from himself. What Billy had been up to was not, after all, the sort of thing a self-respecting sportsman could look back upon with pleasure. Father Urban might say, “I know, Billy. You wanted to have it stuffed for us. I don't quarrel with your motives. As a matter of fact,

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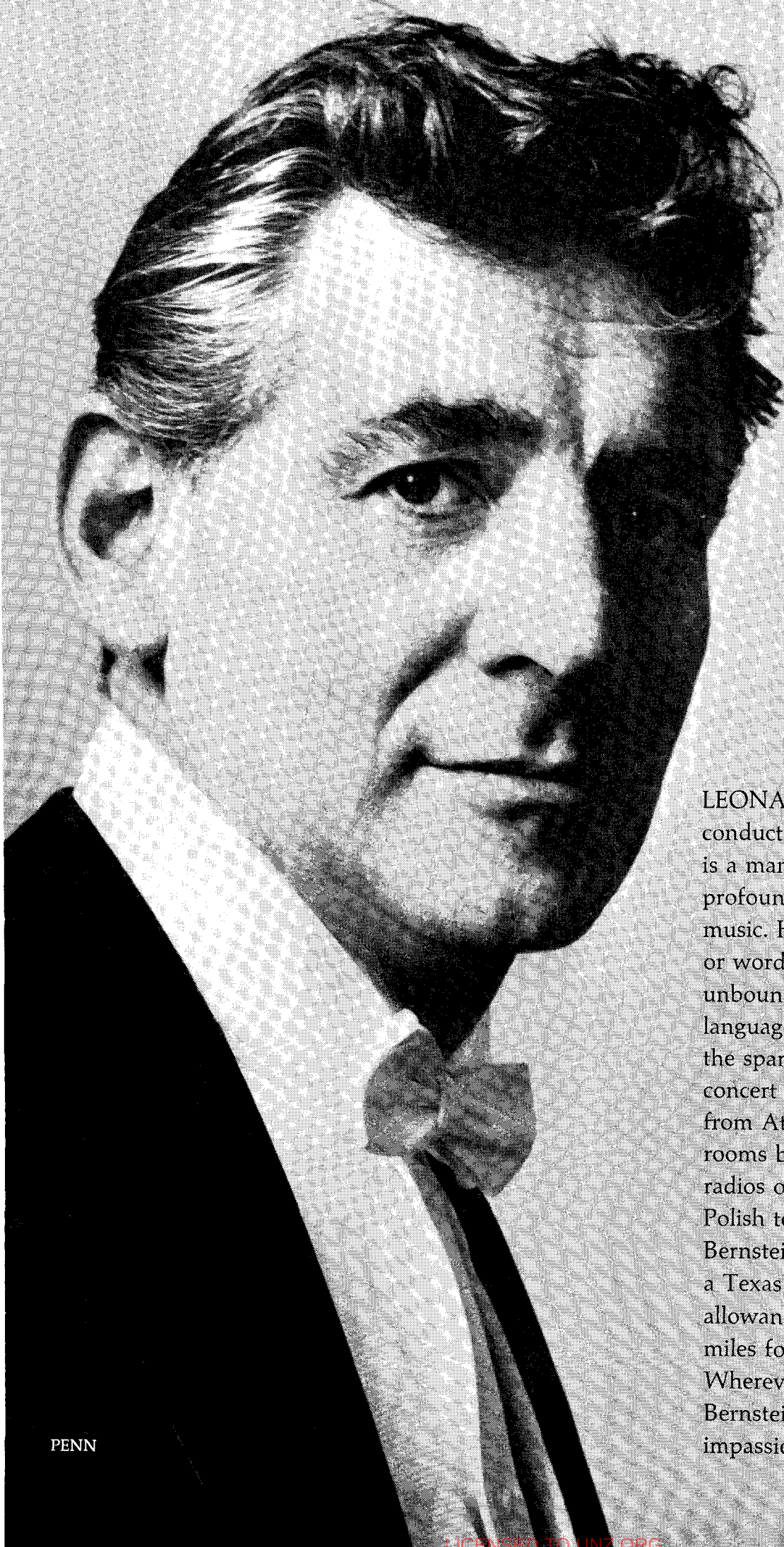
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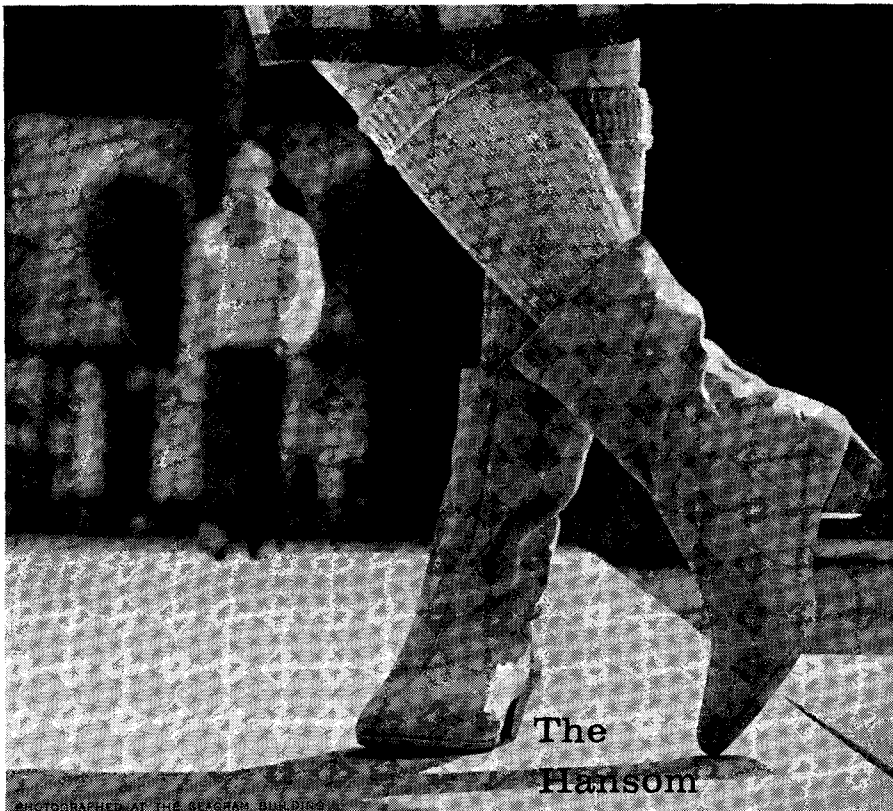


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I don't know where *we'd* be without them . . ." But it probably wouldn't go like that.

"I'm sorry, but I had to do it," Father Urban said. He started to remove his sweater, meaning to give it to Billy.

Billy indicated that he didn't want the sweater, and then that he wished to run the motor.

Father Urban got the impression that Billy wasn't talking to him yet—that the situation was still dangerous, but that Billy was making a tremendous effort to control himself. Getting up to change seats, Father Urban saw Paul slipping back into the bow with the life-preserver cushion, and thought, yes, that would be Billy's way of paying them back—Father Urban for dumping him into the lake, Paul for being a witness. They were in for a rough ride, Father Urban was thinking, when Billy pushed him overboard.

Maybe it was all for the best. Father Urban, an able swimmer, came smiling to the surface, returning good for evil. He stopped this, though, when Billy and Paul, reeling in their lines, drove off without him.

ABOUT an hour later, Chester and Honey came along in the boat and found Father Urban sitting on the shore. He waded out to them.

"We heard about it from Paul," Chester said. "But we had to wait until they left."

"How did they leave?"

"Mad."

This didn't answer Father Urban's question. He was wondering about the station wagon.

"And he didn't pay up," Chester said. "Told me I could take it out of the piano. Don't think I won't."

Father Urban got into the boat. "You can send me my part of the bill," he said.

"I wouldn't think of it," Chester said. "Unless you insist."

"I insist."

"He'll be back," Honey said. She was sitting up in the bow of the boat, facing out like a figurehead. "In the spring, I'll bet."

Chester thought this over. "I'll sell the piano and get a good second-hand one," he said. "That's what I'll do. In case he comes back."

"He'll come back," Honey said. She turned toward them. "What will *you* do?" she asked Father Urban.

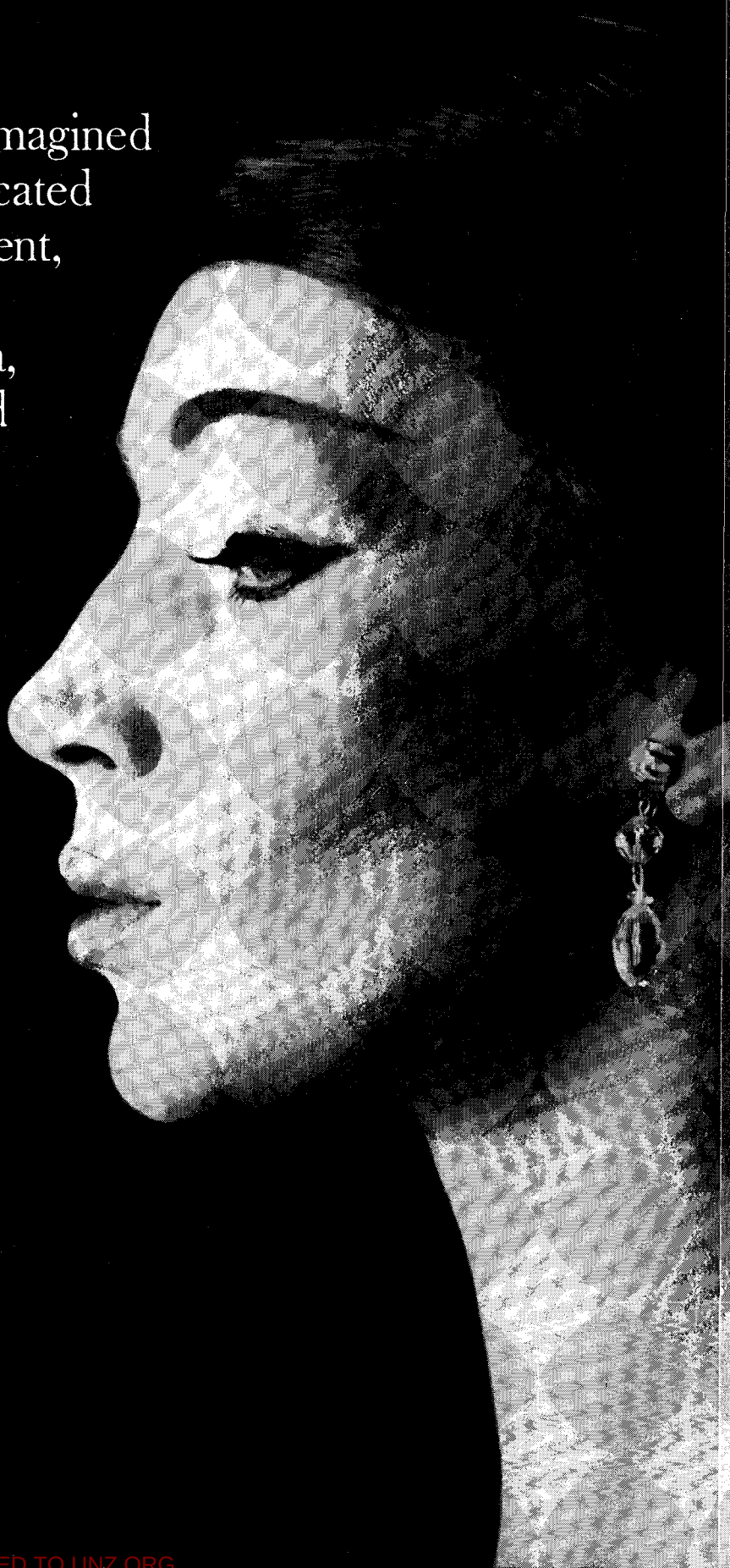
FATHER URBAN arrived in Dueterhaus late that night, by bus, and told Wilf only that Billy and Paul had



When they insisted
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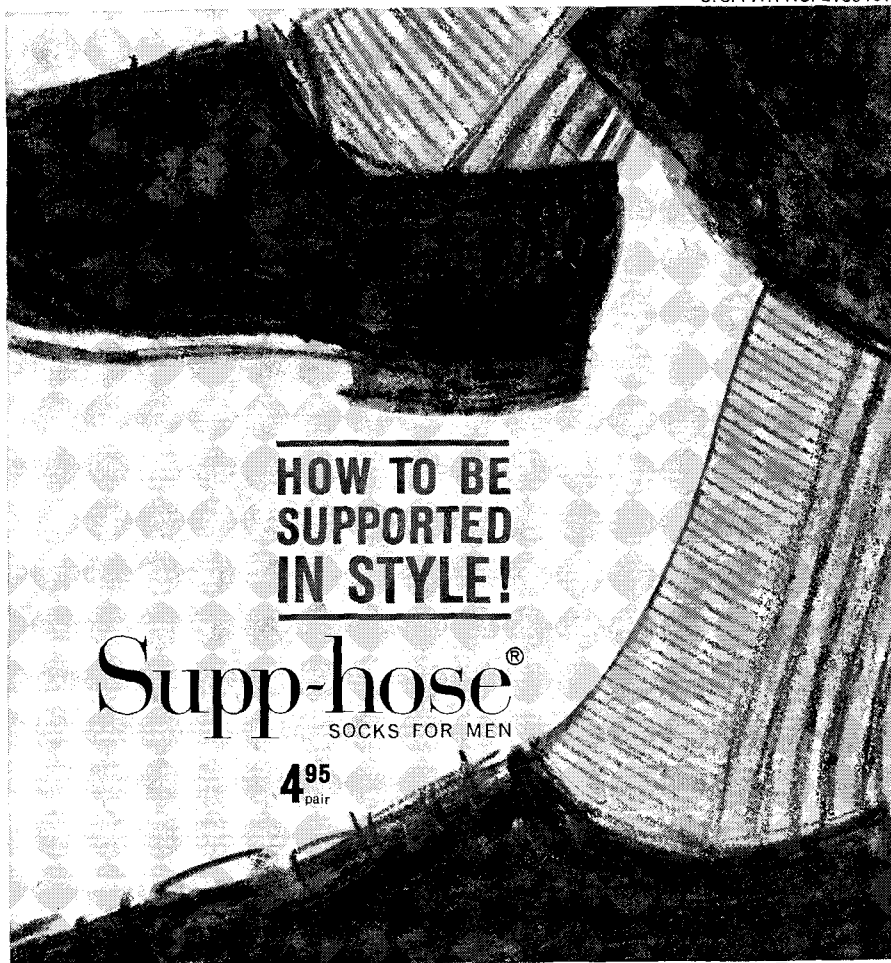


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left rather suddenly. He said no more about it, and for two weeks he held Wilf off, with Wilf's help. According to Wilf, travelling by car was faster than going by train, or even by plane, from remote points, and "business," which had made Billy drive back to Chicago in such a hurry, was keeping him there and holding him incommunicado. Toward the end of this period, Wilf did say it was lucky they hadn't traded in the pickup truck.

Father Urban went around with a numb feeling. He neglected his contacts; he passed up an important funeral. He stayed away from the golf course. He joined Father John in the garden, where he hadn't set foot since his picture was taken for the brochure, and worked hard getting in the rutabagas against the coming winter.

Then a notice came from the Minnesota State Highway Department announcing that the Wisconsin State Highway Department had reported a station wagon—registered in ownership of Order of St. Clement, Duesterhaus, Minnesota—at Chicago & North Western R.R. Station, Ashland, Wisconsin. Keys, found in car, in possession of Police Department, Ashland, Wisconsin. Wilf said, "He forgot all about it!" And Father Urban, who for two weeks had been thinking of various heartbreaking ways in which Billy might have disposed of the station wagon, or rendered the Order's title to it useless, still said nothing, though his heart gave a little leap, and a little voice said, "All is not lost!" For another little voice said, "Aw, shut up!"

—J. F. POWERS

PHILADELPHIA—Peachy K meyer, the nation's second-ranked Girls PLAYER, YESTERDAY ST defending titlist Tory Fretz in the finals of the Middle State Junior Girls Crass Court Championship at the Amerion Cricker, 6-3, 6-2.

The 15-year-old Miss Kellmeyer Charleston, W. Va., who lost to Miss Fretz in the community rond last year, caught Tory when she was down metally and had little fi ference teghroining the top-seeded miss.

Tory said Miss is aw feeeeee meyeronderleurteeeeeee oo ofr-Kell e cf rw eemdlehy etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp vbgkqj xz HRDL MFWY BGKQ AOI oi oin to really smash against her. The prtty blonde-haired miss from the Uptown section failed to do that. She realized what she did after it was all over but thenit was too late.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

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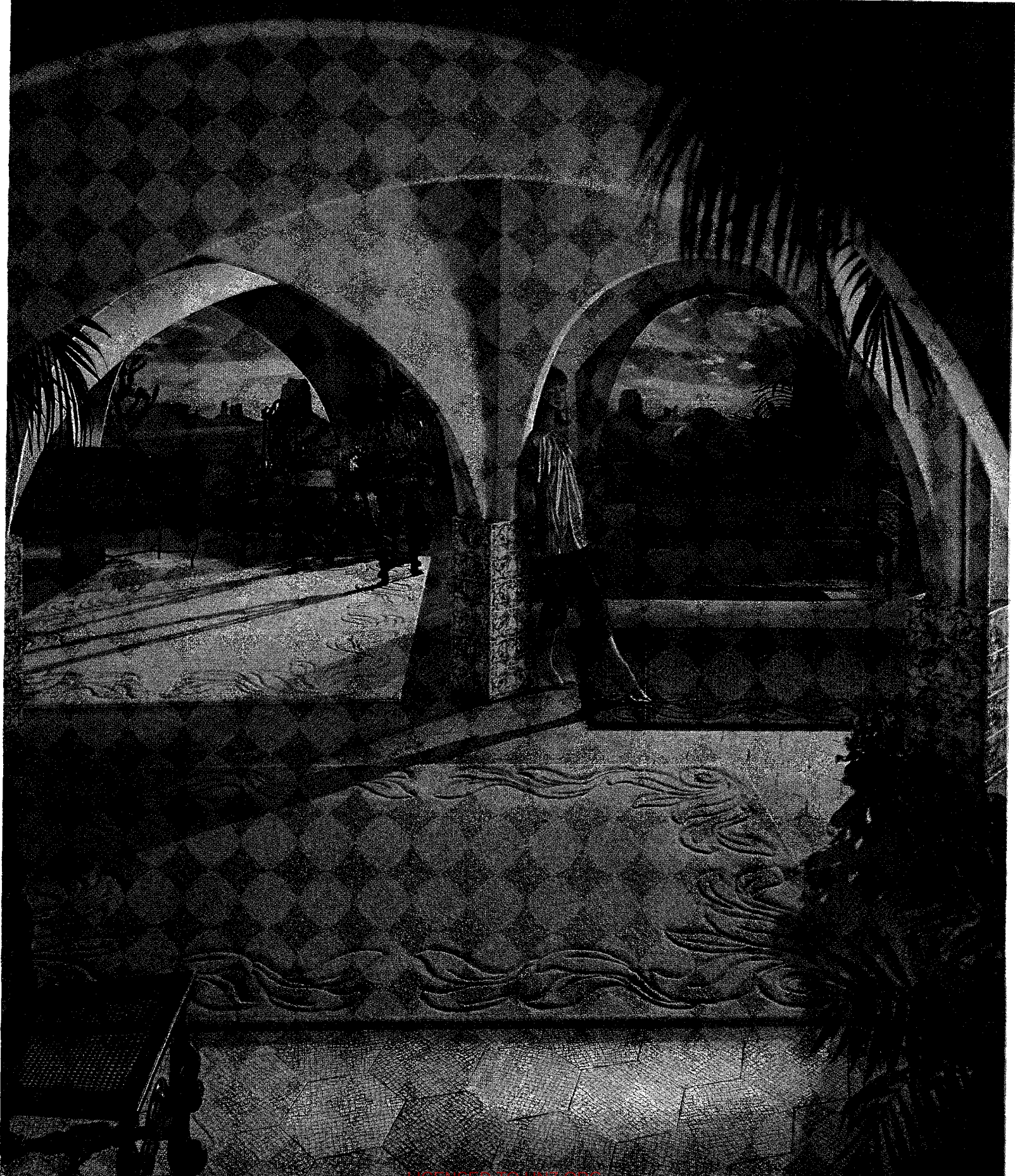
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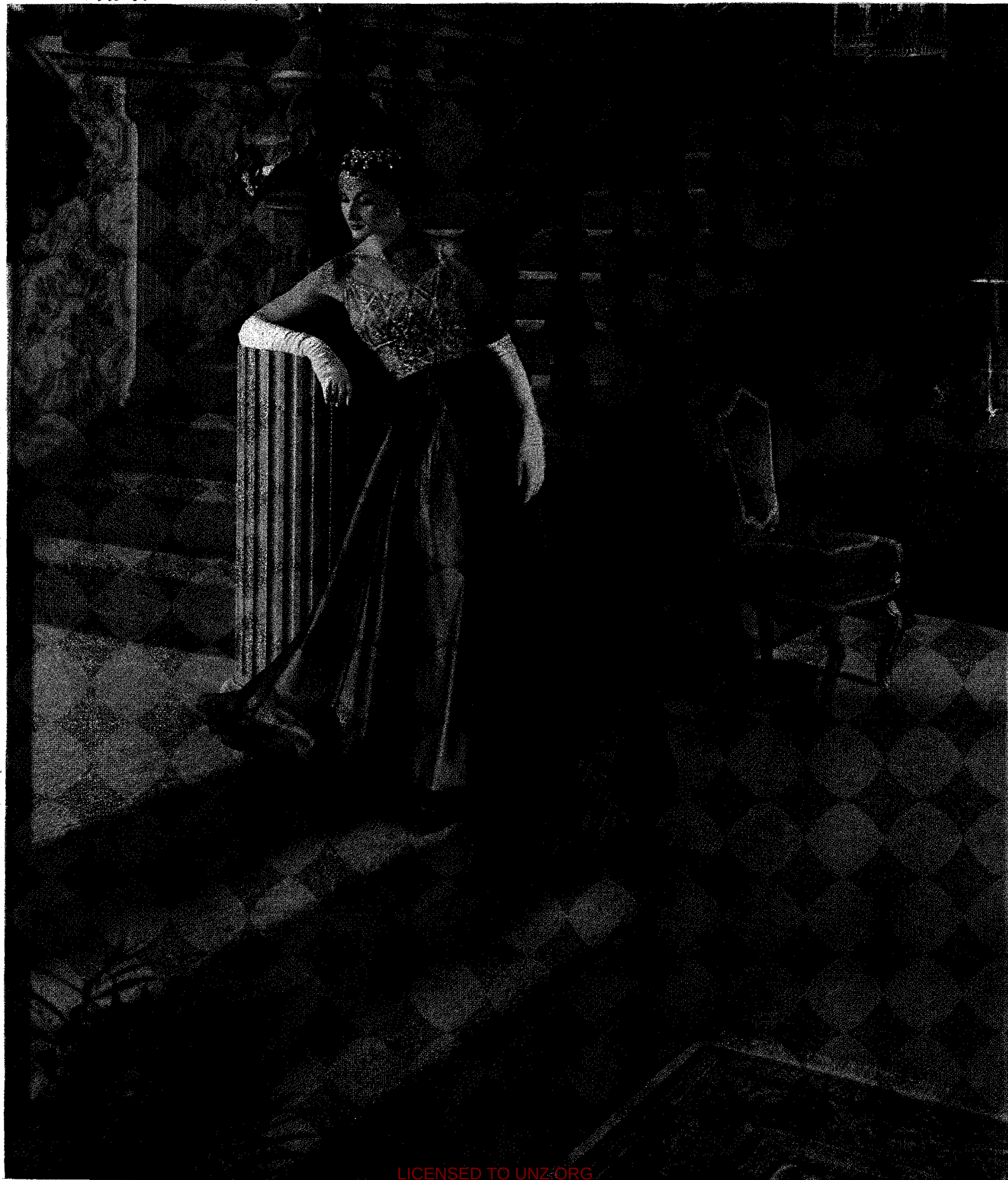
. EACH WITH THE COLOR AND CHARACTER OF

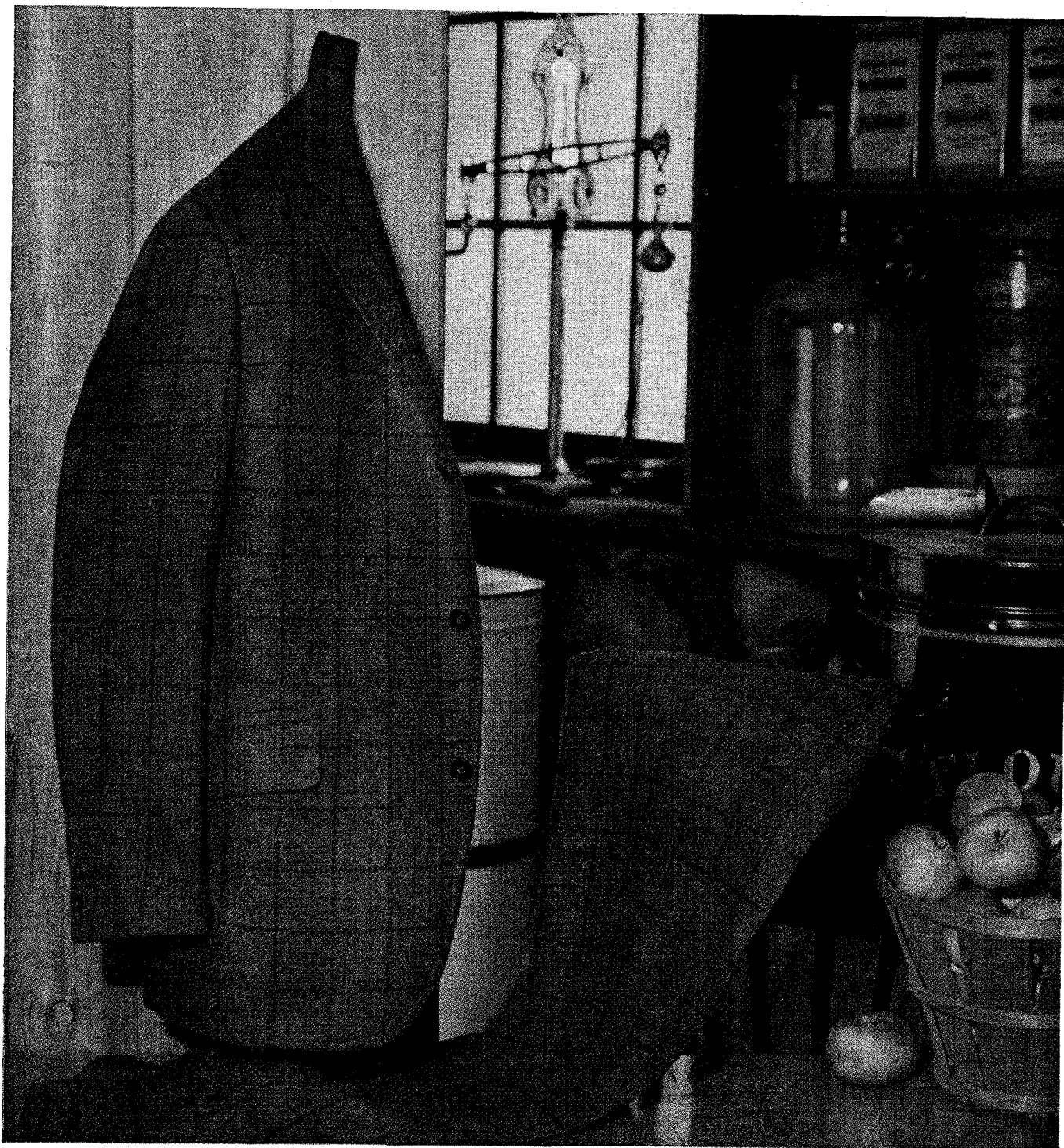
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LANCASHIRE LASS

THE origins of "A Taste of Honey," which is now at the Lyceum, have the flavor of a fairy tale. The author of the play, Shelagh Delaney, is an English girl from the North Country, and a couple of years ago, while she was working as an usher in a Manchester theatre, she decided that she was wasting her time lighting people to seats so that they might behold dramas of no merit whatever. Miss Delaney, then nineteen, accordingly proceeded to write a drama of her own, and, having done so, dispatched the script to Joan Littlewood, who runs the Theatre Workshop, in Stratford. Miss Littlewood, whom you will recall as the highly capable director of "The Hostage," put Miss Delaney's work into rehearsal almost immediately, and it presently came about that "A Taste of Honey" moved from Miss Littlewood's experimental theatre to the more commercial environs of London's West End, where it played for over a year. Obviously, Miss Delaney's coach was not going to turn back into a pumpkin, and so David Merrick, an American producer who likes to gamble when somebody else has shuffled the deck to his advantage, has brought the play to Broadway.

What Miss Delaney has wrought is something very special. Unless you have led a life much less sheltered than mine, you will probably find it hard to take her characters in stride. The central figures in "A Taste of Honey" are a sleazy whore and her love-starved young daughter; among their associates are a one-eyed lecher who fancies Mother, a Negro sailor who has his way with Daughter, and a homosexual who serves as a sort of handmaiden to the girl when she is quick with the Negro's child. All this no doubt sounds quite sordid, and during much of the first act, when Miss Delaney is establishing the personalities of the mother and daughter and sketching in their life in a horrible flat in a Lancashire industrial town, you may well begin to think that you are in for something pretty bad. But let me assure you that you are not, for Miss Delaney soon demonstrates a remarkable knack for involving you emotionally with her strange

quintet. They may be a tawdry lot, but when the author gets them into motion you can hear a heartbeat. "A Taste of Honey" isn't long on plot—the crux of the matter is the daughter's dilemma after the sailor has impregnated her and gone off to sea—but if the playwright's tailoring is somewhat haphazard, there is nothing shoddy about her cloth.

As directed by Tony Richardson and George Devine, the performers in "A Taste of Honey" are completely satisfactory. In the role of the mother, Angela Lansbury is at once appalling and appealing, and Andrew Ray, as her lover, has a seedy insouciance. In his brief appearance as the colored sailor, Billy Dee Williams is a plausible sort, and Nigel Davenport, who plays the homosexual, exhibits both wit and resourcefulness as he excites our sympathy even while he outrages our ethics. But it is to Joan Plowright, who portrays the daughter, that the highest praise is

due, for she galvanizes every scene in which she appears. Oliver Smith has provided a properly squalid setting for the play, and the production is helped along by an instrumental quartet headed by Bobby Scott, who composed the incidental music.

"BECKET," at the St. James, will come as something of a shock to those whose theatrical acquaintance with the Archbishop stems from T. S. Eliot's austere "Murder in the Cathedral," for the current enterprise, which was written by Jean Anouilh and translated by Lucienne Hill, is as colloquial as can be. Thomas Becket is quickly established as such a cunning and lecherous rogue that it is almost impossible to believe him serious when, at last, he takes holy orders and becomes Primate of All England. This, of course, is not to say that some pretty wild fellows haven't reformed and climbed piously up the ecclesiastical ladder, but M. Anouilh gives us no reason to think that Becket is the sort of man who might change from sinner to saint. This is a considerable handicap to the play, but it has many another. The leading roles, for instance, are in the hands of Sir Laurence Olivier, as Becket, and Anthony Quinn, as Henry II, Duke of Normandy and King of England. Sir



"Let's stop kidding ourselves, Miss Stevens. All the medicine in the world couldn't cure what's wrong with me!"

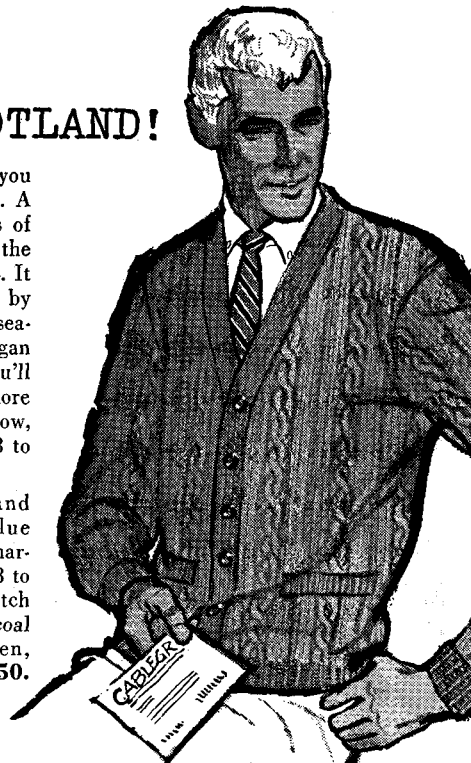
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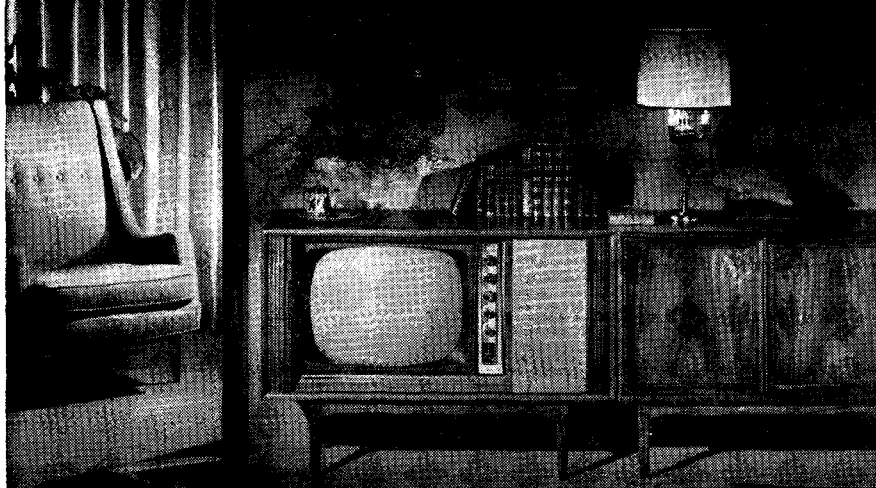
9 East 57th St., New York • Worth Avenue and County Rd., Palm Beach
633 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 264 York Street, New Haven

Laurence, presumably an up-from-the-ranks type, performs with his usual grace and suavity; Mr. Quinn, on the other hand, plays a Plantagenet for much of the first act as if his realm were Chicago in the days of Al Capone. The styles never do merge, and although both men are fine actors and make an occasional solo scene come off, the total effect is ragged—more like a preliminary run-through than a finished production. The argument between Becket, who upholds the honor of God, and Henry, who upholds the honor of his throne, is splendid dramatic material, but M. Anouilh deals with it maunderingly, and there are portions of the business that are actively annoying; a parley between the Pope and one of his cardinals, for example, has the two of them talking with Italian accents derived from vaudeville. Sir Laurence and Mr. Quinn are surrounded, but not supported, by a large cast, and the production has been handsomely mounted by Oliver Smith, who certainly gets around. As an old enthusiast of costume drama, I'm sorry that this one didn't come up to expectations. Maybe it should be taken away, shined up, and brought on again.

"AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY," at the John Golden, is an evening well spent. These mimes, so innocent in appearance, are as sardonic a couple as we have had around in years, and their various inventions are consistently original, outrageous, and funny. Mr. Nichols, who might very well pass for an ambitious junior banking executive, and Miss May, who can pass for anything that comes into her capricious head, work their small miracles at high speed, and it takes but one of their merry touches to reduce to absurdity anything from an author to an institution. What they were getting at when I saw them—their material, which they make up themselves, is subject to change without notice—included such disparate matters as the shapeless method of Pirandello; the bumptiousness of a radio performer they called Jack Ego; the possibility of M-G-M's making a spectacular movie to end spectacular movies, on the life story of God; and all sorts of other things, among them a P.-T. A. meeting that was conducted by Miss May, who does an addled chairlady to the life, and that was addressed by Mr. Nichols in the style of a playwright referred to as Alabama Glass. Just to demonstrate their versatility, Mr. Nichols and Miss May, toward the end of their evening,

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took a suggestion from a member of the audience on which to build a skit. The suggestion, a first and last line having to do with a visit to an art gallery, was expanded into a brisk little scene. To add a bit of spice to their creation, they pretended in this go-around to be Kabuki players. It is practically impossible to describe all the artful dodges that go into "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May," but be assured that the pair are entertainers of much merit, and that their show, as staged by Arthur Penn, is polished and beguiling. There is also an excellent incidental score by William Goldenberg, who leads a musical quartet that performs while Mr. Nichols and Miss May are figuring out what to do next.—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Low Jinks in Valmouth

SANDY WILSON's music, book, and lyrics for his new one-man-band musical, "Valmouth," which is on view at the York Playhouse, are precariously suspended from three frayed jokes. The first involves a Catholic Church run by naughty cardinals, seedy and wanton priests, and lunatic sisters for a laity that devours off-color books when it is not proselytizing. The second has to do with a thickening middle-aged beauty who desires a refractory and chesty young man. And the third deals with what happens when an untutored Negro attempts to marry into the English aristocracy. But these venerable comic notions still seem fresh in Ronald Firbank's 1919 novel "Valmouth," out of which Mr. Wilson has gouged his play—"gouged" because Firbank's book is one of those singular works that defy transposition. It is, imperfections and all, already perfect. A fey, elliptical, bawdy, arch, fantastical, always intellectual book, strewn with tightly sealed epigrams, neighing dialogue, and jumpy, often inconclusive episodes, it emits a queer, oblique, sotto-voce music that can be absorbed only from the printed page. Moreover, the novel centers chiefly on a joke that was ingrown even in Firbank's time: the preposterously unlikely, barely bridling, carry-on-chaps reaction, or lack of reaction, that a group of embattled English aristocrats display when one of their sons marries beneath him—in this case, a dark-skinned savage in a pagan ceremony in the tropics and brings her home to an English resort, Valmouth, as lady of the manor. Nervously waving the poetic license of the adapter about, Mr. Wilson solves these insoluble matters

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by simply roughing them up, by converting the book into a leering tragicomedy whose astonishing ending will comfort the Deep South. Just as Niri-Esther, the Negro girl, and Captain Dick Thoroughfare, her English husband and a wealthy heir presumptive, are about to step into Mrs. Hurstpierpoint's private chapel at Valmouth to be properly married by Cardinal Pirelli (a character borrowed outright by a sinking Mr. Wilson from another Firbank novel, "Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli"), Mrs. Hurstpierpoint's resident priest clomps onstage and announces that His Eminence has been excommunicated for, among other things, christening a dog. An equally disapproving Almighty appears, opens up the heavens, and all present—with the exception of Niri-Esther and her witch-doctor aunt, Mrs. Yajnavalkya, who return to their native island—perish in fire and flood. (Firbank simply leaves Niri-Esther at the chapel door, chasing butterflies.) Before that, the evening is largely given over to the lusty pursuits of the aging Lady Parvula de Panzoust and to a long string of crapulous religious jokes. Everyone pauses now and then to sing Mr. Wilson's bumpy, banisterlike songs, which offer their deliverers very little to hang onto. As a result, the singing—to say nothing of the acting—hovers discomfitingly between the amateur and the professional. There are fewer professional than amateur moments, and these are supplied by Bertice Reading (Mrs. Yajnavalkya), who is built exactly like an old-fashioned refrigerator, and who sings as if the eyes of the world were upon her; Gail Jones (Niri-Esther), who is Lena Horne's daughter and near double, which is enough said; and Philippa Bevans (Captain Dick Thoroughfare's genteel widowed mother), all face of kindly bubbles and voice of firm soap. The sets, by Tony Walton, employ lavenders, pinks, scrims, and odd, elongated perspectives, all of which suggest old dreams.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

The Greater New York Fish and Game Assn. announces that they have acquired 180 acres for the exclusive use of their membership and are at present negotiating for an additional 1000 acres in the same area.

This will allow the members to hunt with both rifle and shotgun. They are looking for members. Their next meeting will be on Oct. 5, at Tom's Log Cabin, in Brooklyn, at 8 p.m.—*Long Island Press*.

Watch that bear trap just outside the door!

NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XX-SAVANNAH, GA.

ALT., 42. Pop., 119,638. Bonaventure, on the edge of Savannah, is one of the prettiest cemeteries in the entire country. It is a tourist attraction as well as a final resting place. Savannah people, too, enjoy "running out to Bonaventure" and losing themselves in its tangled, mysterious, gossamerlike surroundings—its live oaks trailing Spanish moss, its abundance of wisteria, camellias, and azaleas, its twisting, turning driveways that lead everywhere and nowhere. The Spanish moss at Bonaventure puts the quietus on frivolous thought. People often exhibit false gaiety in a cemetery; ordinarily sombre individuals point at tombstones and giggle, or turn to a companion and remark, "You look a little peaked." Things are different at Bonaventure. The most lightheaded visitor has only to look up at the Spanish moss, aimlessly drifting in the breeze and hiding the sky above, and he determines to keep his mouth shut. Bonaventure is encrusted with ghost stories and legends. The place was originally the grounds of a house belonging to a Colonel Mulryne. When his daughter married a Tattnell, in 1760, the property became the residence of the Tattnells, and the driveways were laid out in the shape of an intertwined "M" and "T." To see the "M" and "T," one would have to get above the cemetery and pierce the blanket of Spanish moss, and since the moss represents in many eyes the spirits of the departed, visitors take it on faith that the driveways form an intertwined "M" and "T," and go about their business. It has been reported that the people in family portraits in houses adjoining Bonaventure often step from their frames on dark nights and wander silently beneath the moss, have a breakfast of grits while seated on the tombstones, and hop back into their frames before anyone else gets up.

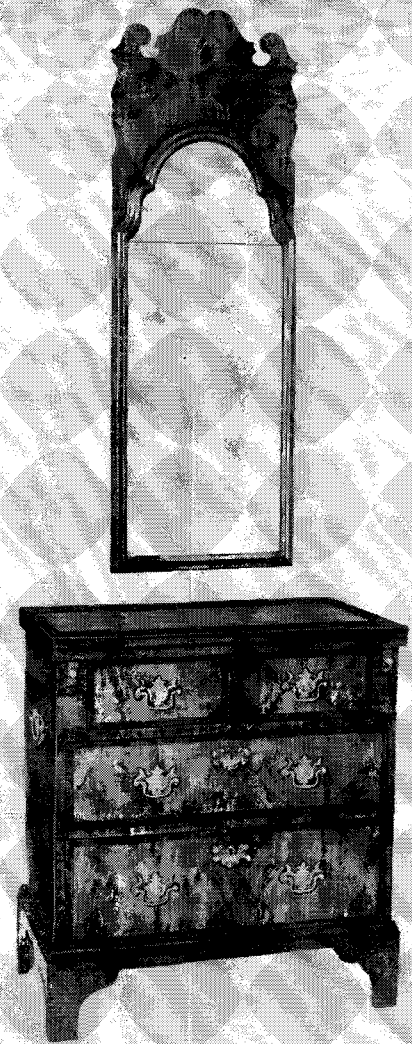


squares downtown, with the notion of improving them and bringing them more into line with modern times. The squares were laid out by General James Edward Oglethorpe in 1733, when he first climbed Yamacraw Bluff, above the Savannah River, to call on Chief Tomo-chi-chi and make arrangements for settling down there. Tomo-chi-chi was what is known in the South as "a good Indian," and when Oglethorpe stared inland and said, "Here I will put squares for a city," Tomo-chi-chi was perfectly agreeable. The squares—Oglethorpe, Johnson, Wright, Chipewa, Madison, Monterey, and others—have survived as peaceful oases with palmetto trees. All vehicular traffic is routed around them. The people who own and operate the buses have the practical idea that it is a great deal less complicated to go through a square than around it. Every few years, the bus people decide that they want to run streets through the squares, and the people of Savannah band together and form Save Our Squares Committees. So far, the squares have been saved, but both sides sleep the sleep of the wary. "One of mah recurrent bad dreams," a Savannah man with bags under his eyes said recently, "is that Ah am tryin' to board a bus spang in the middle of Oglethorpe Square, with mah arms full of bundles and no change in mah pocket. It is enough to give a man the cold chills."

Changes do occur in Savannah, though—sometimes overnight—and they tend to leave the city despondent. For many years, the doorman at the De Soto Hotel, on Liberty Street, stood out in front, rain or shine, wearing a long khaki greatcoat from the First World War. It hung down around his knees, flapped when the wind blew, and made him look like Buster Keaton in "The General." Then some smart Northerners bought the hotel and, overnight, removed the greatcoat, outfitting the doorman in a red hunting coat with gray jodhpurs and topping him off with a peanut-sized black derby. Visitors to the city, alighting from their cars, assume that the outfit has its origins in Savannah tradition, and often remark, "Isn't it wonderful to be in a place that

SAVANNAH has to stay on its toes in order to fight change. Although it is unlikely that anyone will come along and tamper with Bonaventure, there are elements that persistently have their eye on the series of lovely tree-shaded

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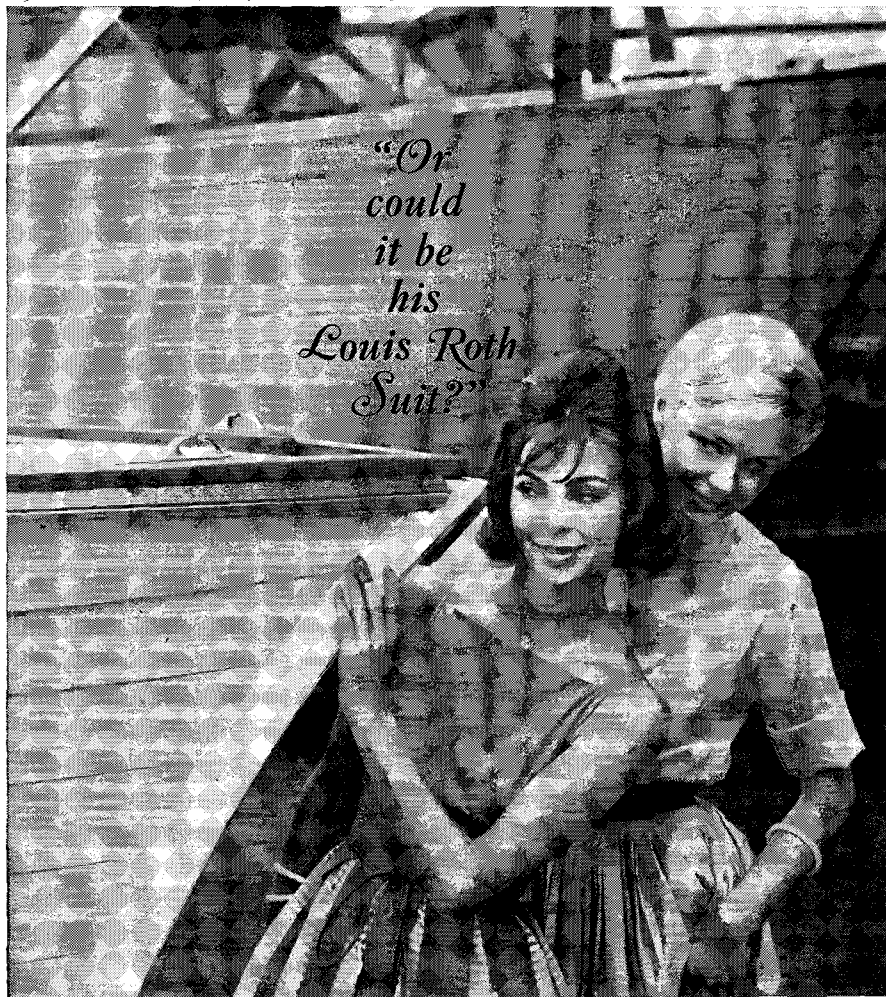
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holds on to something in this day and age when values are collapsing," but native Savannah people cannot fathom the significance of the ensemble, and walk up and down Liberty Street, past the doorman, shaking their heads. "Ah thought the end had come when they took away the public market, with its venison and wild turkeys and sassafras roots," a reflective Savannah man said not long ago, "but then Ah saw that riding-to-hounds doorman at the De Soto."

Savannah people are fond of saying that "Savannah is like a lovely lady who is too busy to dwell on her past." This is not entirely true. Juliette Gordon Low, the founder of the Girl Scouts, was born a century ago in a big house on the northeast corner of Oglethorpe Avenue and Bull Street, and the place is maintained as a shrine to her achievements. Some ten thousand Brownies, full-fledged Girl Scouts, and other tourists, from all parts of the country, trudge through its Regency rooms each year. The Brownies are often served brownies after their tour of the place. A great many of them express astonishment at the graceful staircase, with its gleaming banisters, and at the high ceilings. "They come from low-ceilinged ranch houses, most of them, the dears," a lady guide in the house explains, "and they have never seen a banister before." No one is certain of the identity of the architect of the Juliette Gordon Low House, but many people in Savannah like to believe that it was William Jay, an Englishman who came to Savannah when he was twenty-one. The intertwining of Jay and Savannah, like the intertwining of the "M" and the "T" at Bonaventure, means a good deal to Savannah people. They think of Jay as an adopted son. His sister, Anne Jay, had married Robert Bolton on May 8, 1811, and six years later Jay came to stay with the Boltons. The Boltons lived on Oglethorpe Square, and the buses went around the square. Bolton's sister, Frances Lewis Bolton, had married Richard Richardson, of New Orleans, on December 11, 1811. It was a marrying year. Richard Richardson was the son of Robert Richardson, and Jay was the son of William Jay, a Church of England minister, and Anne Davies. She was the daughter of a Church of England minister. Well, suh, when William Jay came to stay with his sister, Anne Jay Bolton, on Oglethorpe Square, he was commissioned, it's believed, to build a house for Richard and Frances Lewis Bolton Richard-

son, and did so, employing tabby, composed of oyster shells, lime, sand, and water, and relying heavily on curved rooms. Lafayette is said to have spoken from a side balcony of this house, which had a Savannah wrought-iron railing and acanthus-leaf supports, when he visited Savannah in 1825, but some Savannah people think he spoke from the front of the house, and others are of the opinion that he didn't open his mouth the entire time he was in the city. Jay went back to England in 1824, but he left behind the Telfair Mansion, the Habersham Mansion, the Scarbrough House, and the Wayne-Gordon House, to name a few. The Brownies believe that he designed the Juliette Gordon Low House, too, and nobody has the inclination to shake their faith.

The ante-bellum Hermitage Plantation stood on the banks of the Savannah River, just outside Savannah itself, fully equipped with all the comforts of a fine old plantation—Spanish moss, live oaks, porticoed big house, quaint old slave cabins (subsidized lower-income housing), and the slaves themselves, strumming on their banjos when they weren't busy picking cotton or making bricks at Ol' Massa Henry McAlpin's kiln. Ol' Massa Henry was a shrewd Scotsman who lived in the big house with the porticoes for three ante-bellum decades and who sensed that the abundant strata of clay beneath the Hermitage would make a special kind of brick; he set to work, and the brick that resulted came to be known as Savannah Gray and was turned out in great quantity. Not baked as long as modern brick, and softer, with a gentle, pleasing, dusty look, Savannah Gray, removed from old houses, is much sought after today; it has become chic, like Savannah ironwork. Henry Ford, whose interest in brick was functional, dismantled the Hermitage big house and moved it to his Richmond Hill Plantation, near Savannah, on the Ogeechee River. The sentiment attached to the slave cabins entranced him, and he shipped them up to his museum in Dearborn. These days, the Union Bag-Camp Paper Corporation occupies the Hermitage site, and there isn't a banjo for miles around. The Union Bag plant is a giant complex of paper mills—the largest kraft-paper plant in the world—and employs some five thousand people. Thirty-five million paper bags are produced there every day—seventeen per cent of all the paper bags produced in the United States. Thirty-five million paper bags will hold a lot of groceries, and mil-



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lions of housewives marching out of supermarkets across the country have no way of knowing that the bags they are carrying, full of the pork-and-beans and milk and butter for their families, have come from the banks of the Savannah River, not far from the spot where Oglethorpe met Tomo-chi-chi, and the Spanish moss trailed in the wind.

"Kissin' don't last," reads a sign in a small downtown Savannah coffee-pot. "Good cookin' do."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

A MESSAGE FROM THE MANAGER

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[Peterborough in the London Daily Telegraph]

KIPPER'S LAST DAYS

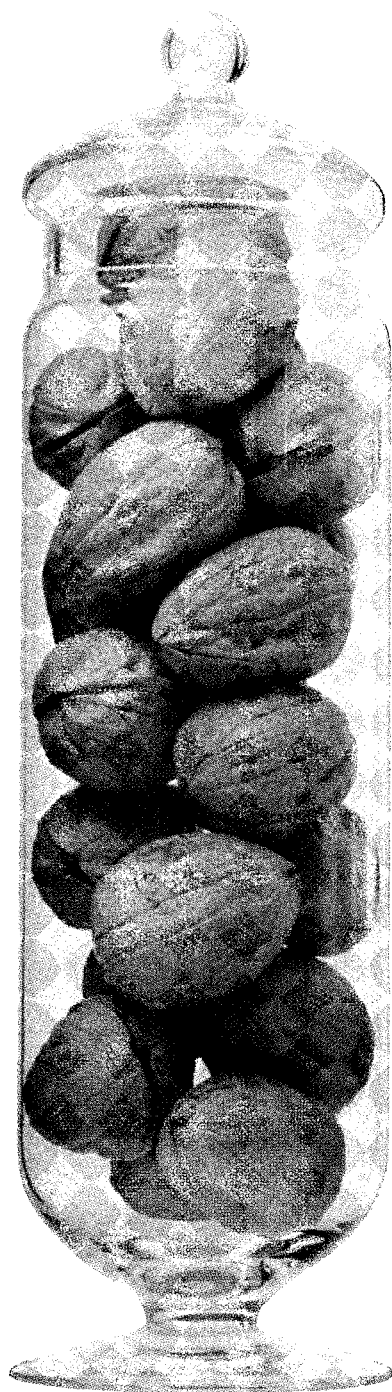
I can supplement my brief obituary of Kipper, for nearly 20 years the Travellers' Club cat, with an assurance that in his last days he had every comfort and care.

His usual companion when he was boarded with Mr. Plumbly, the Fitzroy Street vet, was Micky, of the Garrick Club. As the two cats had something in common, they were always put next to each other.

With the wisdom of age, Kipper settled down at once. Micky, however, would throw his weight about for a couple of days and poke his paw through the peephole in his pen. Whereupon Kipper would give the paw a reproving dab.

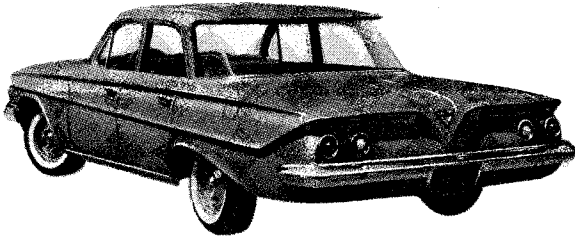
After three or four days the two used to be on speaking terms and it is thought that Micky will miss the club small talk he shared with Kipper.

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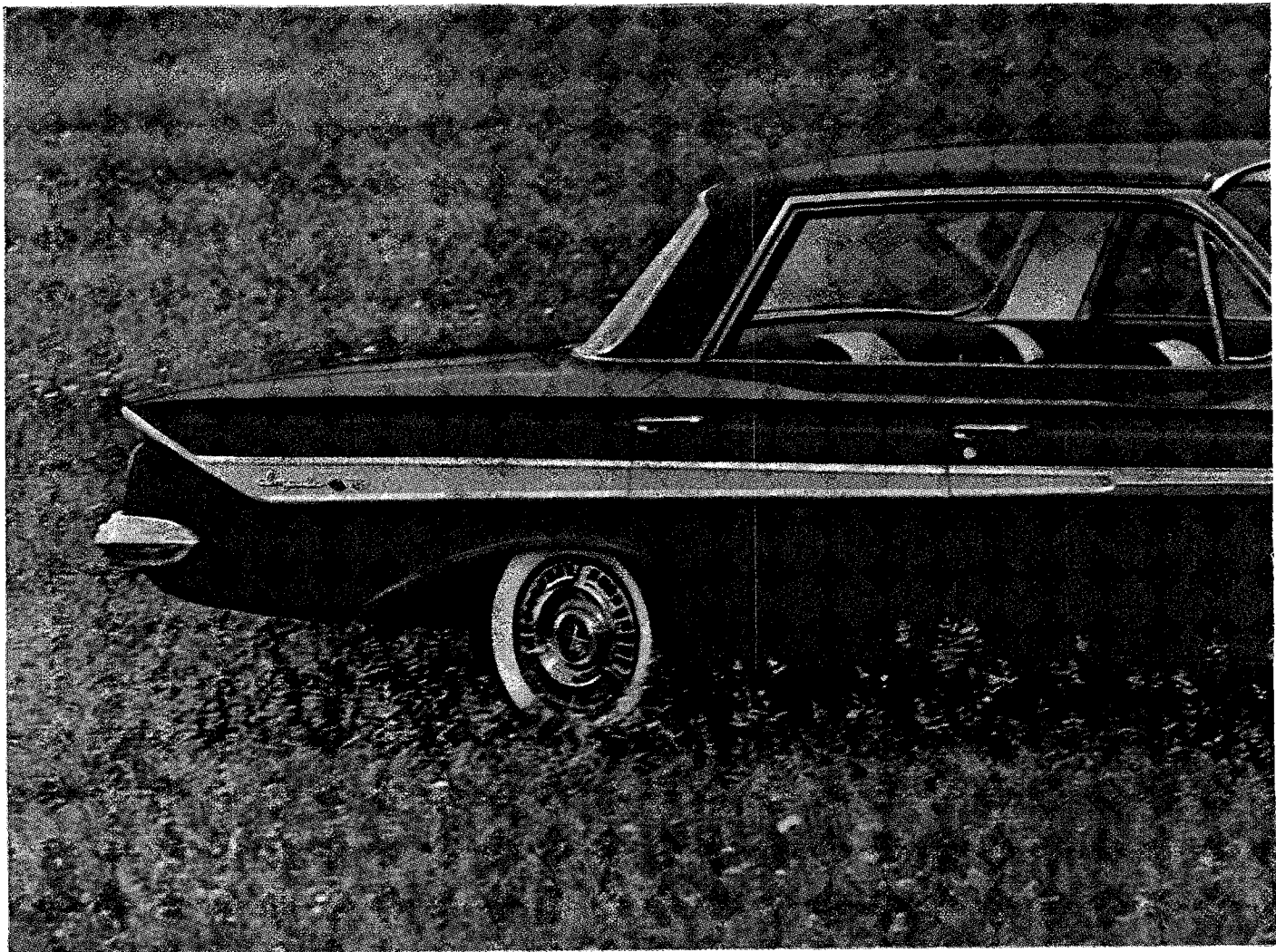
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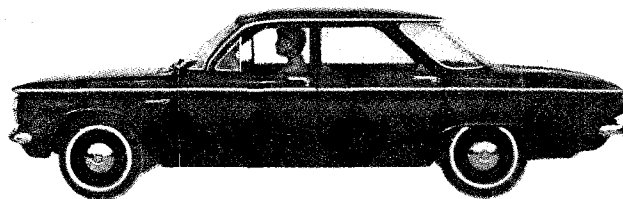
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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

PLACEBO

THE most widely used drugs in the modern medicine cabinet are not really drugs at all. They are mere accommodations. This is not to say that they are ineffective. Their use is often followed by incontestably salubrious results. They are, however, chemotherapeutically inert. They either possess no curative powers whatever or have none that are contextually relevant. The remedial vigor that they seem to manifest is as insubstantial as thought. Like that of the witch doctor's mask, the potentate's touch, and the food faddist's yeast and yoghurt, it exists only in the receptive mind of the beholder.

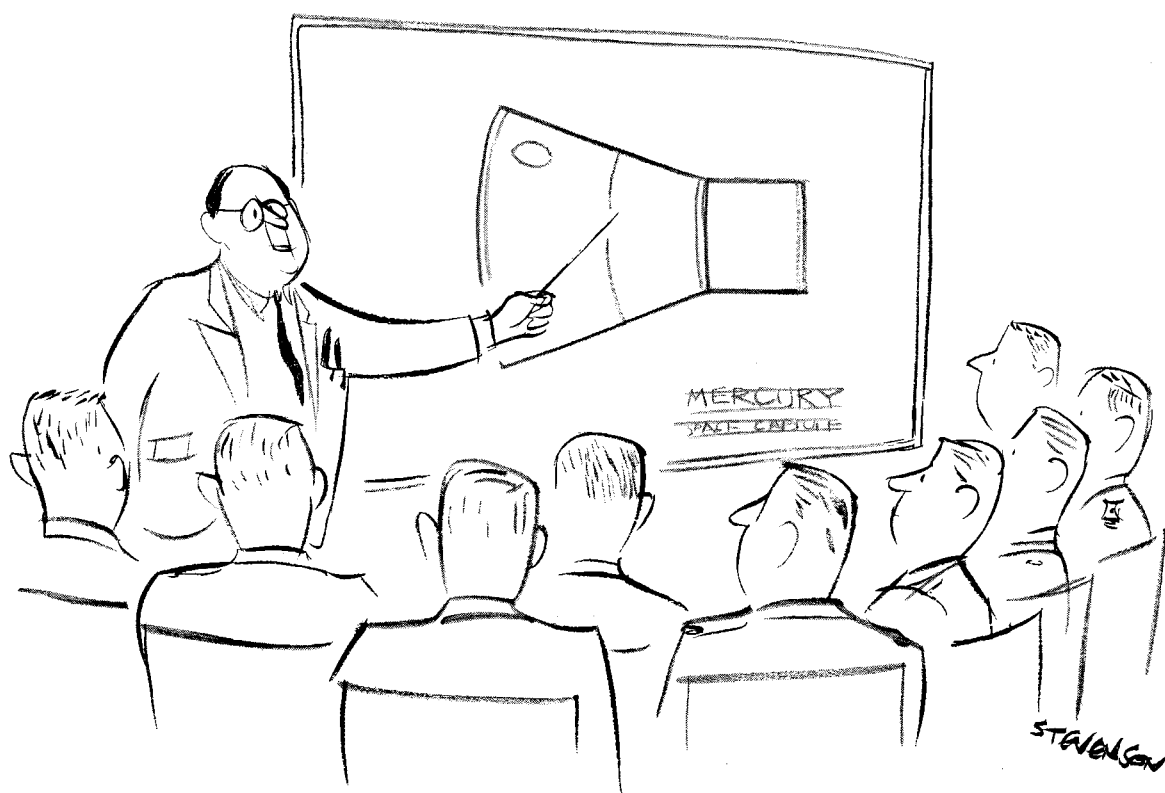
Such drugs are called placebos. The term is an unaltered acquisition from the Latin, which precisely describes their function. It is the first-person singular of the future indicative of the verb "*placere*," and means "I shall please." Nevertheless, despite its classic aptness, the word comes to medicine not from Latin but from English. "Placebo" has been an English idiom of varied meaning for nearly a thousand years. It entered the English language as an ecclesiastical colloquialism for vespers for the dead (from the Vulgate psalm recited in that service, which begins, "*Placebo Domino in regione vivorum*") around the twelfth century. Toward the end of the fourteenth century, while retaining (as it still does) its ecclesiastical meaning, it began to acquire a secular connotation. It was first so used, to judge from an allusion in "The Canterbury Tales" ("Flattereres been the deuyles Chapelleyns that syngen euere Placebo"), as a metaphor suggesting supine sycophancy. By the middle of the fifteenth century, "placebo" was in general use as a simple synonym for "flattery" and "flatterer," and it continued to serve that purpose through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It then came to mean a courtesy designed to soothe or gratify. Its inclusion in the vocabulary of medicine is rather more recent. It made its first clearly recorded appearance there (as "an epithet

given to any medicine adapted more to please than benefit the patient") in the 1811 edition of Hooper's Medical Dictionary. It could hardly have been included much earlier. For until around the early part of the nineteenth century, when chemistry began to develop into a science capable of discerning the true nature and action of drugs, all medicines, as far as anyone could tell, were equally worthy or worthless.

The definition of a placebo has broadened since Hooper's time. His epithet is no longer confined to drugs that are prescribed solely to satisfy the patient's craving for medicine. It now embraces any form of therapy that is inappropriate to the complaint under treatment. All medical procedures may thus on occasion be placebos. (So, for that matter, may almost anything—a religious medal, a toilet ritual, the avoidance of drafts, a gold ring applied to a sty.) Most placebos, however, are drugs. They include true drugs, purported drugs, and deliberate counterfeits. A true drug becomes a placebo when its specific therapeutic properties are misapplied. The use of penicillin in the treatment of the common cold, the administration of cortisone to victims of osteoarthritis, and

the casual prescription of tranquilizers, stimulants, and vitamins, though currently much in fashion, are among the many examples of true drugs so abused. The purported drugs are mainly patent medicines—blood refreshers, backache nostrums, acne cures, nerve tonics, virility restorers. Although most patent medicines contain some active chemical agent (alcohol, aspirin, caffeine), it is seldom one that has an active bearing on the need. A counterfeit drug is a pure placebo. It looks like a drug and tastes like a drug. It may even, if administered by injection, feel like a drug. But it is pharmacologically a drone. It is made of some inactive substance (starch, lactose, or salt), and so has no inherent power either to help or to harm. And yet, for all their great variety, all placebos—drugs or devices or charms—are essentially alike. The power they exert is not their own. It derives from the infinite capacity of the human mind for self-deception.

The pure placebo, it need hardly be said, is the only placebo that has a reputable place in modern medical science. But its place is a curious one. Contrary to common supposition, the placebo is no more than peripherally accepted in general clinical medicine. Many physicians, in fact, are magisterially opposed to any therapeutic use of placebos,



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considering it little better than quackery, and even those who condone the practice do so with many reservations. "A placebo should never be given on demand," Arthur K. Shapiro, professor of psychiatry and neurology at the New York University College of Medicine, points out in a recent study in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*. "It should never be continued for a long time, at least without regular reexamination . . . or given unless the indications are more carefully examined than if a specific therapy were ordered. A placebo should never be given if the diagnosis is in doubt, if the doctor-patient relationship is in jeopardy, for retaining the confidence of those expecting but not requiring treatment, and unless the doctor believes it will help. A placebo should not be prescribed for neurotic patients whose complaints are based on anxiety and fear of disease. It should never, in any circumstances, be used as a substitute for psychotherapy. . . ." The circumstances in which a placebo may be given are equally well defined. "A placebo," A. Barham Carter, a staff physician at the Ashford Hospital, in London, has noted in a report to the *Lancet*, "may be the correct treatment for a patient who needs a material sign that we are trying to help him, and who (from a scientific point of view, at any rate) is past our help." The niche that the placebo chiefly occupies is in pharmacological research. Its usefulness there is undisputed. As a control in the clinical evaluation of drugs—screening out false or feeble claimants, verifying the true—it has, and can have, no substitute. And with every exposure of a sham or shallow drug, it has added to the formidable documentation of its own peculiar powers.

THE controlled evaluation of drugs, though ordinarily identified with twentieth-century medicine, is not a twentieth-century innovation. Twentieth-century medicine has merely refined the procedure to a nearly flawless level of efficiency. The use of controls in an experimental chemotherapeutic design goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century. It was introduced by the celebrated Scottish clinician James Lind in the course of studies he described in his epochal "A Treatise on the Scurvy," in 1754. Lind at that time was serving as a surgeon on the British man-of-war H.M.S. Salisbury. Numerous ship-board outbreaks of scurvy (then a gruesome commonplace of seafaring) had aroused his interest in the disease and led him to explore the existing literature on the subject of its cure. One apparent



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cure immediately caught his fancy. This supposed remedy, which had been in occasional European fashion for several hundred years, was citrus fruit—the “juyce of lemmons” and oranges. Lind precociously refused, however, to mistake his fancy for fact. Instead, he conceived the novel notion of submitting it to a comparative clinical test. That was in the fall of 1746, and when the usual winter scurvy outbreak swept the Salisbury, he coolly went to work. He chose for his experiment twelve ailing sailors as alike as possible in physique and severity of symptoms, and divided them into six groups. Five of these two-man teams he arbitrarily (and privately) designated as controls, and for each he prescribed a different but equally innocuous remedy—cider (one quart daily per man), an elixir of dilute sulphuric acid (twenty-five drops three times a day), vinegar (one pint daily), sea water (one pint daily), and a pill composed of garlic, radish, and mustard seed (to be taken once a day). To the men in the sixth group he gave a daily ration of two oranges and a lemon each. All hands were otherwise treated alike. They received the same food and drink and the same general nursing care. The experiment lasted a week. At the end of that time, one member of the sixth (or citrus) group was sufficiently recovered to return to regular duty, and his companion was up and about. All the controls were as miserably sick as ever.

Lind's confirmation of his ascorbutic hunch (which presently resulted in a citrus supplement to the Royal Navy rations, and the sobriquet of “Limeys” for British seamen) was accepted as a model means of testing drugs for around a hundred and fifty years. It was not until the early twentieth century that its faults became apparent. Their existence came to light with the gradual realization that the pharmacological potency of the drug employed is not the only element involved in a drug evaluation. There are two other potent factors that must be taken into account. One of them is the patient's susceptibility to suggestion. “It is not enough merely to administer a therapy and then assess the nature and extent of change in the patients treated,” Milton Greenblatt and a group of his associates at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, in Boston, have noted in the *Journal of Chronic Diseases*. “Of the many hazards in this procedure, perhaps the greatest is the placebo effect. The patient may show definite improvement following treatment even when the drug is a placebo—when it has no specific, disease-combatting efficacy. Symptomatic improvement may be in-

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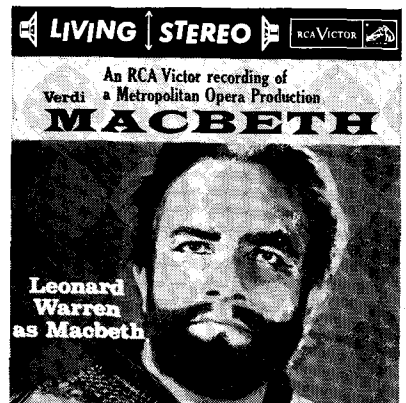
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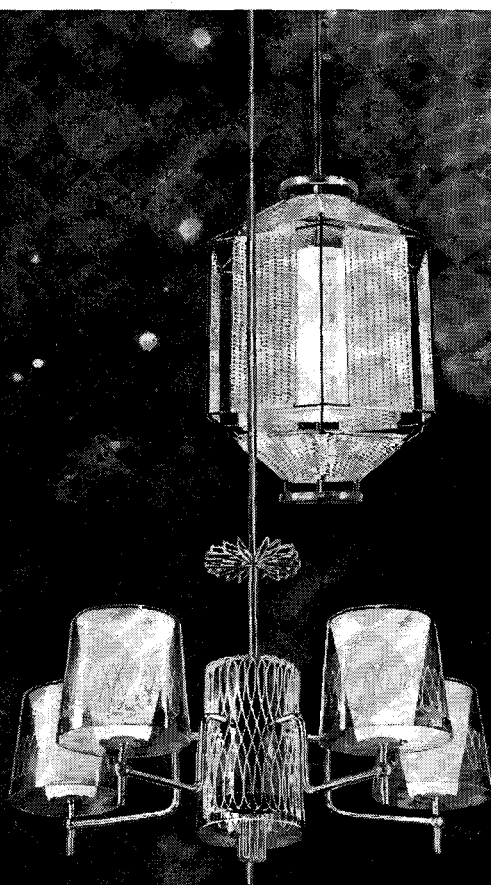
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duced psychogenically if the patient attributes healing powers . . . to the drug, the therapist, or the institutional setting." The other factor is the clinician's susceptibility to bias. The "innate enthusiasm" with which every investigator approaches a research project, Werner Tuteur, clinical director of the Elgin State Hospital, in Illinois, has observed in a report to the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, necessarily affects his interpretation of it. The elimination of these subjective pitfalls has greatly modified the procedure that Lind contrived. Only his principle of objective comparison remains intact. This is, however, the basic rationale of modern clinical pharmacology. The basic tool in the modern technique is, of course, the pure placebo. Its use as the instrument of control makes possible the total secrecy essential to a totally objective appraisal. Two simple safeguards assure this result. Unlike the obvious banalities that Lind employed, the modern test placebo is custom-made to deceive. It perfectly simulates in appearance and taste the drug under investigation. As a further precaution, the clinician in charge of the test receives the drug and the placebo in containers labelled in a code whose key is withheld from him until the conclusion of the trial. The clinician's report can thus be taken as an unemotional record of the patient's unguided response. It is a product of the intellect alone.

The "double-blind" control experiment, as this research design is called, was constructed (on a foundation roughly laid by the British experimental psychologist W. H. R. Rivers in 1906) by three Cornell University Medical College clinical pharmacologists—Harry Gold, Nathaniel T. Kwit, and Harold Otto—in the early nineteen-thirties. They introduced their procedure (through an illustrative report to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on anginal analgesics) in 1937; its excellence was presently confirmed by other investigators; and it has been established as the standard evaluative technique since shortly after the Second World War. A salutary diminution in the once torrential flood of drugs with entirely ephemeral powers has perhaps been its most conspicuous result. (Half a century ago, Sir William Osler was inspired to utter the disenchanted admonition "One should treat as many patients as possible with a new drug while it still has the power to heal.") It has, however, accomplished more than that. It has also served to illuminate this phenomenon of ephemerality. "Periodically it is ob-

served that the introduction of a new drug is followed by a cluster of favorable reports of its therapeutic value," Stewart Wolf, head of the Department of Medicine of the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, has noted. "Later it is often discovered (but not always published) that the agent has no appreciable specific therapeutic action. Then, as the agent has fallen into disuse, many have assumed that the authors of the favorable reports were either deluded or at least not sufficiently critical of their results. Actually, the favorable reports may have contained strong statistical evidence that the desired physiological change had been achieved. There is little reason to doubt that the results were real enough. The neglected possibility that may explain the later failure of the agent is that the good results were attributable not to the pharmacological properties of the agent but to the very real and often powerful placebo effect."

THAT the placebo effect exists is clear beyond dispute. It owes nothing to the imagination but its origin. Its reality has been abundantly demonstrated by the many double-blind control experiments whose results are now on record. So, almost as abundantly, has its range. The palliative powers with which suggestion can invest the placebo are extraordinarily broad. Their reach surpasses that of the powers inherent in the great majority of genuinely robust drugs. It extends (at least potentially) throughout the spectrum of psychophysiological distress.

The placebo can powerfully mimic the tranquillizing touch of certain ataractics. "There is no good evidence that meprobamate [the chemical name of Equanil and Miltown] can be distinguished from a placebo in treating anxiety in psychiatric outpatients," two clinical pharmacologists at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine—Victor G. Laties and Bernard Weiss—reported to the *Journal of Chronic Diseases* in a recent review of the subject. Their conclusion was largely derived from two well-controlled studies carried out in 1957. One of these, the work of Herbert Koteen, assistant professor of internal medicine at Cornell University Medical College, involved twenty-five patients, whose symptoms included anxiety, muscle tension, restlessness, and irritability. In the course of this trial, each patient consumed thirty-seven bottles of meprobamate capsules and thirty-six bottles of matching lactose placebo capsules. All were told simply that they were taking something that would help them. "The results," Ko-

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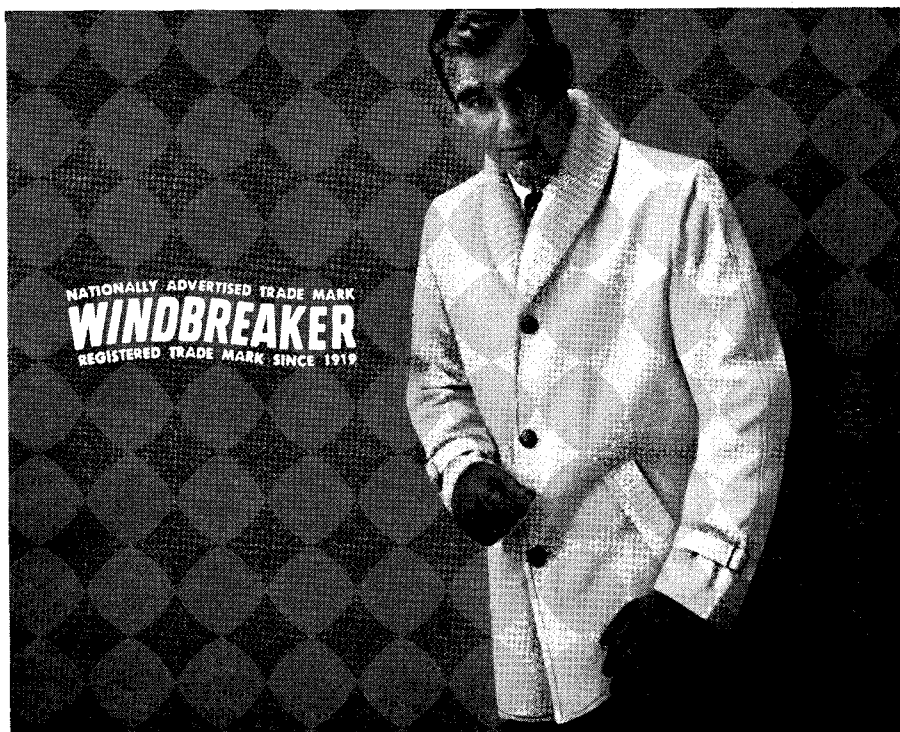
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teen noted, "reveal that meprobamate in the currently recommended dose had no greater effect in relieving symptoms than did the placebo." If anything, the placebo was the more effective. An analysis of reports on the patients showed that twenty-three of the thirty-six bottles of placebo capsules produced marked improvement. For meprobamate the count was twenty-one out of thirty-seven. A team of English investigators—M. J. Raymond, C. J. Lucas, M. L. Beesley, B. A. O'Connell, and S. A. F. Roberts—conducted the other study reviewed by Laties and Weiss. Fifty-one psychoneurotic patients took part in the test, and each was given five different ataractic drugs and a placebo. In addition to meprobamate, the drugs were amobarbital (Amytal), chlorpromazine (Thorazine), benactyzine, and a preparation containing, among other things, Rauwolfia. Thirty-three patients responded favorably to amobarbital, twenty-five to meprobamate, twenty-five to the Rauwolfia preparation, nineteen to chlorpromazine, and eighteen to benactyzine. But twenty-two patients responded just as favorably to the placebo.

Physical pain, as well as mental anguish, is amenable to placebo therapy. Its susceptibility has been established by numerous double-blind investigations, including, as it happens, the first. In their introductory study of 1937, Harry Gold and his associates compared the effectiveness of two conventional analgesics (theobromine and aminophylline) with that of a placebo in the treatment of cardiac pain. They found "no appreciable difference." In 1950, a similar study, undertaken by a team that again included Gold, produced exactly the same result. Khellinine, a drug derived from bishop's-weed, had earlier been informally described in the pages of the *American Heart Journal* as a superior means of relieving the pain of angina pectoris. Gold and his collaborators subjected khellinine to a formal double-blind evaluation, and found, as they reported to the *American Journal of Medicine*, that its powers were no greater than those of the placebo. Of thirty-nine patients participating in the test, slightly more than a third obtained complete relief from both. A drug no more effective than a placebo is, like a placebo, no drug at all. If khellinine had truly possessed the analgesic vigor envisioned by its original proponents, the result of Gold's evaluation would have been, of course, quite different. The khellinine would have relieved the pain of not merely a third but all (or practically all) the patients

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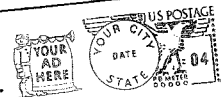
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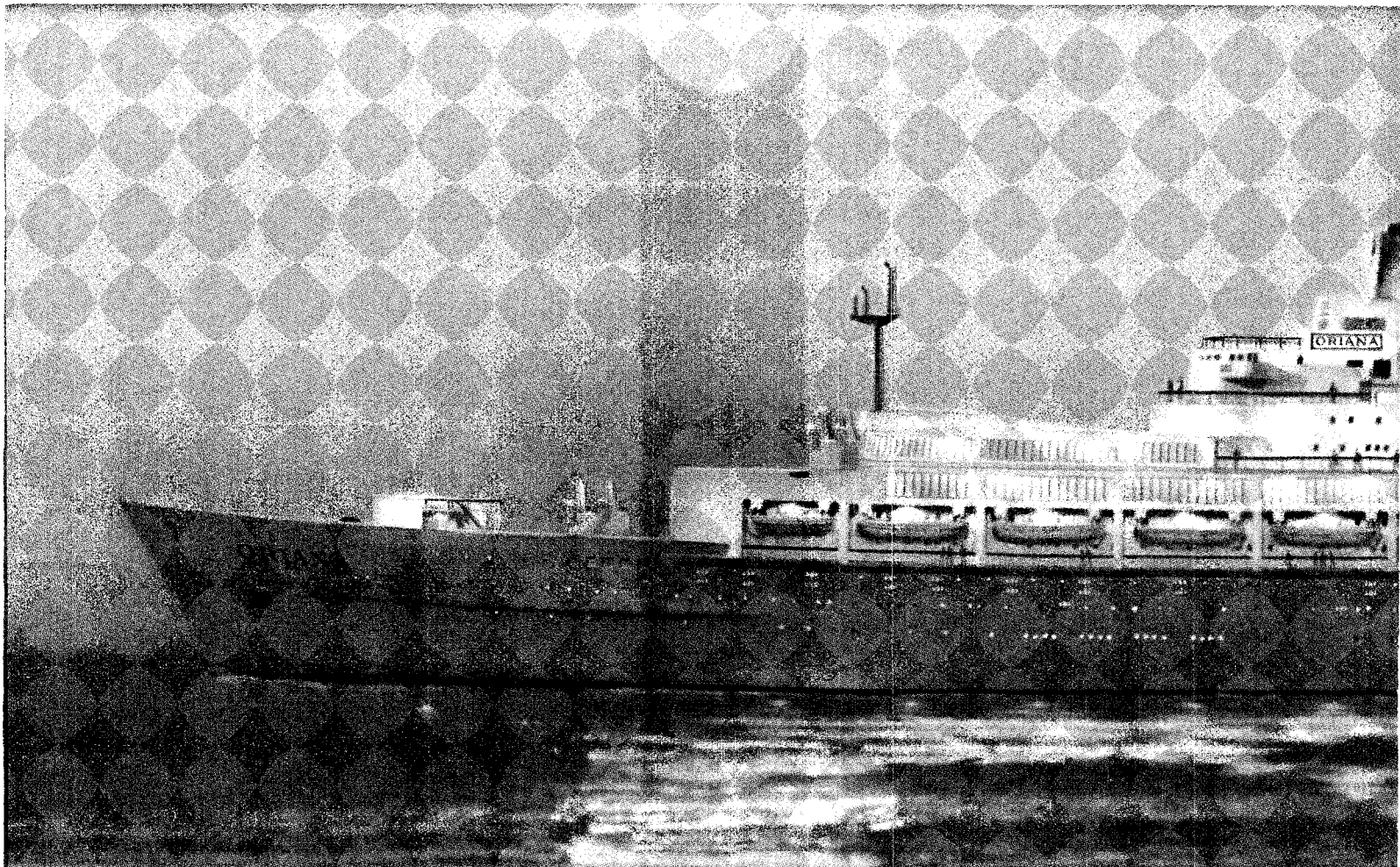
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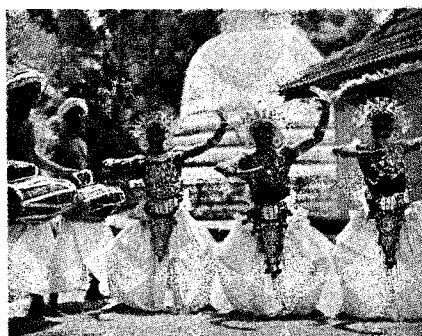
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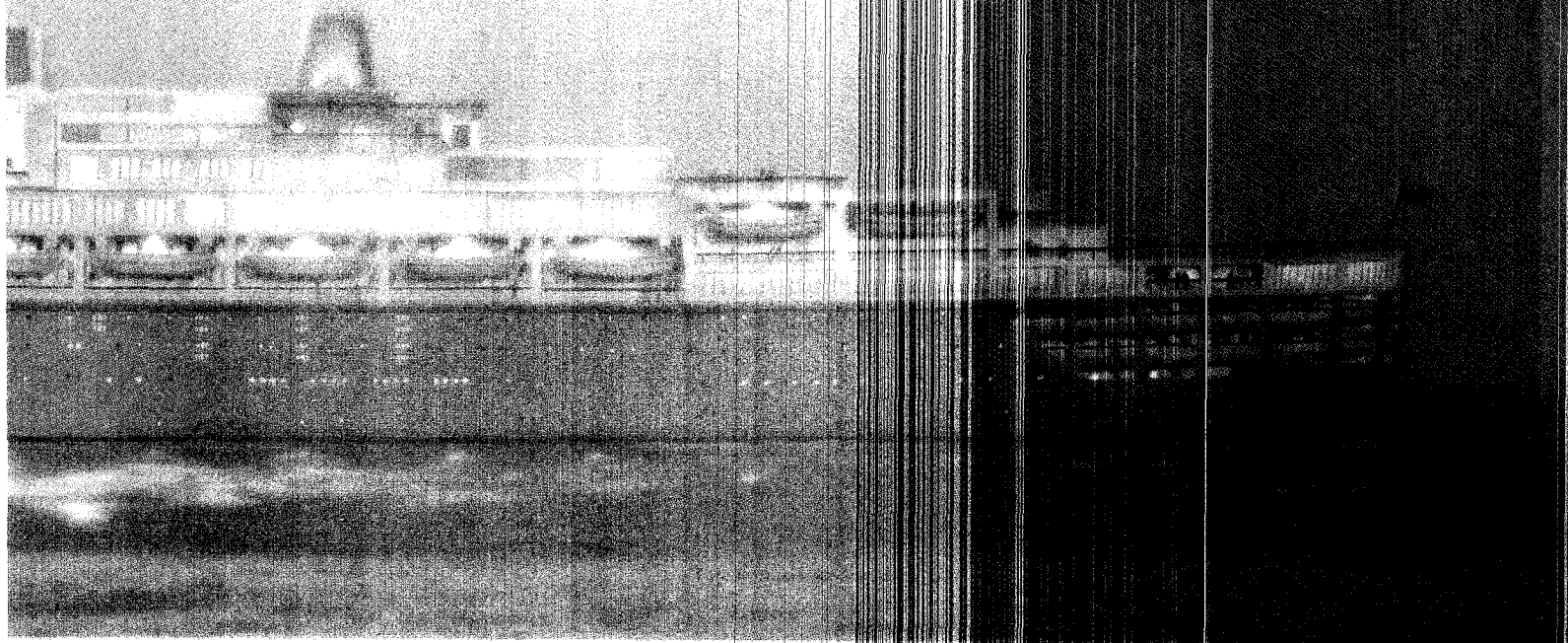
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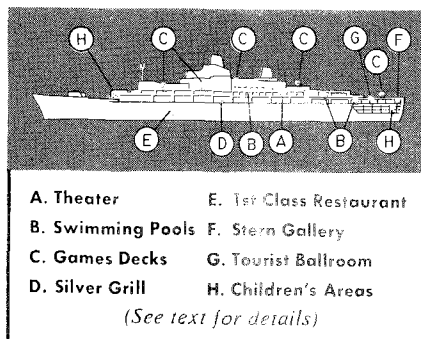


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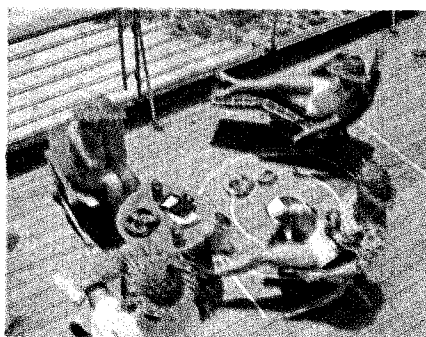
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who received it. In 1953, a control appraisal of the usefulness of the anti-coagulant heparin in blocking cardiac pain, also reported to the *American Journal of Medicine*, again affirmed the power of the placebo. A third of one group of patients were relieved of pain by intravenous injections of heparin. But so were a third of a group who received injections of saline solution. (Heparin has since been returned to its proper function as a specific anticoagulant.) And so—according to a report published in the *Annals of the New York Academy of Science* in 1949—were five of nineteen cardiac patients who were maintained for several weeks on lactose tablets alone.

The pain of coronary-artery disease is not the only pain over which the placebo has a certain sovereignty. It can also blunt the agonizing pain that often follows major surgery. "In [thirteen] studies of severe, steady postoperative wound pain," Henry K. Beecher, professor of anesthesiology at Harvard University Medical School, notes in a recent report to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "we have found that rather constantly thirty per cent or more of these individuals get satisfactory pain relief from a placebo." ("Satisfactory relief" is defined by Beecher as "fifty per cent or more relief of pain at two checked intervals—forty-five and ninety minutes after administration of the agent.") A total of four hundred and fifty-three men and women, all patients at Massachusetts General Hospital, participated in these tests. The number of patients who obtained relief ranged from a low of fifteen per cent in one study to a high of fifty-three per cent in another. Moreover, Beecher adds, the studies produced "strong evidence that placebos are far more effective in relieving early postoperative wound pain when [the pain] is severe than when it is less so." The impact of the placebo on clinical headache, according to a classic study conducted by E. M. Jellinek, professor of biometrics at the Yale School of Medicine, in 1946, is even more emphatic. In this study, a hundred and ninety-nine general-hospital patients were regularly given a lactose placebo upon complaint of headache. Approximately sixty per cent of the patients reported prompt relief. Stewart Wolf, of the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, and Harold G. Wolff, professor of medicine at the Cornell University Medical College—in a monograph entitled "Headaches"—cite an arresting instance of how promptly a placebo may act. "A forty-three-year-old businesswoman,

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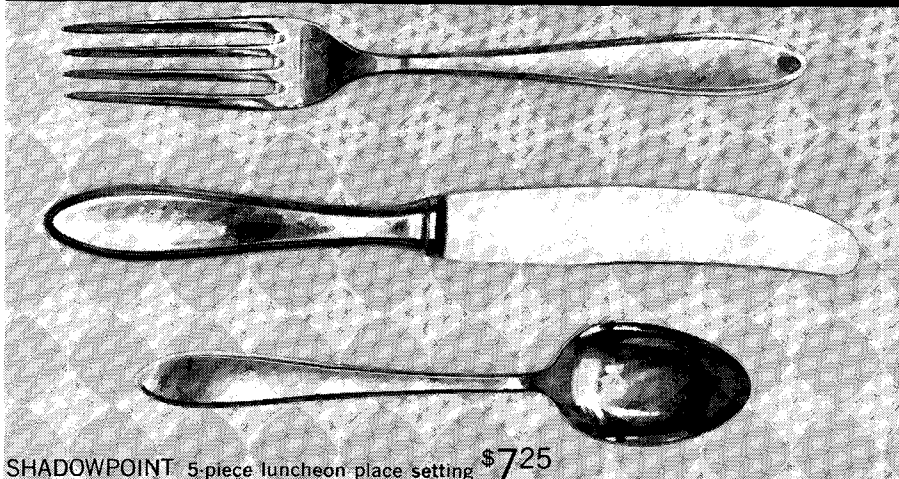
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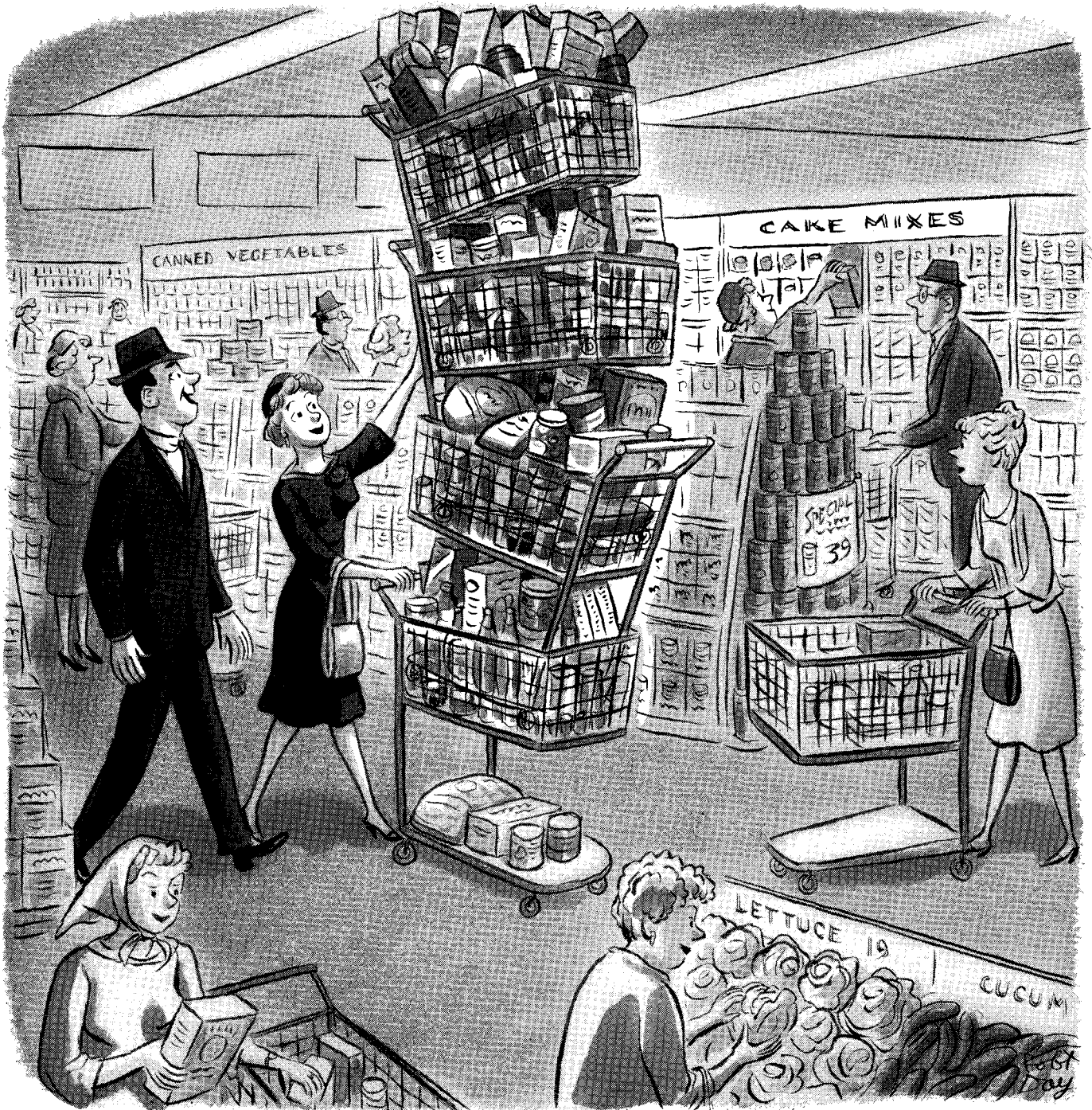
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who had dedicated much of her life to a domineering and often disapproving mother whom she said she 'adored,' began to realize as she talked [in a psychiatric consultation] that she really resented her mother's tyranny," they recount. "Pulse recordings made from the right superficial temporal artery were of relatively low amplitude at first . . . but as she [continued to speak of her mother], the recorded tracing of a cranial artery pulsation increased in amplitude. A pounding began on the right side of her head. Within a few minutes, she had a full-blown [migraine] headache. At the height of her headache, [she was given] a hypodermic injection of dilute salt water. . . . She was told that it was a powerful drug which could constrict her arteries and remove the pain." It did. "Almost immediately," the report goes on, "the headache began to subside and within a few minutes was gone entirely. At the same time the recorded artery pulsation [demonstrably] reduced in amplitude." Another pain syndrome that readily responds to placebo therapy is that of rheumatoid arthritis. "The number of rheumatic patients found to benefit from placebos is about the same as the number favorably influenced by salicylates [aspirin and related salicylic-acid compounds] or even cortisone," E. F. Traut and E. W. Passarelli, investigators at the arthritis clinic of the Cook County Hospital, in Chicago, recently reported to the *Annals of the Rheumatic Diseases*. "Eighty-eight patients were studied in detail. Lactose placebo tablets [taken after each meal] benefited one half of all patients—twelve per cent of them for longer than six months. Placebo tablets benefited most of the patients with the severer grades of arthritis. Placebo injections benefited sixty-four per cent of thirty-nine patients resistant to placebo tablets." In addition to relief of pain and "stiffness," the benefits included improvement in sleeping, eating, bowel action, and general well-being. A reduction in swelling was also noted among most of the responsive patients. This, the authors pointed out, was—like the artery constriction observed by Wolf and Wolff—a "purely objective improvement."

Other investigators have reported equally pure objective reactions to placebos in other ailments. One of these is motion sickness. In an experiment described in the *Bulletin* of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1949, two Johns Hopkins clinicians—L. N. Gay and P. E. Carliner—induced motion sickness in a panel of thirty-three volunteers. When the patients were properly

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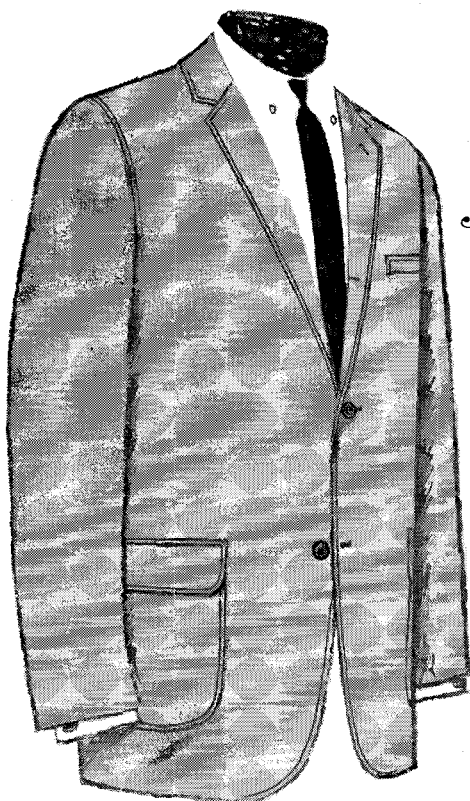
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prostrated, each was given a lactose placebo. Within thirty minutes, more than half of them (approximately fifty-eight per cent) were visibly recovered. They had ceased to vomit, they were no longer cold and clammy, and the ghastly pallor characteristic of such seizures had been replaced by normal color. Gastric hyperacidity, according to a study reported by Stewart Wolf and a group of associates to *Gastroenterology* in 1952, is another condition that manifestly yields to placebo therapy. The study was done on a patient with a gastric fistula (an opening into the stomach through the abdominal wall), and consisted of thirteen trials. On eight occasions, the observers noted, the administration of a placebo produced a measurable decrease in the gastric acid level. Two independent studies—one by B. R. Hillis, assistant in the Department of Materia Medica and Therapeutics at the University of Glasgow, and the other by J. S. Gravenstein, resident physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and a group of associates—have demonstrated the power of the placebo to suppress cough. Hillis, whose study was published in the *Lancet* in 1952, induced coughing fits in six volunteers. Four of them were quickly relieved by a subcutaneous injection of saline solution. The Gravenstein study—reported to the *Journal of Applied Physiology* in 1954—involved forty-eight patients with clinical cough. A lactose placebo was effective in eighteen members (or about forty per cent) of the group. The placebo can also conspicuously cure the common cold. Or so Harold S. Diehl, dean of medical sciences at the University of Minnesota, reported to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1933. Thirty-five of a hundred student victims of acute attacks whom he treated with lactose tablets were promptly freed of their sniffles, fever, and malaise.

Nor are these several soothing services the only measure of the placebo's wide-ranging power. They merely manifest one aspect of it. It has, no less emphatically, another, and harsher, side. Toxic placebo effects as real as those produced by any genuine drug have been recorded by many investigators in the field. As a rule, like most other drug-induced dishevelments, these effects are relatively mild. In one of the numerous studies undertaken by Beecher and his associates at Harvard, thirty-six of seventy-two participating patients were made drowsy by a lactose tablet. Seven actually fell asleep. Of ninety-two patients in another Beecher study, twenty-three developed head-



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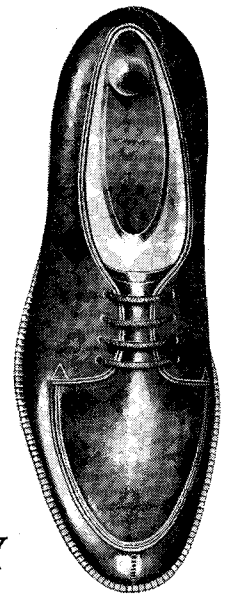
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ache following the administration of a placebo. Fourteen others complained of mental confusion. Nine were nauseated. Nausea, together with faintness and diarrhea, was also reported, after treatment, by seven of the hundred Minnesota students in Diehl's common-cold experiment. Serious reactions are not, however, unknown. Three of thirty-one patients in a test conducted by Stewart Wolf became violently ill. "One of the three," he recounts, "had sudden overwhelming weakness, palpitation, and nausea within fifteen minutes of taking her tablets. In a second patient, a diffuse, itchy, erythematous maculopapular rash developed after ten days of taking [placebo] pills. A skin consultant considered the eruption to be a typical dermatitis medicamentosa [or drug-induced reaction]. After use of the pills was stopped, the eruption quickly cleared. In a third patient, within ten minutes of taking her pills, epigastric pain developed, followed by a watery diarrhea, urticaria [hives], and angioneurotic edema of the lips." In an evaluation of streptomycin as an adjunct to chest surgery, made by William B. Tucker, director of the tuberculosis service of the Veterans Administration Central Office, in Washington, two-thirds of a group of patients who received only placebos developed every sign (including blood-cell changes and hearing loss) of streptomycin toxicity. And Arthur Shapiro, whose strictures against the indiscriminate use of placebos have already been mentioned, has reported a case in which a lactose placebo brought about a shattering impairment of liver function.

ALTHOUGH the placebo is rightly reckoned an agent of infinite range, the powers it manifests are less than absolute. In contrast to the results obtained by a genuine drug, its potential reach exceeds its predictable grasp. The effectiveness of the placebo is almost chaotically variable. It is determined by the interplay of several multifaceted forces. Environment has an important bearing on the result. A placebo administered in a hospital, where the patient lies surrounded by symbols of authority and care, is more likely to have an effect than one taken by someone alone at home. Another factor is the amount of stress engendered by the complaint. Placebos are "most effective when the stress (anxiety or pain, for example) is greatest," Beecher has postulated. There is no ready explanation of this phenomenon. One possibility is that the ability to respond to suggestion increases with the urgency of the desire



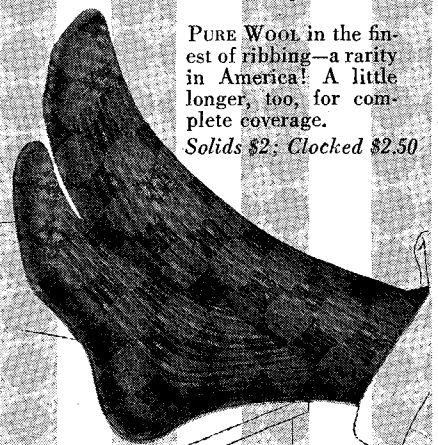
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for relief—for, as Beecher, among others, has also observed, the power of the placebo tends to slacken with use and diminishing need. On the other hand, it may simply be that exquisite stress, in the form of fear or foreboding, is itself a product of suggestion, and hence is exquisitely amenable to counter-suggestion. A third, and crucial, factor involved in the placebo effect is the nature of the patient. "There are personality characteristics and habits of mind which predispose a person to respond to a placebo," Louis Lasagna, professor of clinical pharmacology and medicine at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, has noted. "The psychological predisposition to respond is probably present in varying degrees in all of us. But some persons are very likely to respond positively in a wide variety of situations. Others will almost never respond, whatever the situation." In Lasagna's opinion, which is shared by most investigators in the field, the traits that distinguish the former group have a strong neurotic cast. The people most receptive to the magnetic pull of faith tend to be "emotionally expressive and to speak freely, most frequently of themselves and their problems." They exhibit "somatic symptoms (nervous stomach, diarrhea, headache) during periods of stress," and are habitual consumers of cathartics and aspirin. They are "anxious, self-centered, and emotionally labile." Few of them are college graduates, and most are regular churchgoers. Such factors as sex and age appear to be irrelevant. So does intelligence. The trait that chiefly distinguishes those who seldom respond to the placebo is emotional stability. That and sophistication.

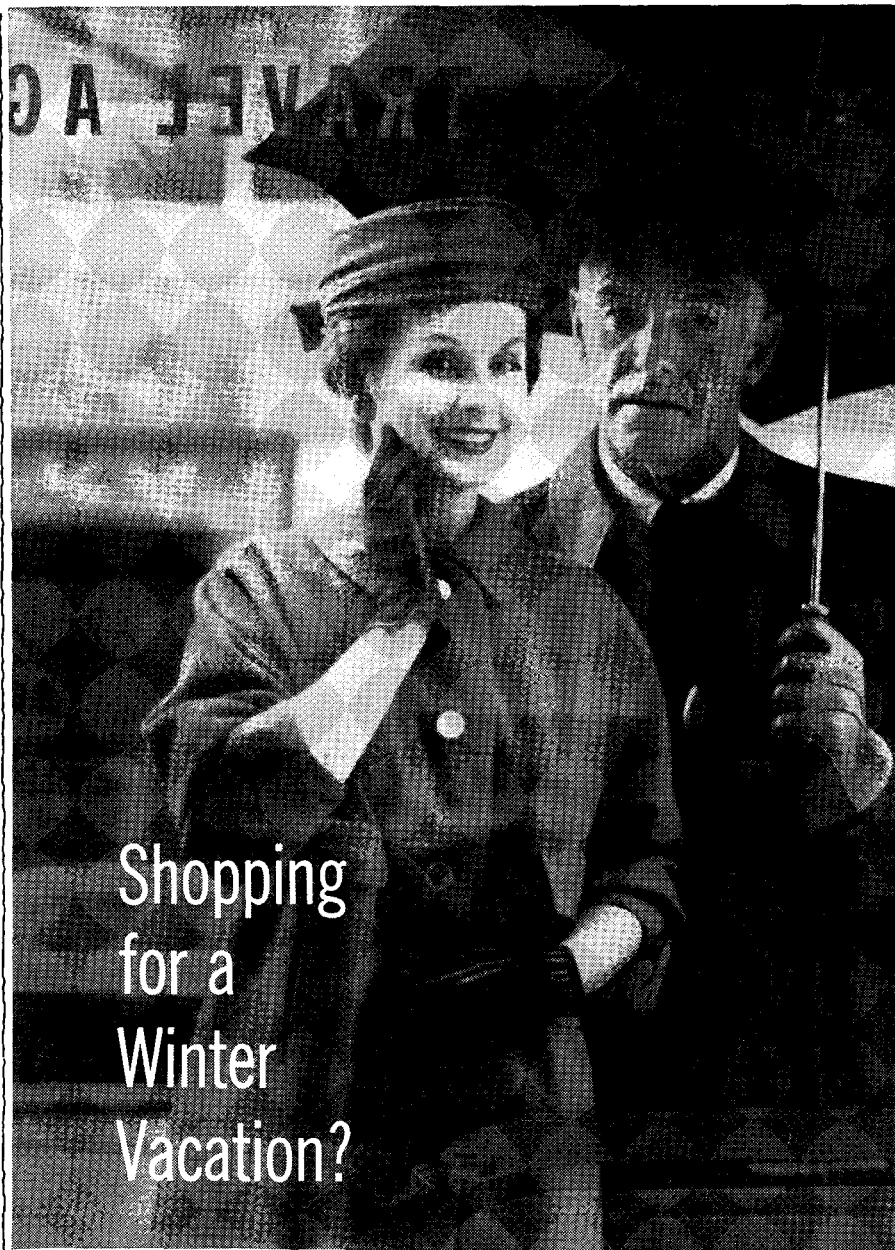
Just how the placebo achieves its effects has not yet been determined. Some twenty years of intensive research have established little more than the vigor, the variety, and the limitations of the phenomenon. The nature of the neural alchemy that enables the credulous mind to transmute illusion into reality remains very largely obscure. Its significance, however, seems clear enough. It indicates that medicine, despite a century of scientific progress, is still an art as well as a science. It also suggests the composition of the many therapeutic triumphs of other, less rational approaches to the treatment of disease.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE

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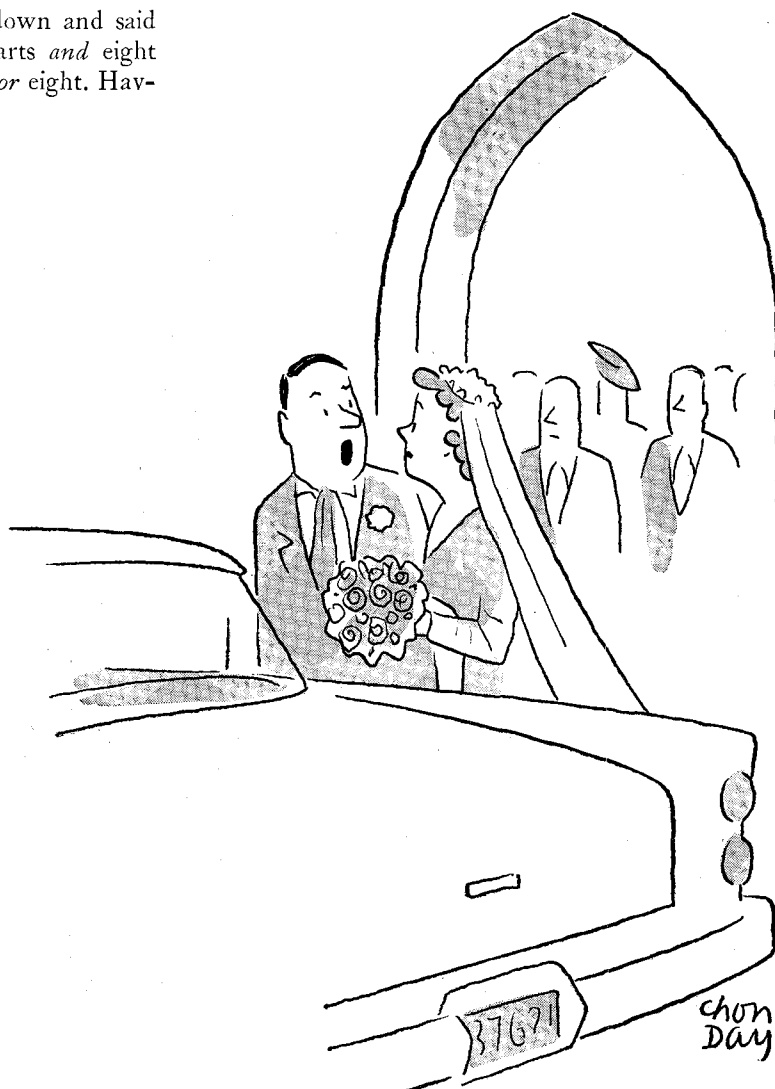
UNTIL two or three years ago, the tranquillity of Cape Cod was rarely beclouded by any non-meteorological disturbance more violent than, say, a dispute over the number of clams a family might legitimately dig up. Now even this sort of dispute can get hitched to larger matters, as an incident that took place at low tide one Saturday this past summer may illustrate. Saturday is the only day of the week on which we residents of Truro may go clamming—and then only if we have obtained a shellfish license at the town hall (a dollar a year a family). On the weekend in question, a retired Army colonel went out on the flats and marched back in with a ten-quart bucket of steamers and an eight-quart bucket of quahogs; he had assumed, as many of us had, that this was the legal weekly limit. So, evidently, had our old shellfish warden, but he had died the previous winter, and his successor flagged the colonel down and said he couldn't take ten quarts *and* eight quarts; the limit was ten *or* eight. Having served in the Military Police Corps, the colonel meekly dumped one pail, and then sought clarification of the law from his brother-in-law, one of Truro's three selectmen. The selectman, though, was too busy to look up the shellfish regulations (ten *or* eight turned out to be right), because he was rushing off to Washington to testify at a Congressional-committee hearing on a proposed national park that the Department of the Interior has been trying for several years to establish on Cape Cod, with the warm endorsement of Senator John F. Kennedy, a Hyannis Port boy. Thus, on Cape Cod these days, does the national interest impinge on the local interest, and the result has been turbulence that once or twice has reached hurricane proportions.

Unlike Senator Kennedy, many Cape Codders want no part of any park or anything else that smacks of federal domination; by and large, they keep their noses out of other people's business, and they expect non-Cape Codders to reciprocate. Of late, their expectations have frequently been dashed. Not long ago, for instance, a team of federal architects was moseying around here taking photographs and measurements of some of the old houses, for enshrinement in the Library of Congress. One might think that nobody could object very strenuously to this, but an architect who came around to our place to sketch a mantel said that one crusty Cape Cod woman had sent him packing with "You're a government man, you don't get to enter *my* house." Much as the majority of Cape Codders would like to remain detached from the Big Picture, however, they have found it difficult to do so and at the same time

protect their own interests. Several years ago, the local fishermen became embroiled in a lively controversy with the Defense Department in Washington over the use of some of their favorite trawling waters as an anti-aircraft firing range, with the result that the Army had to shift its sights. When it hasn't been Interior or Defense that has ruffled the Cape, it has been some other arm of distant government. (If Senator Kennedy wins in November, and if, as seems likely, he designates his Hyannis Port home as the summer White House, it may be the whole federal government.) And for the last year quite a few Cape Codders have been in a swivet about what they consider the intrusive presence of one of the most powerful outside forces of all—the atom in process of fission.

THIS presence has come about because the radioactive wastes that are by-products of nuclear-energy operations have to be disposed of somewhere and somehow—efficiently, economically, and, above all, safely. A

third of the latest annual report made by the United States Atomic Energy Commission was devoted to waste disposal. The transcript of some hearings that the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy held last year on the disposal of industrial radioactive wastes runs to more than three thousand pages. A few months ago, the International Atomic Energy Agency, a United Nations adjunct, published two volumes, running to six hundred pages each, about a conference it held on radioactive wastes last November in Monaco. The consensus of the conference was, as the opinion of most scientists had been all along, that there is no danger to human beings from low-level radioactive wastes that are carefully put in the ocean—wastes, that is, with a radioactive content of between a thousandth and a millionth of a curie per gallon (a curie being the amount of



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radiation emitted by a gram of radium). The United States has been using the high seas as a receptacle for low-level wastes ever since the atomic age began, and during the last few years dumping operations have been governed, for the most part, by procedures spelled out in a handbook issued in 1954 by the Committee on Radiation Protection of the National Bureau of Standards. The Committee prescribed that ocean disposal of packaged waste should take place in waters at least a thousand fathoms, or six thousand feet, deep, which in the Atlantic generally means at least two hundred miles offshore. Moreover, according to the handbook, "any recommendations concerning the disposal of radioactive wastes in the ocean shall not only provide adequate safety but also be such that they will minimize (or, if possible, eliminate) the possibilities of undue public alarm."

Way back in 1946, a Boston firm was authorized to dump low-level radioactive trash into the Atlantic, and by mid-1959 this outfit had, without duly or unduly alarming the nearby public, disposed of about twenty-five hundred curies' worth in a segment of the ocean that the Committee on Radiation Protection would seem to have frowned on, for it was only fifteen miles from Boston and thirty from Provincetown, and the water was only about three hundred feet deep. Still, the A.E.C. obviously did not consider the dumping dangerous. Much of the stuff that had been put over the side consisted of mops, rags, gloves, boots, and other equipment used in atomic-energy installations. This mildly radioactive dross was sealed in fifty-five-gallon steel drums encased in concrete to make them sink and stay sunk. The drums would hold together for around ten years, it was reckoned, by which time many of the radioisotopes within them would have decayed. Even if a drum should spring a leak immediately, the ocean would so diffuse and dilute the radioactivity emitted by its contents that the effects would be negligible. And, in any case, radioactivity is not alien to the sea. Nature herself has endowed the oceans of the earth with a total of five hundred billion curies.

There was nothing secret about the dumping off the Massachusetts coast, but for thirteen years hardly anybody paid it any heed. As one of the many dozens of treatises on this phase of sanitation has put it, "What is everyone's business often becomes no one's business." Sooner or later, all the same, it was inevitable that Cape Codders would find out what was happening

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gorically assert that if a single steel drum burst and if a fish came into contact with its contents and if a human being ate that fish, no harm would result?

The more Cape Codders learned, the more agitated they became, and, in that summer of 1959, a good many of them decided that it was imprudent to have any more people licensed to meddle with their ocean. Enough, they felt, was enough—if not, indeed, too much. Quite a few articulate Cape Codders, including several resident scientists, began to express misgivings. From the start, the most outspoken dissident was a tough-minded middle-aged Truro woman named Grace DesChamps, who is regarded by some of her acquaintances—including, in all probability, the A.E.C. functionaries she has harried—as a pest, and by others as a latter-day Paul Revere. A newspaperwoman who is currently a stringer for the *Boston Globe*, Miss DesChamps was raised on a Truro farm. After working for newspapers throughout the United States, she resettled here permanently seven years ago. When she was a child, one of the few decorative touches in her home was a print of the landing of the Pilgrims on the Cape Cod dunes, where they sojourned briefly before moving on to Plymouth. Sitting beneath this picture, she would read aloud to her mother from Governor William Bradford's "History of the Plimoth Plantation." "Those Pilgrims were heroes to me," Miss DesChamps told me recently. "Because of them, something extraordinary happened, and what they accomplished became part of my own folklore. I was kept pretty busy as a girl, tending pigs and cows, and working in the cranberry bogs, but I never felt any sense of deprivation, because I was on Cape Cod and I loved Cape Cod. I still love it. It's both a shrine and a friend to me. It has always seemed to me that Cape Cod was the place God made first, and I don't ever want to see anybody playing any dirty tricks on my revered old friend."

Miss DesChamps knew hardly anything about atomic energy and its ramifications until a little over a year ago, when she happened to pick up a copy of the boating magazine *Skipper* that contained a piece about Atlantic waste-dumping. Her curiosity piqued, she began to look into the situation, and she soon concluded that the A.E.C. had gone too far too fast, and too hazily. "I kept being told by scientists I talked to that it's a long-standing tradition of theirs to move slowly in the absence of indisputable knowledge,"

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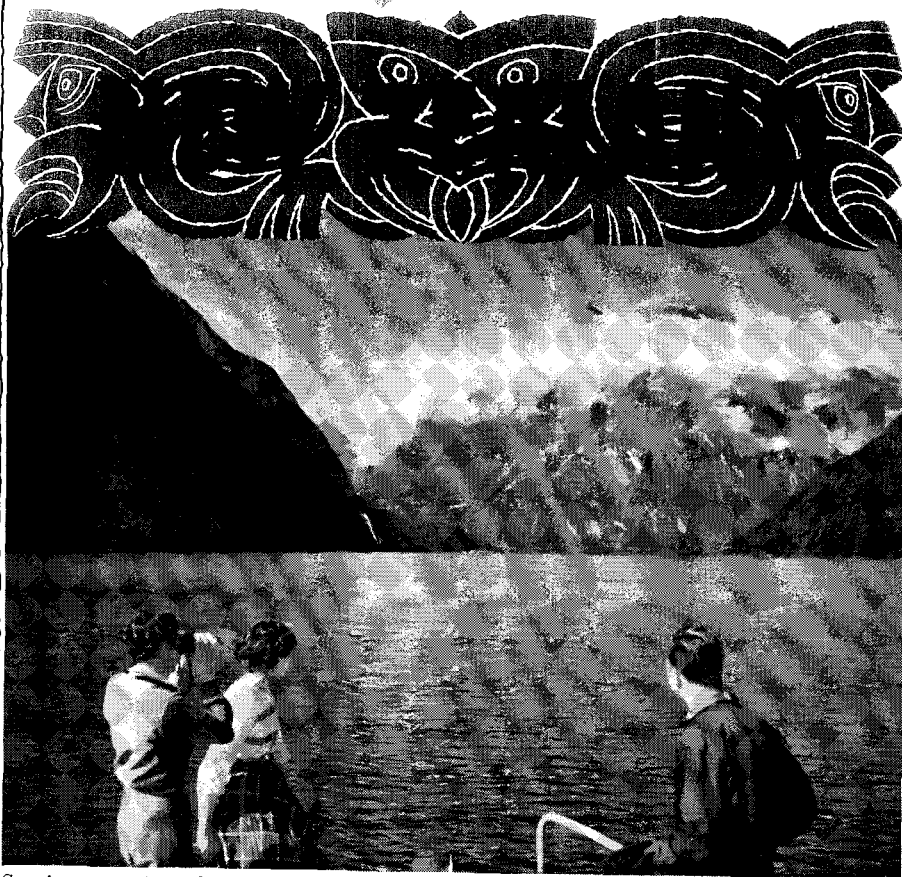


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Miss DesChamps says. "It seemed to me that the tradition wasn't being universally respected—in fact, that the A.E.C. didn't even know for sure exactly what was being dumped where." Her own knowledge of radioactive-waste disposal is by now well-nigh encyclopedic. "Do you know what it says on page two-four-three-five of the Joint Committee hearings?" she is apt to ask a startled acquaintance, and then provide the answer: "Why, this oceanographer was talking along glibly about how good the safety tests were that the A.E.C. had been making at existing dump sites—he didn't mention this, but I have it on good authority that the Commission has only sixty inspectors to cover the entire country, for heaven's sake—and when the Committee's counsel interrupted him and asked a few pertinent questions, the scientist confessed that the tests were inadequate, preliminary, and uncertain. Some tests! Or take page one-oh-four-five, where they print the bibliography for a paper submitted by a man who had been dumping wastes into the Columbia River, next to the big Hanford reactor out in Washington. Of the fifteen sources cited in the bibliography, twelve are marked either 'Secret' or 'Confidential.' How can a layman check up on something like that? The pollution of the Columbia River strikes me as having precious little to do with national security. The people have the right to know. I'm not against atomic energy, but I'm for information."

Once Miss DesChamps, who is fond of clams but has been so busy absorbing and emitting radioactive information that this year she hasn't even bothered to get a shellfish license, went into action, she amassed a lot of allies. Shortly after reading the article in the *Skipper*, she attended an informal meeting in Provincetown called to protest the A.E.C.'s plan to let another company dump low-level waste off the Cape. That meeting spawned a propaganda group with the title of the Lower Cape Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal—the Lower Cape, perversely, is the northern part of the Cape—and this now has a couple of hundred members, including some from the Upper Cape. Its principal working members, though, have been an unflagging triumvirate—Miss DesChamps, and Mr. and Mrs. Ned Lebac, who live in Wellfleet, five miles up Cape from Truro. Lebac is a sixty-year-old retired junior-high-school science teacher from the Bronx whose avocation is songwriting; he wrote the melody for, among other numbers, "You Forgot Your Gloves." He and

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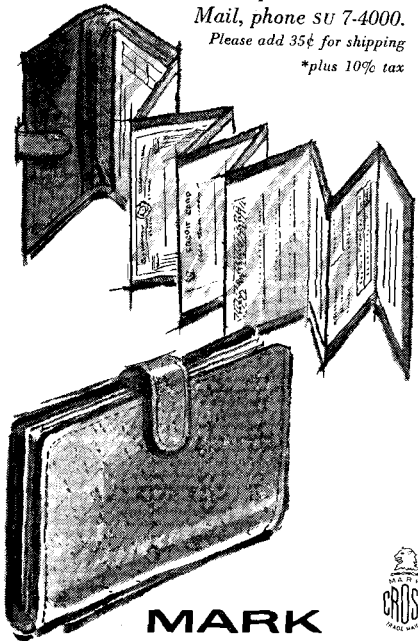
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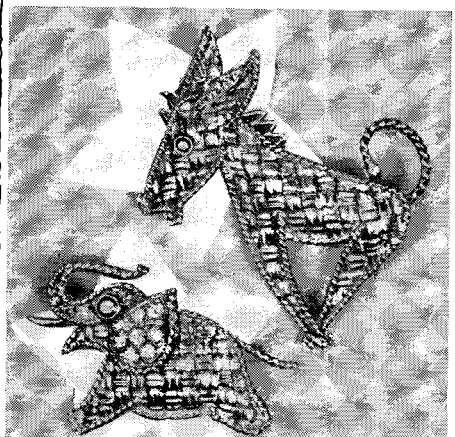


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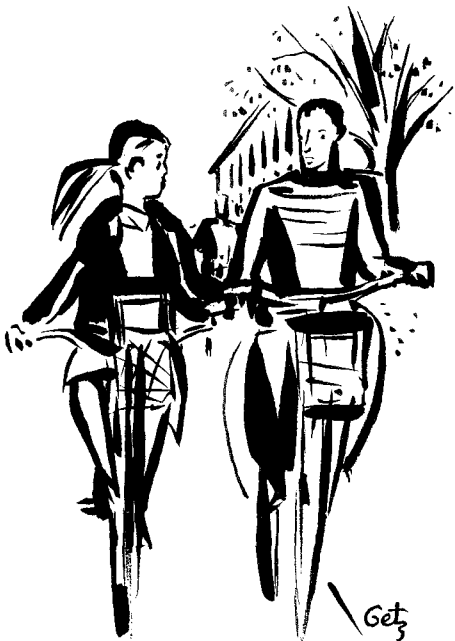
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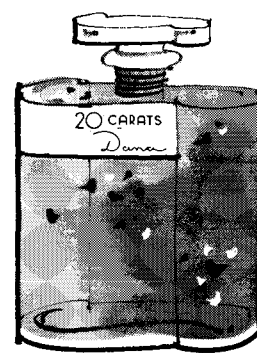
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his wife, who used to be a dancer, bought an old Wellfleet house four years ago. "Jane and I searched around for the ideal retirement spot," he told me the other day, "and we finally decided on Wellfleet and put all our money in our house, and practically the next thing we knew they were dumping atomic junk in our back yard. Every time I think about it I get angry. I've been thinking about it for over a year and I'm still angry. Anger is a luxury, you know, but I can afford to indulge myself, because I sleep only four hours a night."

ONE might have supposed that a local phenomenon like the Lower Cape Committee would not be able to disconcert the mighty A.E.C. One would have been wrong. As early as 1956, a nongovernmental association called the Atomic Industrial Forum sponsored a meeting on public relations, during which one participant advised his audience that "a hostile public has resources in the nuclear field not otherwise open to them," and explained this statement by saying, "Small community groups, aroused to vocal opposition by fear or apprehension, can appeal to their state government or to their representatives in Congress, with an excellent chance of at least delaying progress. Such action, even if it is promptly squelched, still can lay a foundation of suspicion and doubt not easily dispelled." He went on to say that a good way to allay doubt and suspicion was to get to "the little guy," by which he meant the small-town newspaper editor. "Swing him and you'll probably swing the community," he said. In its year of existence, the Lower Cape Committee has proved unsquelchable; not only has it made the



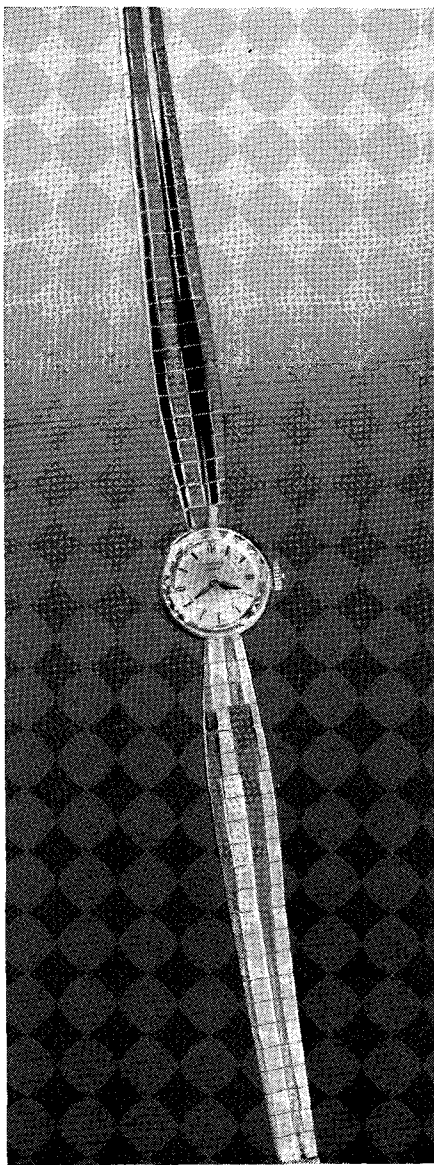
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conventional representations to its elected representatives (Senator Kennedy, whose hallmark is staying as cool as a clam, has counselled the group to stay cool) but it has gone in for some vigorous swinging itself, sometimes of the roundhouse variety and sometimes—or so the A.E.C. seems to think—aimed below the belt. Almost at the start of the battle, the *Boston Globe*, a relatively big-guy paper, ran a dispatch from Miss DesChamps indicating that some wastes incidental to the production of the Hiroshima bomb were among those resting on the sea bottom off Boston and Provincetown. Hiroshima wastes are not necessarily any more potent than anonymous radioactive wastes, but they sound scarier. The A.E.C. subsequently denied this particular allegation, but Miss DesChamps insists that she got the news straight from the man who deposited that historic cache of trash. She and Lebac, moreover, began to peck away at the A.E.C. through a flurry of letters, full of fear and apprehension, to two small-guy weeklies on the Cape, the Provincetown *Advocate* and the *Cape Codder*, published in Orleans. “The editor of the *Advocate* was terrific,” Lebac has told me. “We got him so worked up he couldn’t sleep nights, either, and he’s no four-hour man.” The *Cape Codder* also got edgy, and, on one occasion, ran an editorial putting some of its anxieties into the mouth of a talking sea gull, which said, “That’s our ocean out there. We live out of that ocean. And you use it as an atomic wastebasket.”

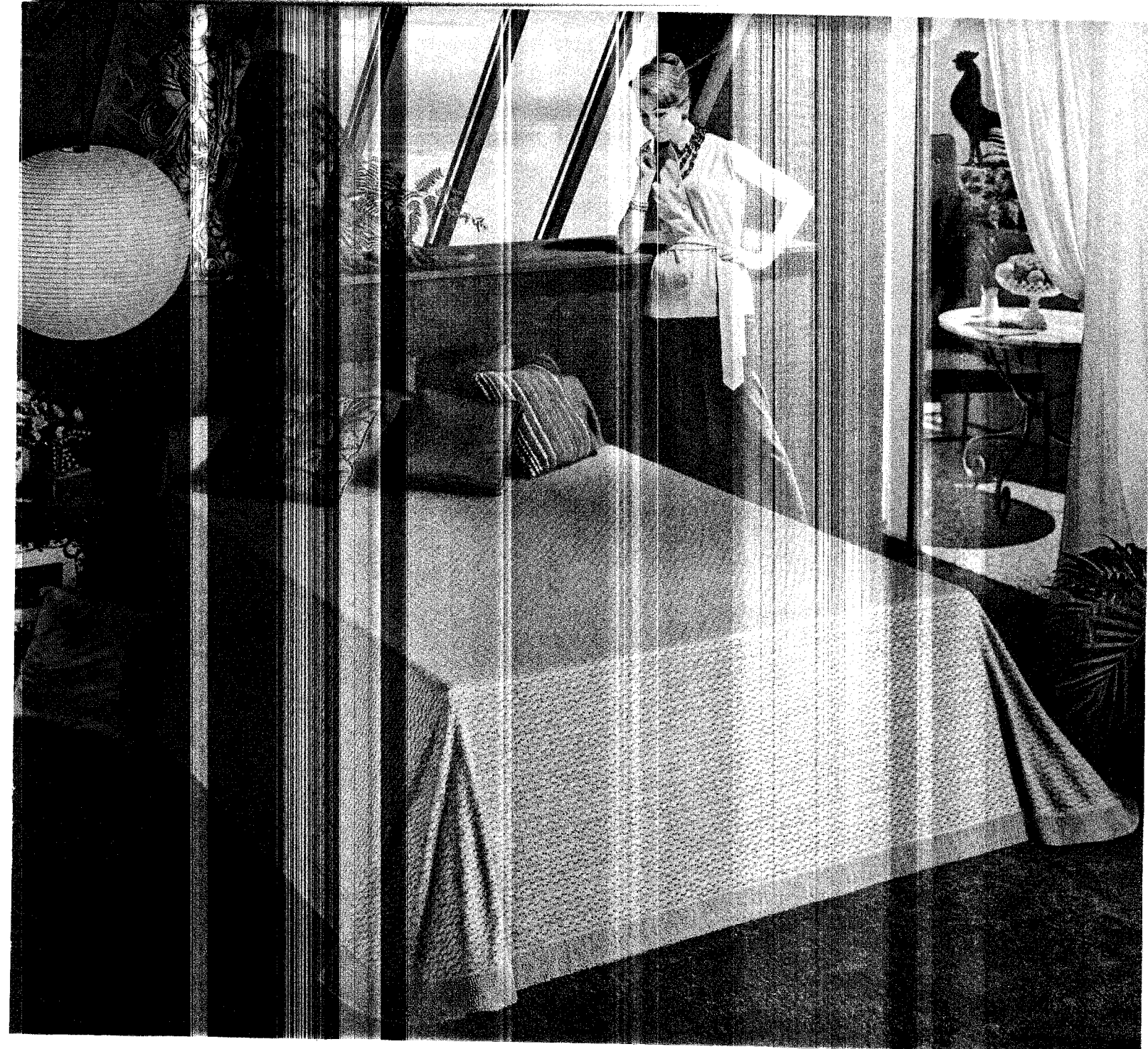
In September, 1959, the Atomic Energy Commission deferred to the entreaties of the Lower Cape Committee and other vocal Cape Codders to the extent of holding a round-table discussion in Boston on the license it wanted to grant. (The A.E.C. also dispatched half a dozen of its officials to Truro, to give the Lower Cape selectmen an authoritative briefing on waste disposal. One selectman observed that the A.E.C. might have forestalled all the fuss if instead of identifying the location of its Atlantic dump site as “east of Massachusetts” it had resorted to “west of the Azores.”) At the instigation of Lebac, who thought it “incongruous and ironic” that one branch of the federal government should be dumping radioactive wastes near an area that another branch wanted to conserve as an ornament of nature, the National Park Service sent an observer. A parade of witnesses testified at the hearing that there was nothing dangerous about either the dumping that was contemplated or the dumping that had already

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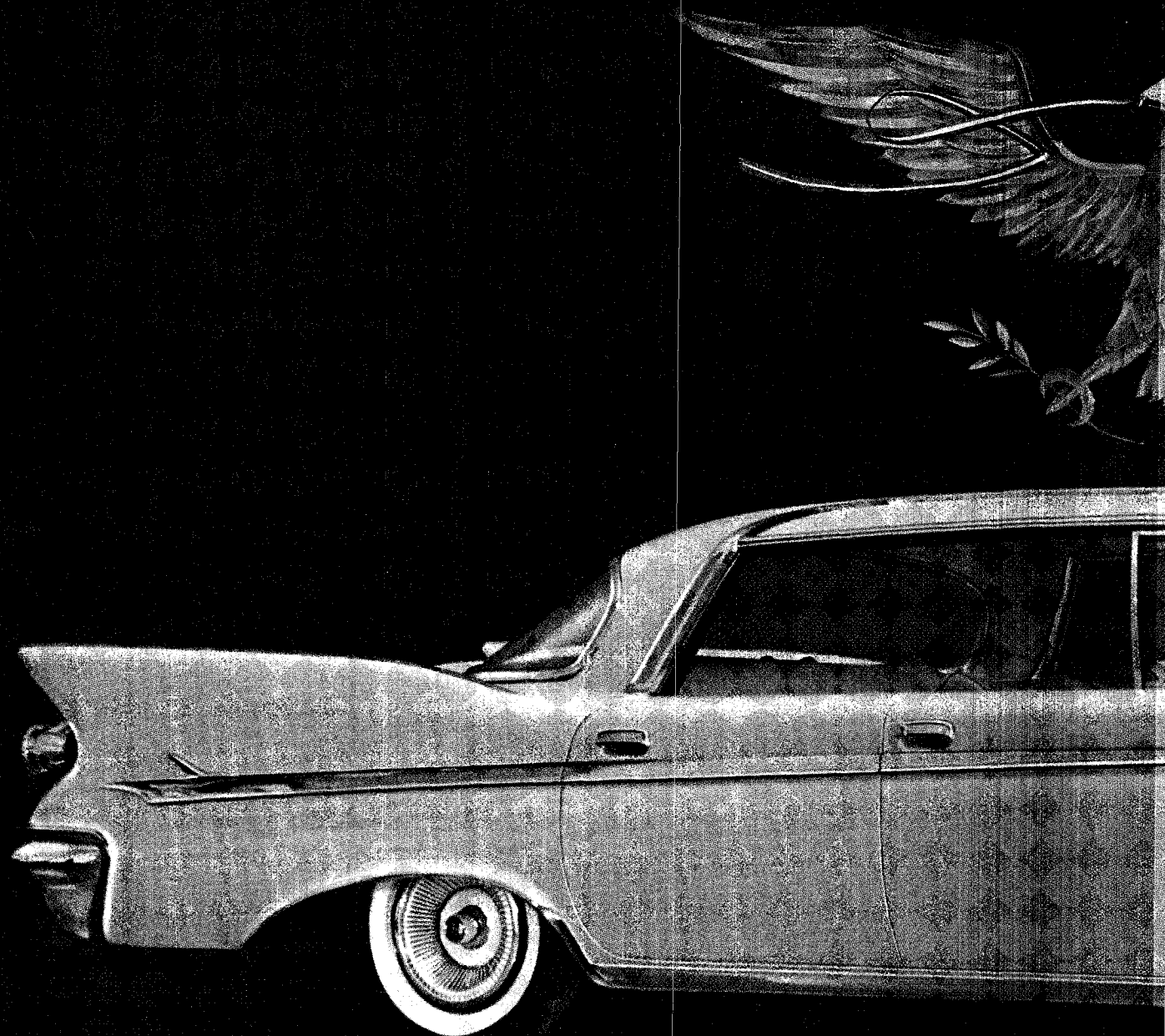
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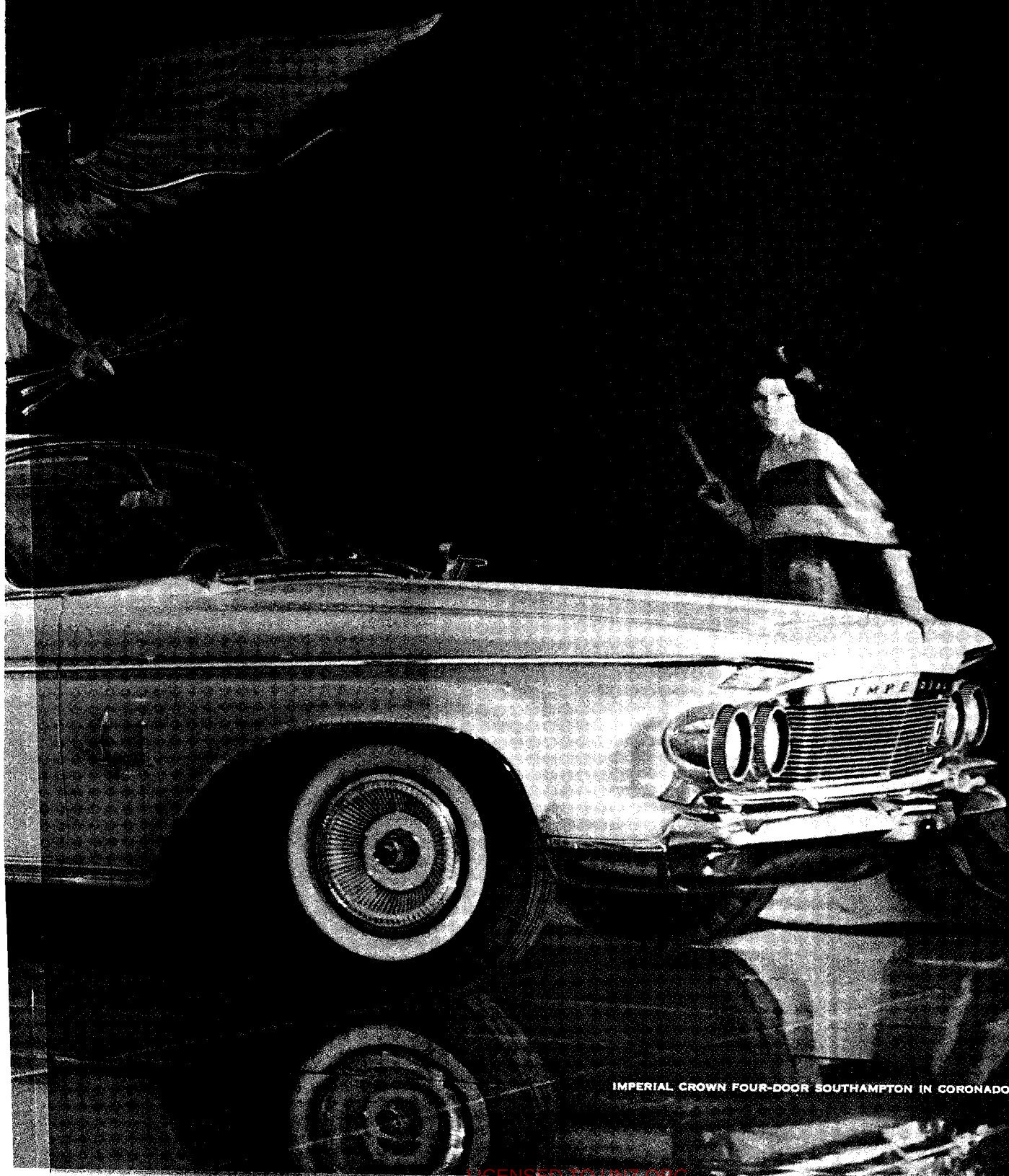
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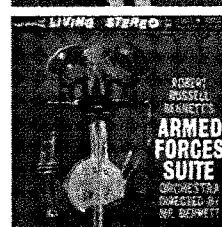
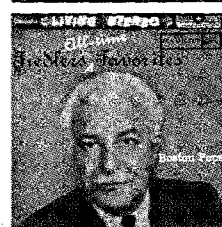
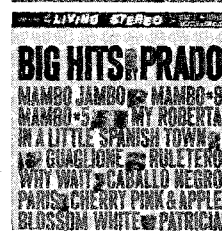
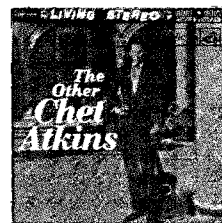
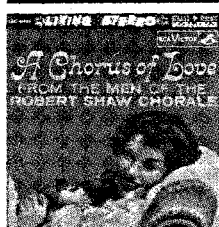
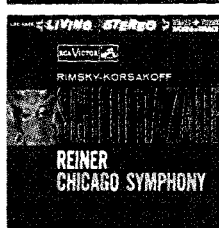
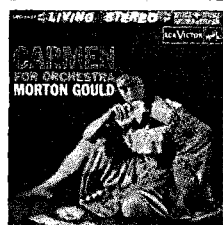


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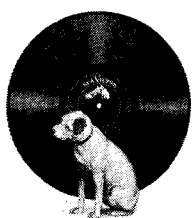
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been carried out. Dr. Ketchum, the Woods Hole man who had helped alarm Cape Codders by stressing the incompleteness of scientific knowledge, said dramatically that if a person obtained all his proteins for thirty years off fish taken from one of the disposal areas, he would consume less than one-tenth of the radioactive substances generally deemed safe for human ingestion. Even this, however, failed to tranquillize many Cape Codders, and presently they learned that their concern about radioactive waste disposal in the high seas was not unique. "We didn't think anybody gave a good gosh damn about what was happening," Miss DesChamps says, "but we found we had friends everywhere." One crony materialized in the person of a Boston lawyer named James B. Muldoon, who, in one of a series of articles he wrote for the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly* on the legal aspects of radioactivity, declared, "The fatal and inexcusable defect in the public health philosophy of the nuclear scientists is that they are primarily concerned with how much radiation a man can stand, and not how perfectly can he be protected against all radiation." (Muldoon, who, like Miss DesChamps, is a self-taught nuclear-energy expert, added a learned footnote to the waste-disposal issue when he revealed that in 1624 Sir Francis Bacon, in "The New Atlantis," had anticipated the whole problem by speaking of a future world with furnaces spewing forth "wildfires burning in water and unquenchable.") Other friends turned up in Texas. The A.E.C. had already had a handful of curies dumped into the Gulf of Mexico and hoped to deposit more there—a prospect that not only riled a lot of Texas fishermen but provoked the Mexican government into lodging a demurrer with the State Department, which told the A.E.C. that its scheme could have "seriously harmful effects" on international relations. Loath to be a party to creating seriously harmful effects, the A.E.C. stayed its hand, though not before the *Houston Chronicle* had run several waspish dispatches from Miss DesChamps, one of them headed "Echo of Hiroshima Bomb Stirs Cape Cod Area."

Miss DesChamps was by this time rolling along in fine fettle and high gear, not to mention high dudgeon. Less than a year after she first learned about waste-dumping from the *Skipper*, she was writing about waste-dumping for the *Skipper*. She was also writing for the *Nation*, in which she painted the picture of her crusade in broad strokes: "For the



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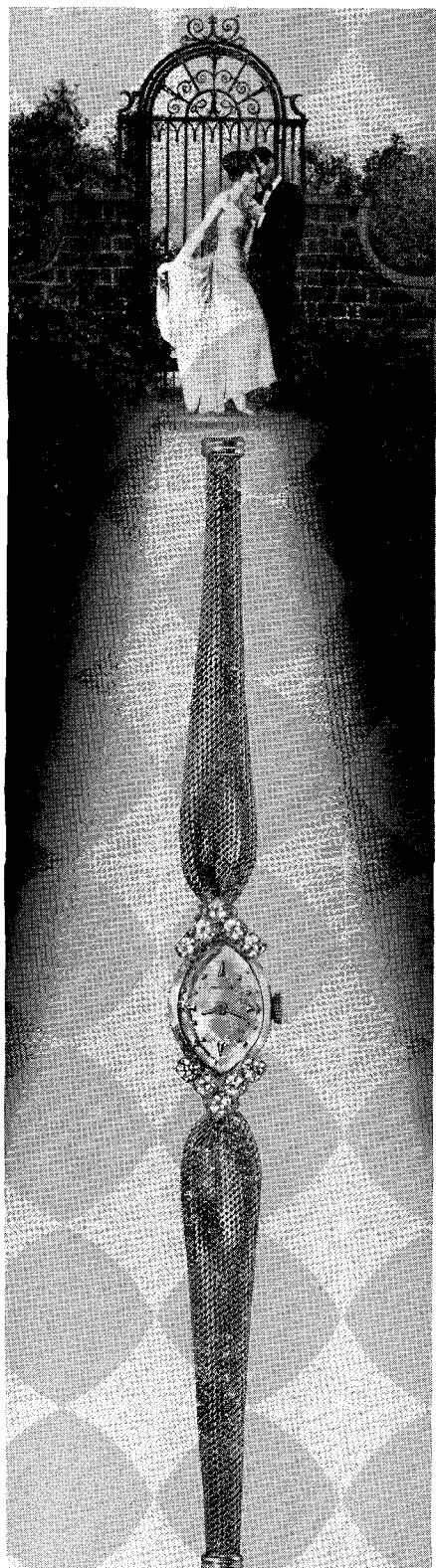


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first time in the history of Cape Cod—a stronghold of conservative political thinking and a birthplace of the democratic procedures—Cape Codders will weigh their venerable heritage against the power of a government agency from whose rulings it would appear there is no appeal.” When the New Bedford *Standard-Times*, which has a daily Cape Cod section and is a stronghold of conservative journalistic thinking, ran an interview with the offshore dumper from Boston in which he was quoted, or perhaps misquoted, as saying that ninety-five per cent of the radioisotopes he handled were dead before they left his wharf and that cesium 137, for example, had a half life of a mere 2.6 minutes (meaning the amount of time it took that element to shed half its radioactivity), Miss DesChamps pounced hawklike on the statement. Cesium 137, she pointed out in letters to two other papers, has a half life of over thirty years and, no matter how many fathoms deep it may be interred, it is still alive and kicking, radioactively, for three hundred years. Her indignation, though, and that of other opponents of the A.E.C.’s sea-dumping procedures did not sway the editorial page of the *Standard-Times*, which subsequently endorsed radioactive waste-dumping in the ocean as “a program vital to the national well-being.”

And so it went on well into 1960, with the A.E.C.’s advocates periodically explaining how far the agency was bending over backward to be safe, out of deference toward unwarranted public apprehension, and with the Lower Cape Committee and its supporters periodically asserting that if the A.E.C. was taking as many precautions as it said it was, then the stuff it was getting off its hands must be hot potatoes indeed—conceivably hotter than anybody had conceded. In one sense, it was a standoff: The Lower Cape Committee could not prove that any human being, or any fish or clam, had yet suffered, or was ever bound to suffer, from Atlantic fallup (“fallup” is the oceanic cousin of fallout), and the A.E.C. could not prove that some man or fish or clam or microscopic speck of plankton would not someday be the worse for what it had done and could not now undo. In another sense, though, each side could claim victory. The A.E.C. can say that the old dumper is still dumping and that the new dumper, for all the hoopla, has his license to dump, too. The Lower Cape Committee can, and does, say that the old dumper is now dumping not off Cape Cod but off Nova Scotia and that the new dumper is licensed to



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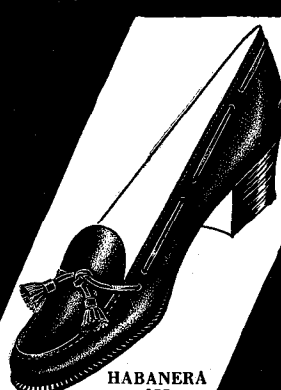
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operate only a good two hundred miles from the Cape; besides, the A.E.C. must suspect that if it ever again comes close to the Cape Codders' territory, it is in for a rumble.

BY the spring of 1960, most Cape Codders had begun to fret about less cosmic matters, such as whether the 1960 beach-plum crop would be good, like 1958's, or bad, like 1959's. (Bad, it turned out, but radioactivity was not to blame; it rained a lot while the beach-plum bushes were in spring flower, and the local bumblebees in charge of pollination stayed huddled in their hives.) Then, in April, nuclear energy suddenly reentered the Cape's consciousness—again as a result of activities that had started years before. Late in 1956, it developed, a Massachusetts commission had been set up to look into the possibility of putting the atomic-energy industry on the state map. The commission came up with a report that, after dwelling rhapsodically on Cape Cod's rose-covered cottages, tree-lined streets, and natural beauties, said the Cape would be a natural spot for a new nuclear installation, including a fuel-reprocessing plant. Such a plant revivifies the worn-out cores of old nuclear reactors, and this process generates radioactive wastes—not the low-level, fractional-curie, two-hundred-miles-out, encased-in-steel-and-concrete-and-diluted-by-sea-water kind that had been so much discussed, but wastes of the highest level, with a potency of thousands of curies, the kind that the A.E.C. has been cautiously burying in stout underground tanks in the sparsely settled West. In this case, that archfoe the A.E.C. was not directly involved, except insofar as it holds a checkrein on all national nuclear-energy work and insofar as it would presumably be invited to contribute a subsidy to the research phase of the operation. At any rate, early in 1960, after some thirty months of investigation, a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature calling for a "nuclear park" to be constructed on a twenty-thousand-acre abandoned Army base, Camp Edwards, on the Upper Cape, near Falmouth.

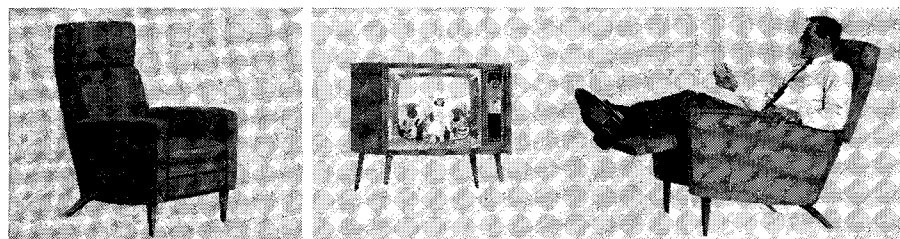
As had been the case with oceanic waste-dumping, although the nuclear park had been publicly discussed, nobody on the Cape—not even the little guys—seemed to have heard anything about it. "Frankly, we were sound asleep," confessed a *Cape Codder* editorial afterward. When Grace DesChamps, who had been nodding herself, came to and read the commission's report, she burst out crying. She was aroused, and so was



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the rest of the Cape, by the Falmouth *Enterprise*, a semi-weekly, which broke the story after being jabbed into wakefulness itself by a subscriber's request for enlightenment. Once awakened, Cape Codders displayed the vigor that often follows a long snooze. "It is becoming increasingly clear that Cape Cod is facing some powerful forces in its fight to escape ruination," cried the *Cape Codder*. There were so many objections to a nuclear park that Cape Codders hardly knew which to bring up first. Its very name, perhaps; for three years they had been mulling over a bona-fide national park, and now all at once here was the word "park" with a startlingly different and far more unpalatable connotation. "A rose by any other name..." began a letter that Miss DesChamps dashed off to the *Cape Codder*. Then, too, this masquerading park was to be cheek by jowl with the Otis Air Base, a very much *not* abandoned outpost of national defense. Suppose a stray plane should crash into a hot-waste storage tank, or a jet's supersonic boom should rupture a waste-carrying pipe? Or what if an underground tank should just plain leak? At no Western installation where high-level radioactive wastes are buried is the water table closer to ground level than two hundred feet; on the Cape it is nowhere farther from ground level than sixty feet. The *Enterprise*, before sounding the alarm, had solicited and obtained a statement from one of its constituents, Dr. Albert Szent-Györgyi, who won the Nobel Prize for isolating Vitamin C and is now director of the Institute for Muscle Research at Woods Hole. Dr. Szent-Györgyi was already a member of the Lower Cape Committee, and on its behalf had signed, along with two other scientists, a letter published in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* inquiring tartly whether the A.E.C., in view of a pledge it had made to maintain a careful vigil over the drums dropped in the ocean, proposed to keep divers underwater round the clock to watch for signs of disintegration. (The A.E.C. may yet come up with an answer to *that* one; in July it began experimenting, at the off-Boston dump site, with a sleepless monitor in the form of an underwater television camera.) Now the scientist, whose name means "Saint George" in Hungarian, took another thrust at the nuclear dragon. Referring to the shallowness of Cape Cod's water table, he said that if any high-level radioactive waste drifted from a tank at Camp Edwards into the Cape's sandy and porous soil, "we can wipe Cape

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Cod off the map as a place fit for human habitation."

Several other Woods Hole eminences, many of whom own property in or near Falmouth, rallied to the cause. Dr. Ketchum, the oceanographer who had spoken up in favor of low-level dumping in the Atlantic, was moved to pay a call on Cape Cod's state senator, Edward C. Stone, who has long been a vigorous watchdog of the Cape's welfare, and Senator Stone, after conferring with several more of the local scientists, concluded that a nuclear park had its drawbacks. In other parts of Massachusetts, there were people—particularly those in the atomic-energy industry, for whom a nearby fuel-reprocessing plant would be convenient—who considered the nuclear park a fine notion, but on the Cape itself the park's proponents were pretty well narrowed down to a few Chamber of Commerce executives and some businessmen from Buzzards Bay, a fried-clam-and-souvenir-shack enclave that calls itself part of the Cape but that lies on the mainland side of the Cape Cod Canal and is thus thought by some folk on the seaward side not to be an authentic part of the Cape at all. A pro-park electrical contractor, who is the president of the Buzzards Bay Chamber of Commerce, said, "We expected some of this opposition. We knew it would come from those who want always to keep Cape Cod as a vacation resort in the summer and a year-round nursing home for the elderly retired." Senator Stone is eighty-two, but he is not retired; in fact, he is running for reelection. Nor was the opposition anywhere near as circumscribed as that. Its ranks were speedily swelled by a public-health doctor, who foresaw the Cape turning into "a huge atomic cess-pool;" an outraged pathologist whose specialty is the effects of radioactivity; an equally outraged marine biologist whose specialty is scallops; an almost splenetic biophysicist; a chapter of the D.A.R.; both the local Medical Society and the Health Association; the Portuguese-American Civic League; and, to no one's surprise, the Lower Cape Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal. "Criminal negligence!" thundered Lebac. "Suicidal atomic amusement park!" He fired off a letter to Governor Furcolo, of Massachusetts, suggesting that if the nuclear park became a reality "we might as well change the Cape slogan of 'At the Beach' to 'On the Beach.'"

In May, at Senator Stone's request, the Massachusetts Legislative Joint Committee on Power and Light held two public hearings, at the upper end of

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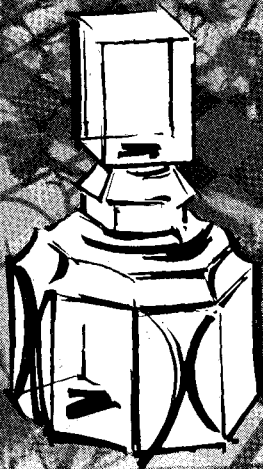
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the Cape, on the nuclear-park bill. "We have brought the government to the people," the committee chairman declared. The people responded with spirit. Scientist after scientist took the witness stand to assail the plan, one of them calling to the solons' attention an old Greek proverb that, in his translation, went, "Physician, before thou touchest thy patient, or before thou givest him thy herbs, make sure thy treatment will do him no harm." A former major general who had served as the Army's Deputy Director of Military Applications of Atomic Science said that the scientists not only had not exaggerated the hazards to Cape Cod of a fuel-reprocessing plant but had understated their case. "I could give some examples of things that can happen that would really create some panic in this audience," he said, creating a fair amount of panic with that teaser alone. Lebac, adopting what in other circumstances might have been considered a Chamber of Commerce viewpoint, reminded the legislators that the Cape Cod tourist business is itself a hundred-million-dollar annual industry, and that for Massachusetts to jeopardize such a source of gravy by putting a nuclear plant right in the midst of the vacationers who ladle it out seemed to him preposterous. Shortly after the hearings were concluded, it was disclosed that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was looking around for a less controversial nuclear-park site. "What has happened on Cape Cod reveals what an alerted public, willing to fight for its rights, can do to safeguard itself from the machinations of those in the atomic industry to whom public safety is not the primary consideration," Miss Des-Champs exulted, and Muldoon rejoiced, "The Cape Cod decision is historic. Public opinion, for the first time competently informed, for the first time has had a chance to make a moral decision. What happened on Cape Cod is of countrywide importance."

WHAT has happened may or may not prove to have been as consequential as all that, but the double dose of exposure to radioactive affairs has undoubtedly shaken up Cape Codders and prompted them to keep an eye quizzically cocked at the meddling outside world. Right now on the Cape, except in the humming Kennedy area, things are fairly quiet. In June, Cape Codders noted with due interest an announcement by the A.E.C. that the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Public Health Service had jointly checked its off-Boston dump site and had found no traces of radioactivity in the water,

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the bottom sediments, or the sea life. That same month, the International Atomic Energy Agency published a statement by its director-general, Sterling Cole, who was formerly a co-chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy; Mr. Cole thought that "waste" was a bad word for radioactive refuse, since somebody might someday find a use for the stuff, and that as long as that possibility existed, it seemed a shame to dispose of it irrevocably, at any level of intensity. In June, too, the United States Senate passed a bill that would establish a six-hundred-million-dollar ocean-research program, with the A.E.C. participating, along with the Army, the Navy, and the Departments of Commerce, the Interior, and Health, Education, and Welfare. (The House didn't act on it, however, perhaps swayed by the Bureau of the Budget's contention that this jackpot deal was unnecessary.) In August, there was a small explosion and fire on the Boston wharf of the original Atlantic dumper, and Lebac at once asked the city's mayor to investigate the incident, adding, on behalf of the Lower Cape Committee, "We hope this investigation will lead to the conclusion that radioactive materials should NEVER be stored anywhere near thickly settled communities." At last report, he had heard nothing conclusive from the mayor. Meanwhile, the Cape's Congressional representative announced that he was trying to promote the increased use of scallops in government dining rooms and in school lunches.

Hurricane Donna didn't damage the Cape excessively, the summer folk are mostly gone, and the sea gulls have stopped talking to editors and are chattering among themselves again. The ocean looks relatively serene. But quiet as things may seem to be, Ned Lebac is keeping his eyes open and his powder dry. "We have nothing to fight for at the moment," he said the other day, looking a trifle sad, "but we can continue to remind people how close they came to disaster, and we can stay alert." An executive of the Buzzards Bay Chamber of Commerce wrote the *Standard-Times* that Communist agents had had a hand in scotching the nuclear park, and Miss DesChamps, who is a member of the Truro Republican Town Committee, replied with a lambasting rebuttal. ("I think I'm as intensely patriotic a person as you could find anywhere," she says. "If loving your native heath and being willing almost to shed your skin for it isn't patriotic, I don't know what patriotism is.") The *Standard-Times* itself,



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which in June had editorially called a nuclear park "a means of endeavoring to bring better balance to the Cape's economy through additional industrial payroll," started off a more recent editorial crisply with "Litter is the bane of Cape Cod." This turned out, anticlimactically, to be a plea for non-radioactive tidiness at beaches and on roadsides. Truro had a special town meeting to discuss the safety and cleanliness of its beaches, and toward the end of the session Grace DesChamps took the floor and made a fervent and eloquent speech urging that somebody please do something about having a single rubbish barrel placed at the approach to a beach near her house. Prophets are not always honored at home, and no action was taken on her motion.—E. J. KAHN, JR.

Mert Reade has sent us so many good scripts that the only answer was to have him do a regular column. So here's the supple Reade, every two weeks. When not writing this column, he writes award-winning ads as advertising manager of the Valley National Bank, Phoenix.—Editor

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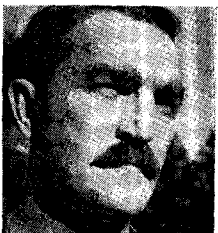
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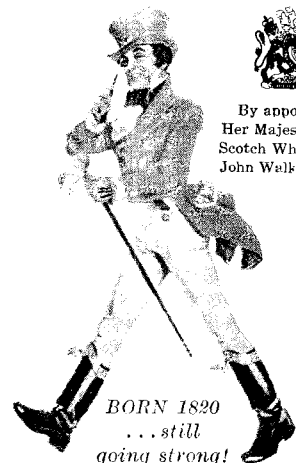
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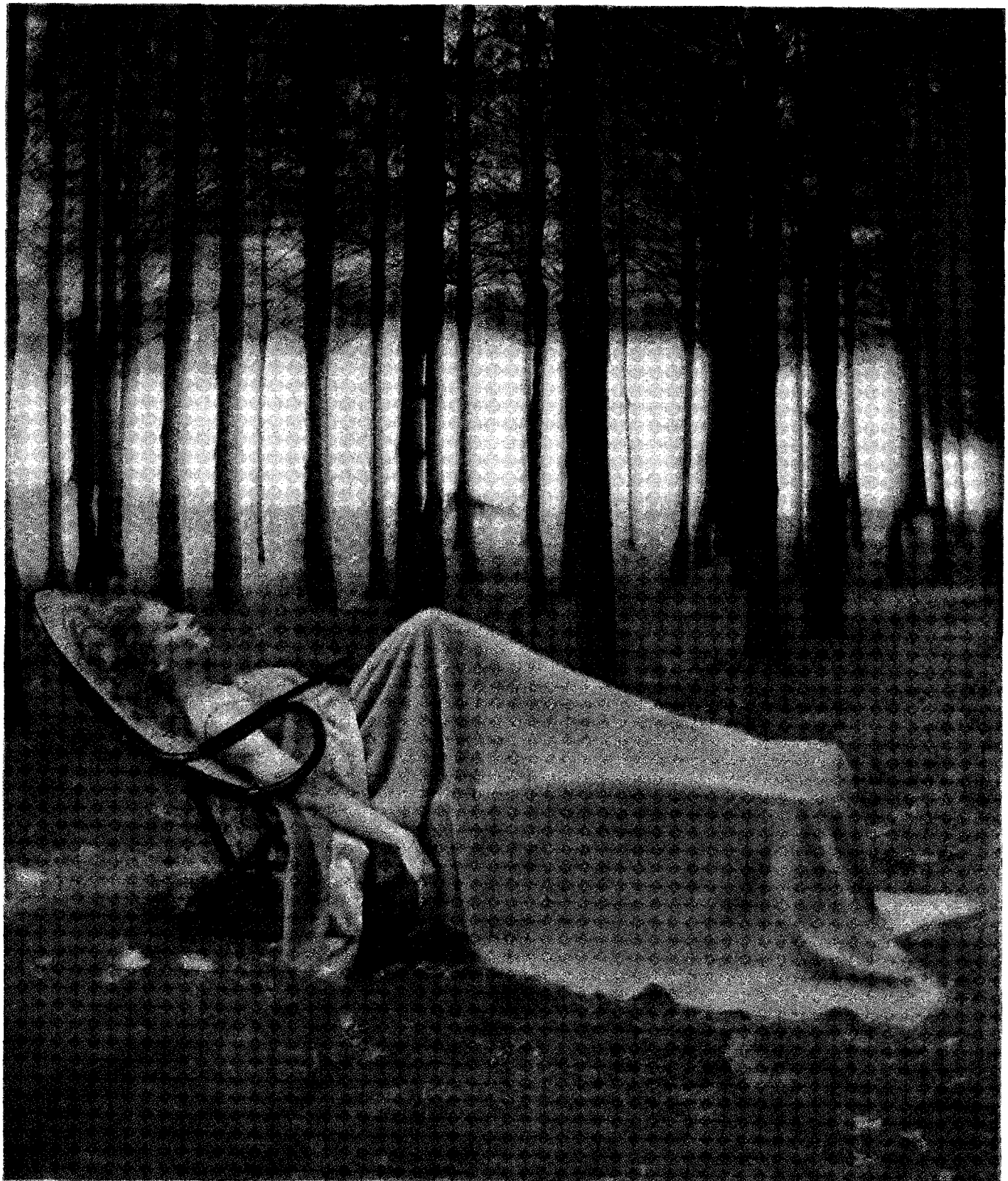
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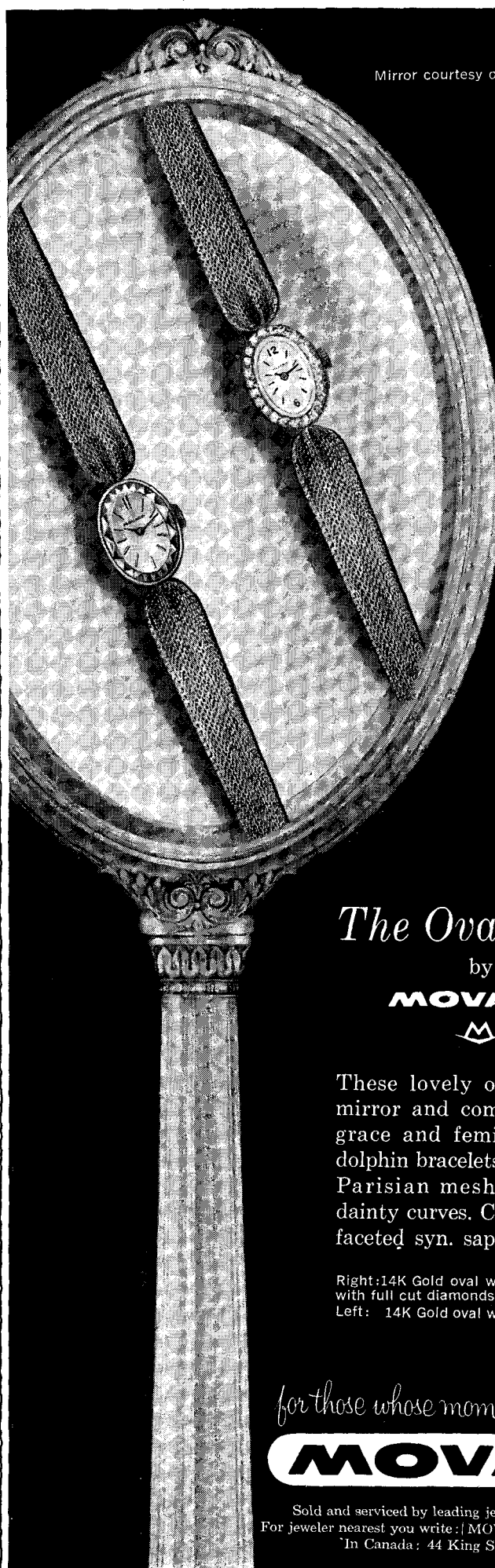
MUSICAL EVENTS

Misnomer



THE title "Schumann and the Romantic Movement," which has been given to the New York Philharmonic's main series of programs this season, makes me feel slightly uncomfortable. For one thing,

it implies that the romantic was merely one of several movements in symphonic music, when the fact is that the bulk of the symphonic repertoire belongs to the romantic movement and that, if one includes a few such precursors as Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, musical romanticism may be said to be the principal reason for the existence of the symphony orchestra as an institution. For another, I have long been dissatisfied, not to say bewildered, by the definition of the word "romanticism" in reference to music. In most people's minds, it connotes the portrayal of personal passion and unrestrained emotion, as opposed to the lucid formal perfection that is supposed to be the attribute, or goal, of classicism—the contrast that Nietzsche pointed up in his famous division of art into the Dionysian and Apollonian types. In that vast grab bag of music produced during the nineteenth century and commonly referred to as romantic, there is a great disparity of styles, ranging, through many gradations, from the Dionysian to the Apollonian. Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Bruckner, for example, are ordinarily regarded as romantics, yet each wrote with an attention to formal coherence that is unquestionably classical. And it would be difficult to find examples of classical lucidity that are more striking than the Nocturnes of the "romantic" Chopin or the melodies of the "romantic" Bellini. Furthermore, even that so-called arch-romantic Richard Wagner achieved formal perfection in "Tristan"—a perfection that is truly remarkable in view of the complexity of the musical ideas that went into it. The fact is, I should say, that all really great music is both romantic, in the sense that it portrays aspects of passion, and classical, in the sense that it does so within the framework of the most logical form, or—to put it in another way—the supreme masterpieces of classicism contain elements of the romantic, and the



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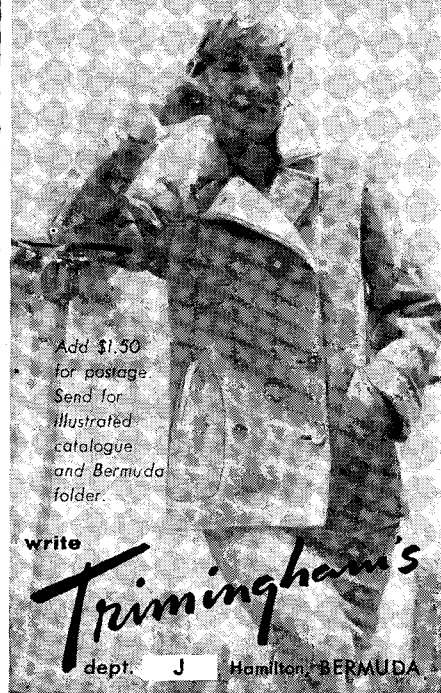


supreme masterpieces of romanticism contain elements of the classical. I even suspect that most music worthy of the name has always sounded romantic to its contemporaries, and has begun to sound classical only after its idiom has become slightly archaic and its form, through repeated hearing, entirely lucid and predictable. This theory is borne out by E. T. A. Hoffmann's view of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Hoffmann, who was a contemporary of Mozart's, and is generally classified as a romantic writer, considered "Don Giovanni" a deliriously intoxicating portrayal of pure passion. It is only in the twentieth century that the wonderful classical form of this masterpiece has come to outweigh its romantic emotionalism.

In an excellent program note by Edward Downes, which I read at last Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert, Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor (K.466) was referred to as "one of Mozart's most romantic works." I know what Mr. Downes means, and I agree with him. If you are going to use the word "romantic," you can certainly use it of Mozart, who could be as romantic as the best of the officially designated romantics. Yet to use it in connection with a work by a man generally regarded as the greatest of all the classical symphonists merely underlines what I have said above: Great classical music nearly always possesses those qualities of tempestuous emotion that we ordinarily refer to as romantic.

The solo part of the Mozart concerto was played by a very young pianist named Zita Carno, who shows some promise but has not yet mastered the niceties of the Mozartean style, and the accompaniment, led by Leonard Bernstein, seemed to me somewhat ragged. The concerto was preceded by Weber's "Oberon" Overture, which Mr. Bernstein did brilliantly, and was followed by Wallingford Riegger's Variations for Piano and Orchestra, a work written entirely in the twelve-tone system, which was given an obviously capable performance by both Miss Carno and Mr. Bernstein. In its grimly atonal and rather limited way, Mr. Riegger's work might, I suppose, be considered rigidly classical. It is all form, and makes no attempt whatever at portraying emotion. I thought it tiresome, and, as nearly as I could make out, so did the audience. The second half of the program was devoted to Schumann's Second Symphony, which I have always regarded as his most beautiful. Mr. Bernstein was not at ease in it. The faster movements

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suffered from too heavy a stress on mere impetus and percussive accent, and the soaring phrases of the slow movement were interrupted by self-conscious mannerisms—mainly *ritardandos*—that I found hard to stomach.

ON Tuesday night, the New York City Opera revived its very striking double bill consisting of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana." Again, the staging of the Stravinsky work was stunning and that of the Orff work rather inadequate, though it has been improved a bit since last season. The juxtaposition of these compositions, which represent the opposite poles of contemporary musical style, proved as absorbing as ever, and I wondered which of them, in the light of history, will turn out to have pointed to the future. Both are fascinating affairs. "Oedipus Rex" is highly sophisticated, elaborately austere, and as formal as the sandblasted antique frieze that its staging sets before the eye. "Carmina Burana" is almost entirely unsophisticated, amazingly simple as modern works go, and full of an engaging melodiousness that has worn very well since I first heard it, several years back. Julius Rudel did not conduct either of the scores with quite the incisiveness and vigor that Leopold Stokowski brought to them last year. Still, they were both well worth a rehearing, and the choruses and casts of soloists did quite nobly by them.

On Thursday night, the company went to the opposite extreme by putting on what I thought was a very agreeable performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." I am no Gilbert and Sullivan expert, and I blush to admit that I had never witnessed a stage performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" before. From comparisons with Gilbert and Sullivan operas that I *have* witnessed and that were performed by famous specialized troupes, I imagine that the experts would judge this one to be somewhat lacking in finish. Only William Chapman, as Major-General Stanley, and Herbert Beattie, as the Sergeant of Police, seemed to have the particular charism that this sort of thing demands. All the same, I enjoyed the evening, warmed to Gilbert's satire (which probably contains more real wisdom than the collected works of Richard Wagner), and left the auditorium whistling "Poor wandering one," a tune that I had not previously realized was part of this genial operetta.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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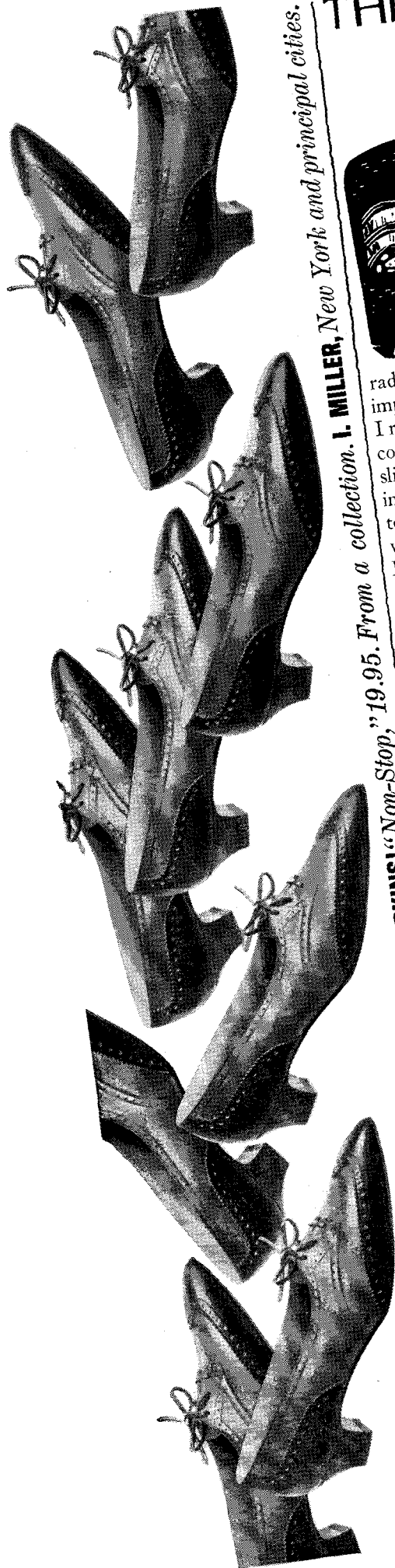
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love and Slavery



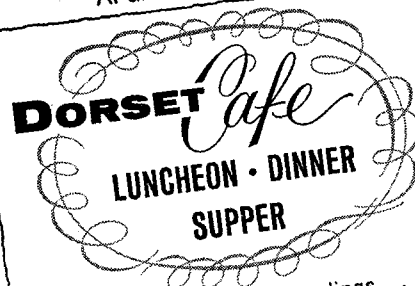
A FRENCH import, "Picnic on the Grass," which was written, produced, and directed by Jean Renoir, is as much fun as a barrelful of monkeys and makes just about as much sense. It's a radically imperfect work, but since its imperfections are nearly all enchanting, I refuse to say a word against them. I'm convinced that M. Renoir hadn't the slightest notion of where he was heading in this picture from one day's shooting to the next; the results are a triumphant vindication of the artist as improviser. For M. Renoir is an artist, and his intention here, like Chaplin's in his earlier comedies, isn't to make sense but to give delight. His camera tells us that he believes ardently in the life force, wherever it may be found—in insects, trunks of trees, water flowing among grasses, above all in the bodies of men and women—and if the terms in which "Picnic on the Grass" celebrates life are entirely farcical, the fault is ours; civilization requires us to laugh at what it forbids us to enjoy. But to pontificate even at this length about the picture threatens to diminish it; far better to say simply that it's a loud pagan hoot at skirts, trousers, continence, sobriety, intellect, convention, marriage, respect for parents, and hard work, and a loud pagan cheer for appetite and indolence. Disingenuously, I've put off mentioning the plot of the picture, which is sure to sound awful. A stuffy, aristocratic professor of science, bent upon popularizing artificial insemination as a means of improving the human animal, gives a picnic in Provence for his equally stuffy and aristocratic fiancée; helping to serve the picnic party is an exuberant Provençal peasant girl, whose primary interest in life is having babies—she little cares by whom. Soon a wandering shepherd, complete with goat and flute, strikes up a tune, the mistral starts to blow, and the professor and the peasant girl are literally hurled into each other's arms. From that point on, what happens is just whatever happens. The professor is played by Paul Meurisse and the peasant girl by Catherine Rouvel. The Provençal setting, filmed in color, is fantastically beautiful; as Yeats once



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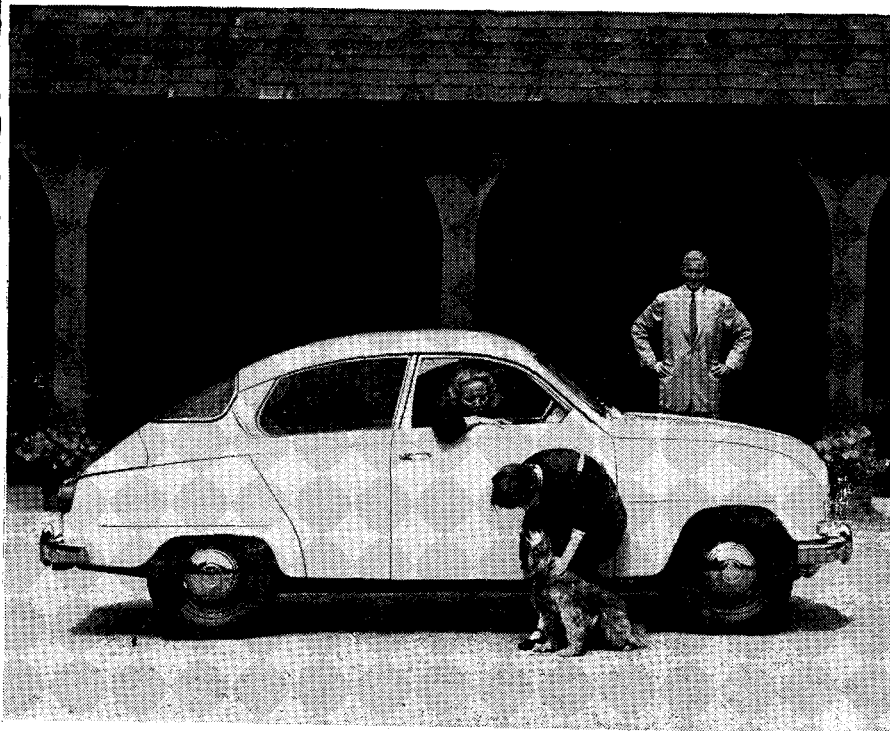
wrote of another place, "That is no country for old men."

EVERYTHING I'd heard about "Spartacus"—its enormous cost, its cast of thousands, its promised scenes of battle and gladiatorial contest, each certain to be drenched in blood, blood—led me to suppose that I would find it a big and tasteless bore, but to my astonishment it isn't. The gods know it is long, as it appears that all such epics (referred to in the trade as blockbusters) must be, but at least two of its three-and-then-some hours are sufficiently entertaining. Children, who can stand accidental amputations and the like a good deal better than their parents, will find the picture satisfactory. As an evocation of historical events, it is harmlessly unbelievable; Spartacus, the slave who leads a rebellion of his fellow-slaves against the might of Rome, makes speeches on the freedom of man that sound much more like Howard Fast—the author of the novel on which Dalton Trumbo has based the screenplay—talking to himself in the nineteen-fifties than they do like an illiterate warrior of the first century before Christ. What redeems the picture is several stretches of good acting, especially by Peter Ustinov and Laurence Olivier; the intrinsic interestingness of the physical details (accurately scaled interiors of Roman houses, Roman legions marching exactly as they must have marched); and the directorial aplomb of Stanley Kubrick, who handles his crowd scenes with extraordinary grace. Spartacus is played by Kirk Douglas, and I find it in my heart to say a sympathetic word for him this week; there's something about the desperately conscientious way he throws himself into a role without embodying it that I begin to consider endearing. The feminine lead is played by Jean Simmons, who is so beautiful that I could have gone on staring at her for days. The fact is, I've never seen anyone



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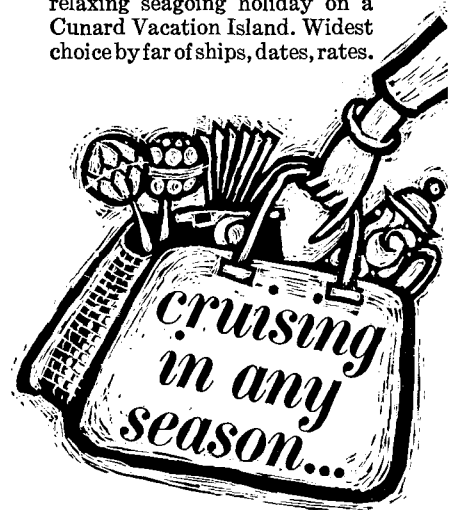


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look as beautiful on the screen as Jean Simmons does in "Spartacus."

"THE ENTERTAINER" is a very good and very depressing picture, and I hope you will be brave enough to go and see it. Laurence Olivier, a Roman patrician in "Spartacus," here re-creates the role he played in John Osborne's play of a couple of years ago, and a flawless piece of acting it is. Scabby little, jaunty little, lustful little Archie Rice is a hard-drinking music-hall performer with no talent and no honor, and with only occasional traces of the ability to love. Olivier gives us Archie down to his last unfunny wisecracks onstage and off, his last flirtatious winks at dim-witted, pretty girls; he even manages—greatest of tours de force—to make Archie's lack of ability as a performer seem real. The picture has no proper end. The squalor of Archie's slow, steady fall will continue without change until the day he dies. This is a defect in the construction of the picture, but Olivier keeps us from noticing it, as he keeps us from noticing anything except the vulgar, driving vitality of a man (a rat, but a man) who will not give up. Olivier is supported in his brilliant performance by Joan Plowright, as his daughter; Roger Livesey, as his father; and Brenda de Banzie, as his wife. The wonder is that we notice them.

—BRENDAN GILL

ON FINDING A BIRD'S BONES IN THE WOODS

Even Einstein, gazing at the slender ribs of the world, examining and praising the cool and tranquil core under the boil and burning of faith and metaphor—even he, unlearning the bag and baggage of notion, must have kept some shred in which to clothe that shape, as we, who cannot escape imagination, swaddle this tiny world of bone in all that we have known of sound and motion.

—LISEL MUELLER

QUESTION: "I hear that lemon juice will make you think if you drink as much as two ounces a day. Is this true?"

ANSWER: No one food is slimming. It is the total daily calorie count which slims or fattens.—*White Plains (N.Y.) Reporter Dispatch.*

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

FOOTBALL

Young and Foolish



THEORIES about what would happen when Princeton went up against Pennsylvania in Philadelphia last weekend could be

had for the asking, or not even that, on the eleven-o'clock train from Penn Station on Saturday morning. The reason for the informal institute of public opinion was that John Stiegman, the brand-new coach at Pennsylvania, and Dick Colman, the coach at Princeton, had both sat, in their not so long ago formative years, under Charlie Caldwell, and that both teams would be using the rather special form of offense perfected by that late and great man when he was himself coach at Princeton. By the time the eleven-o'clock had docked in downtown Philadelphia, opinion had simmered down to a consensus that each team would be so wise in the ways of the other that the end product would be a splendid game of breathtaking chess, with the winner squeaking home by inches at the very last minute. But Penn and Princeton turned out to be two large bundles of nerves, and little indeed of the afternoon was devoted to the expected demonstration of how to fight fire with fire. The ball—whether carried, punted, or passed—drifted out of the culpable hands of many a performer who was attempting madly to hold on to it, and although the opportunities presented first to one squad and then to the other by this carefree mishandling of the ball were numerous, only once was anybody willing and able to make use of a break. On that occasion, Princeton, latching on to an enemy fumble just four yards from the Penn goal, simply couldn't help acquiring its second touchdown. The net result of the whole thing—Princeton 21, Penn 0—probably proves more than anything else that Princeton luck was better than Penn luck. Penn, it must be said, did not at all resemble the Penn of 1959, and the absence of Doelling, now an alumnus, and of Koval, now an invalid, has surely made a difference in the backfield. At the moment, Penn's ground offense is reduced to a back named Shaw, and so is its passing offense. At that, if there had been enough Penn luck, Shaw might have had himself a couple of touchdowns.

A week ago, this department was

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Knit of 95% imported wool, 5% nylon

KHYBA . . . a Lord Jeff Full Fashioned creation. Burly looking, featherweight, fleecy and fashionable, with a convertible collar for extra elegance. In distinctive rich colorings. About \$35.00 retail at Goldwaters Mens World, Phoenix, Arizona/Hengerer's, Buffalo/University Shop, Washington, D. C./Walkers, Dayton and Columbus/Zareh, Brookline, and other fine stores.

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The GARDNER Corporation, experts in children's outerwear, use Skinner fabrics for superior serviceability and outstanding appearance. A case in point: the outershell of this winter-wonderful "Gard-Lon" Snowsuit is our washable, all-nylon satin. At Best & Co., New York; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Filene's, Boston. You know, all things appearing equal...

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muttering about the trouble Penn was having with its ends; Greenawalt, one of the two reliables (Dunsmore is the other), was damaged early in the match with Princeton and had to be withdrawn. And though it is a Princeton tradition to lose at least one backfield man a season in action against Penn, nothing went wrong on Saturday, and the fifteen (yes, fifteen) Princeton backs who came and went during the long, hot afternoon were all in mint condition at the close of it. Speaking of ends, Blair of Princeton was a true monster of the midway, sweeping through the enemy lines to deflect ball-carriers far, far from their intended course, prancing downfield to catch Princeton passes, roving wide to knock down Penn passes.

ANOTHER matter this department was muttering about a week ago was Army. Army was at home last Saturday—at home to Penn State, and at home to millions of Penn Staters. (Penn State's campus, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, a good hundred miles west of Harrisburg, must have been a lonesome old place on Saturday.) Penn State had had a bad afternoon the week before against Missouri, but against Army both the offensive and the defensive teams looked as large and capable as they did last year, and Army, despite the work of Blanda, this year's Jack-of-all-trades, finally turned turtle and went down hard, 27-16. In fact, you scarcely missed Lucas, who last year was Penn State's Jack-of-all-trades. Army's coaches have been so careful of what is left of Army this fall that last week's practice sessions were run-throughs, not scrimmages, but even that device didn't save enough strength. The game was quite the opposite of the Penn-Princeton match; here irresistible force kept meeting immovable object, and it was first-rate spectator football. Blanda, who stood in the shadow of others a year ago, is a handy man indeed, and he did his best on Saturday; some sort of poetic justice would have been served if his skillful field goal, which put Army briefly, and barely, ahead early in the fourth quarter, had been the last score of the day.

—J. W. L.

Metropolitan Opera star Dorothy Kirsten is married to medical scientist and neurosurgeon Dr. John Douglas French, of the University of California, Los Angeles.

It was Cervantes in his "Don Quixote" who wrote: "Make hay while the sun shines."—*West Los Angeles Independent*.

Just give the news, please.

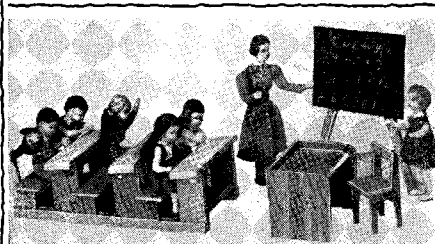


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6-SEAT GROUP \$12.95 4-SEAT \$9.95
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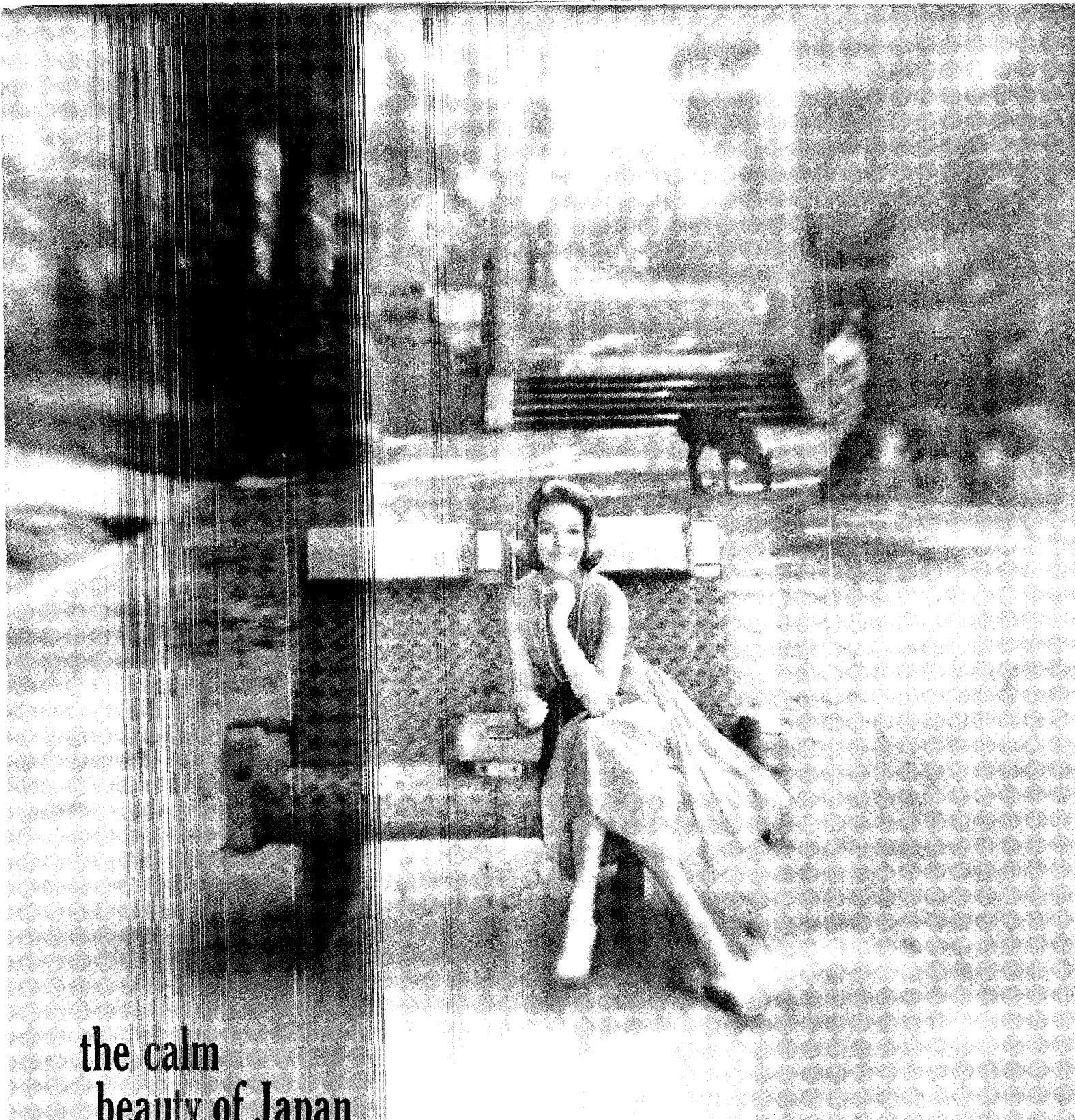
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beauty of Japan
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Please be seated. Close your eyes and think of Japan. Think of its beauty, its serenity, its restfulness. Now open them and imagine below you a wrinkled Pacific...and about you, the interior of your new Japan Air Lines jet. Here is the calm beauty of Japan while you fly high, fast and fashionably at almost the speed of sound.

The elements of Japan are all around you on these new DC-8 Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. Shoji screens and

tatami-patterned carpets, chrysanthemum designs and pine-bough motifs, the taste and restraint of Japan. Your sleek new jet is a delight to relax in for the few pampered hours it now takes to fly to Japan.

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TRUE SHERRY STARTS HERE

In Spain this Autumn, they harvested the year's vintage.

Around the little town of Jerez de la Frontera, they spread out into the sunny vineyards to pick the ripened bunches of grapes to be pressed into sherry wine. Only from these few Andalusian acres comes true "sherry" (English for "Jerez," as you can see).

This year's vintage will be aged in wood for your use long hence. Miraculously, it will taste exactly the same as its counterpart today.

Meantime, it will be matured and mingled by transfer, little by little, at intervals of several years, through rows of stacked-up casks. This year's wine is poured into the top row, replacing older wine which has moved to the much older wines below. Many years and many minglings later, it is finally drawn from the bottom cask.

This is the slow "solera" system of Spain...descending through succeeding casks whilst ascending to perfection.

After the years have passed, some of the 1959 vintage will be "finos" (dry sherries), some "amontillados" (medium or cocktail sherries), others "olorosos" (sweeter, creamier).

It is the last mentioned, the precious

"olorosos", that must be brought from Spain to Britain, for blending by an age-old art into Harvey's Bristol Cream. Only in Bristol, England, and only by Harvey's is this luxurious, mature wine bottled for you.

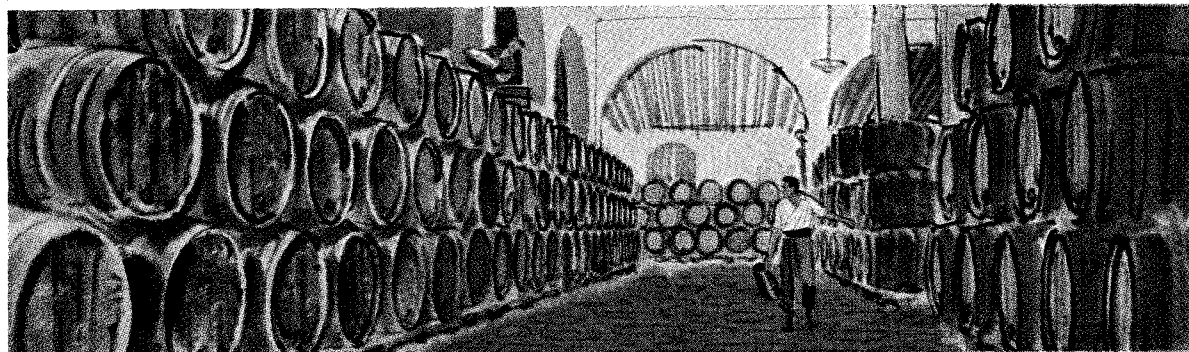
Perhaps it will not reach you for many years but when it does, Harvey's Bristol Cream will taste exactly as it does today...exactly as it did when Queen Victoria reigned.



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Spain's original "solera" method of producing successive generations of sherry is pictured below. From the bottom row of ancient casks is drawn the oldest, finished wine. And *that* is replaced by maturing wine from the row above. The relatively young wine is added only to the top row, to grow old in its turn. Since no more than half to two-thirds of its contents is ever drawn off from any cask, the mingling and maturing are continuous from generation to generation.

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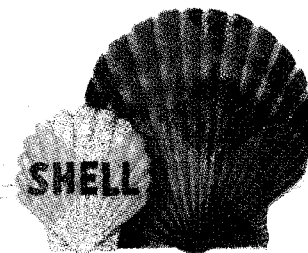


Greek terra cotta c. third century B.C., Louvre, Paris

Aphrodite, an ancient Greek potter, and a shell

About 2300 years ago a Greek artisan fashioned this lovely terra cotta celebrating the fabled birth of Aphrodite from a seashell. Intended for use as a votive offering or as an ornament, small figures such as these enlivened the shops and shrines of Athens and Corinth. This anonymous craftsman—like so many artists before and since—turned to the forms and legends of nature for inspiration.

Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists—inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum—create, develop and perfect ideas that result in substances useful to man. This imaginative research yields petroleum and chemical products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.



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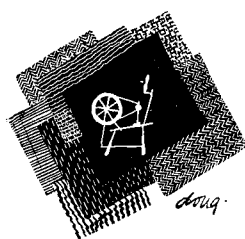
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

MACY's Little Shop is showing off a collection of engaging party clothes designed especially for it in England, France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland. Among the things from Italy and France are theatre suits of black brocatelle, with long flyaway jackets, three-quarter raglan sleeves, and collarless necks, which last may be filled in with fur ascots or jewelled bibs. The skirts are slim. Brown wool matelassé makes princesse dresses that have little bows at the base of the shoulder straps; it also makes short, slightly fitted jackets with cuffed standaway necks, small breast pockets, and three-quarter set-in sleeves. More casual is the two-piece cocktail fare—long overblouses and tapered skirts, of a knit which mixes brown wool and rabbit's hair, that are bound at the cardigan necks, the elbow sleeves, and the hems with gold braid. Décolleté bubble-skirt dresses of eggplant satin organza go with matching greatcoats that are topped by vast cape collars. Short coats of gold-and-brown metallic brocade that are reminiscent of a priest's cope go over sheaths of brown wool jersey with ties at the hips so big that they may be looped together in front or behind. Among the English ball gowns are striking Edwardian dresses of black velvet ottoman as light as a non-thundercloud. Slinky tunic dresses are made of alternating two-inch bands of black-and-white warp-printed satin and black silk organza; strapless tunic dresses of brown satin with slit underskirts are covered by fairly large black embroidered carnations. For women who have dewy English complexions, there are dresses of dove-gray upholstery satin with pink flower-and-scroll embroidery outlined by gold-metal thread straying across the bodices, as well as dresses of ice-blue upholstery satin and short-sleeved matching boleros embroidered with blue-and-green flowers and wreaths. The price range of this whole lot of cocktail-on-into-evening stuff is fairly wide—from \$119 to \$275.

ROSETTE PENNINGTON, at 20 East 56th Street, has added a Miss Pennington Shop. Many of its cheerful wares could be worn by women with youthful figures. Reversible collarless coats are of brown-black-and-gray

plaid tweed on one side and of diagonally woven gray wool on the other; the gray matches the accompanying tailored wool sheaths, which have wide foldover collars. The deal is \$110 all told. Companion bell-skirted, scoop-necked dresses of the plaid, at an extra \$55, will vary the theme. Two-piece



dresses of red diagonally woven tweed involve adaptations of mid-dy tops plus pleated skirts, to which are attached bodices of red rayon crêpe. Exuberant ascots of Paisley silk add fuel to the flame. Urbane afternoon dresses of silk twill in black, amethyst, red, or royal

blue, with cowl necks dipping into ovals in back, cost \$25, the bottom price; the top one in this collection is \$125. Everything so far appears in junior sizes 5 to 13. In the 6-to-14 corner are sleeveless cocktail-and-later dresses of amethyst silk-and-rayon upholstery fabric; a draped knot that looks like a fat rosebud sits on the flat bow at the front of the waist. For all year round there are satin dresses of a red-and-pink anemone print; their bouffant skirts drape into small poufs low at the left side. For the Christmas holidays there are trifle-longer-than-ballet dresses of gold-and-silver silk-and-rayon brocade with a holly-leaf-and-berry design.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, a fairly recent establishment, on the second floor of 17 West 57th Street, offers a small and adult array of ready-to-wear clothes in sizes 10 to 18, or almost ready-to-wear; orders take ten days to two weeks. Well, for instance, a combination of sizes—a 14 bodice and a 16 skirt—plus a neckline of choice, a waistline of choice, and the presence or absence of sleeves. Sometimes the changes are on the house, other times there's a ten-per-cent surcharge. For any hour of the day and maybe for informal dinners, there are sheaths of red wool and rabbit's hair (no fuzz). These have scoop necks and short sleeves, and through the middle go miniature self folds tied in two tidy bows at the side front. They are \$45, the lowest tab; the steepest is \$195. Soignée dresses with shallow round necks, batwing sleeves, and set-in waistbands that curve over the diaphragm are executed in black silk crêpe, wool crêpe, or silk or wool jersey. Chiffon evening dresses with



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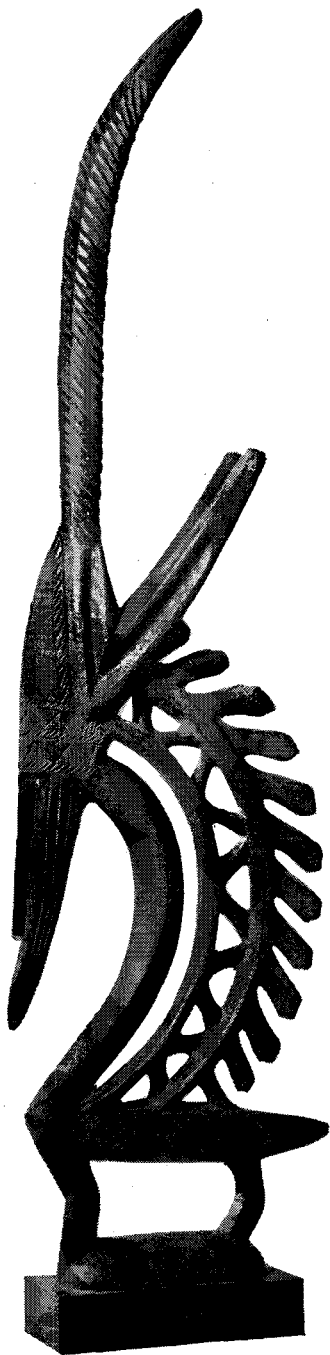


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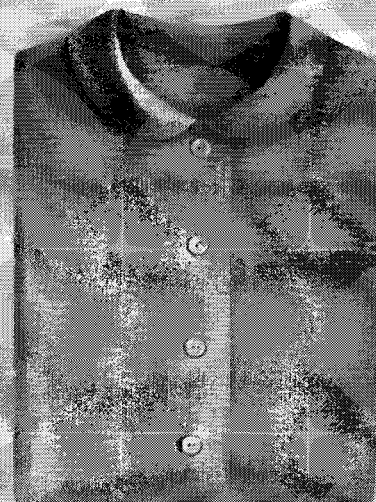
modest décolletages and teardrop skirts caught under at the hem are shown in emerald green, but there is no limit on color. Early Joan Crawford black chiffons, whose softly gathered skirts end in two very broad flounces of Chantilly-type lace below the knees, would be awfully pretty, as well as comfortable, to waltz in. For cruises or resorts are the sheaths of black lace in a pattern of small bellflowers. The sheaths, which go over an underpinning of white crêpe, are nipped in by short black satin sashes tipped with big poufs the shape of bells. Miss Lawrence will make crêpe blouses of any hue or cry for \$35. The price drops to \$30 in whatever soft fabric the customer cares to supply.

LORD & TAYLOR's fourth-floor millinery department has inexpensive Miss Dior hats, which are designed in Paris. Most of them sit back of the hairline, and the material is imported. Sheared and dyed Austrian rabbit fur goes into skyscraper pillboxes and tall caps (in these cases, it looks like ranch mink) and draped turbans (in which case the fur could pass for Emba mink). Italian beaver felt that looks like seal-skin is molded into black dome-crowned rollers ornamented with black gros-grain tabs at the back of the neck and into bubble cloches with long black gros-grain bows above the brows. Cloches of black velvet have bands and bows of broad chocolate satin ribbon on the miniature brims, and black satin *cocardes* are perched on the front of pillboxes of black velvet with wide cuffed brims. Prices run from \$15.95 to \$22.95.

L. & T.'s Terrace Shop, on the same floor, is full of indoor lounging clothes. From Hong Kong come tiffin coats and tapered trousers of silk brocade (Ming blue, geranium red, or gold) in a morning-glory pattern; \$39.95. These might do for the patio or around the pool in mild climates. Fanciful Bengal Lancer outfits have long tunics of black rajah silk with intervals of fuchsia silk embroidery, and they are lined with fuchsia silk to match the pongee trousers. Slender robes of white silk and gold-metal brocade in a floral pattern fasten diagonally, from the mandarin collar to the waist, with small gold braid balls. The linings of gold silk match the silk of the long, loose trousers. Now on to Occidental short or long loose robes of lilac nylon-and-Arnel fleece (it feels like velours), which have crew necks and two huge patch pockets; \$22.95 and \$29.95. Tubular sashes of lilac rayon satin hold them together. Bed jackets and short robes of eggshell

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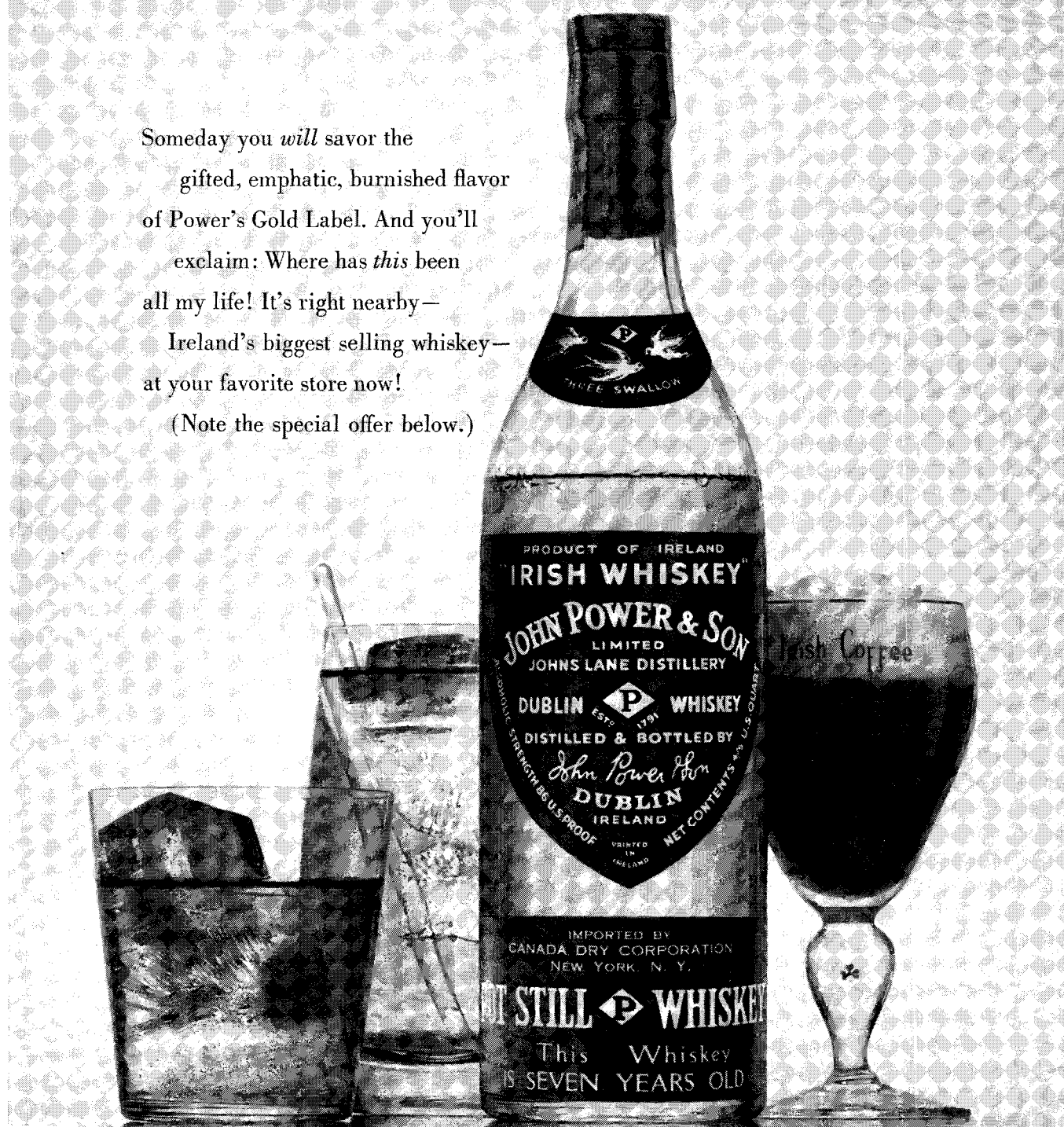
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HANSON Venus Weighmaster

Electric Light-up-dial. Chrome body and trim with white DuPont "Mylar" mat. Only 1 1/4" high. Concealed fold down handle. Accurate on carpet or tile. \$11.95

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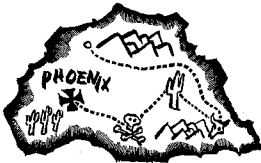
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I enclose \$ _____ for _____ sets of 4 glasses.

ARIZONA 1ST.



Clue: Up on Superstition Mountain, near Phoenix (fastest-growing city in the U.S.), there's a Lost Dutchman gold mine that's still lost because nobody can find the clue-in: a palo verde tree with a peculiarly pointing branch. All signs, however, point to Arizona as an increasingly remarkable lode of sun, scenery, industrial upbeat, and sectional self-regard. (A true Arizona buff can make a Texan sound like the archetype of humility.)



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KPHO-TV

FIRST STATION IN ARIZONA

nylon lace, lined with a thin white wool called albatross, have broad petal collars of eggshell nylon satin; \$35 and \$59.95. One-piece mid-calf pajamas of turquoise satin are fastened from the boat neck to the waist by matching frogs. The accompanying long pleated overskirts of turquoise and peacock-blue brocade, which is vertically striped with garlands of lotus blossoms, rise in front to show the legs. These run to \$89.95 a set. One-piece hostess pajamas of antique-gold wool jersey that have deep V décolletages and pushup sleeves are mated with softly pleated skirts of antique-gold satin. Dusty-pink satin ones, with scoop necks and elbow sleeves, team up with long pleated skirts of jade-green chiffon that tie in bows and long streamers. These pajamas are \$125 and \$139.95, respectively. All of the pajama skirts are slashed down the front to display the trousers when you walk.

CEPHELIA, at 5 East 57th Street, brings everything over from Poland. Among the arrivals are aprons that could double as overskirts or capes for cold days at home. The ingredient is hand-loomed wool. Some aprons are as thick as rugs. Green, red, or gold grounds, widely striped with all sorts of colors, are used for the ones that fasten at the waist with tasseled green cords. Those in sombre tones, such as black with narrow stripes of red, are on waistbands, and for narrow women they could do as wraparound skirts. Dashing pleated skirts of the same goods combine narrow stripes of green, fuchsia, cherry, green, royal blue, and yellow. The prices run from \$24 to \$30. Leather-soled lounging slippers knit of natural wool have black or red stripes outlining the throat of the slippers. Some, of natural felt, are embroidered in wool with black-and-red designs or in wool-and-cotton with flowers (flamboyant red, fuchsia, and Shocking pink) and green leaves on turquoise vines. Felt lounging boots with felt soles appear in red, royal blue, or green. Marvellous rope necklaces, over three feet long, are of dyed dried corn kernels. The spectrum is purple, red, orange, old gold, royal blue, green, and black. It wouldn't be too extravagant to buy several strings and mix the colors.

DELMAN is turning out very feminine pigskin pumps with pointed toes and slender medium or high heels. The only suggestion of football in these pigskin creations is the matching calf lacings through the middle of the vamp. The colors are oatmeal, mulberry, ele-

the small Italians, beautifully knit little imports. From our collection, the embroidered cardigan, permanently pleated skirt. Red or blue wool, 4 to 6x. 16.95. Small World, second floor... Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, MU 9-7000

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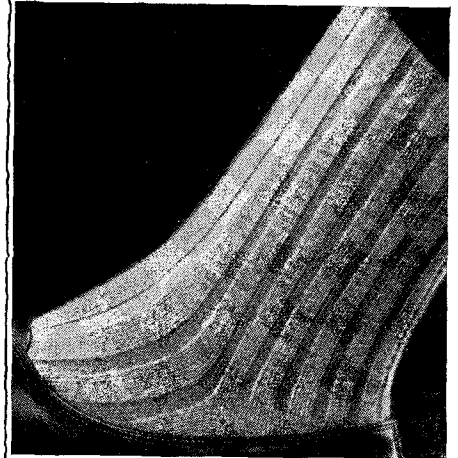
RICH'S
"Career Shop"
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

phant gray, and a green that is almost black; the price is \$37.95. Alligator pumps with inch-and-a-half stacked leather heels have bands of perforations around the vamp and quarters. They are bayberry green or black; the ones with three-inch alligator heels are cranberry red. They're \$85 either way. The current Delman evening pumps (you ask for Opus One when you're looking) are longer and sharper than any predecessors. They're mounted on towering heels and there are several variations—black silk broadcloth with narrow white satin inserts crossing at the vamp and going part way around the throat, to be tinted in one or a combination of colors; toast, apple-green, Shocking-pink, or white sheer silk dotted with gold metallic thread; interwoven strands of velvet ribbon in champagne, taupe, and brown, or in henna, cyclamen, and purple (both of these with black satin quarters and heels), or in ombré blue (navy satin quarters and heels). A representative price is \$39.95. More elaborate shoes, of ribbed silk, on the same last (you pick out your own color scheme and wait ten days) can be ornamented with painted flowers, with outline flower embroidery around flashing glass jewels, or with a pavement of tiny velvet beauty dots, colored stones as small as pin-points, and jet and pearl beads. The ones I saw are solidly paved by multi-colored pastel velvet dots strewn with seed-pearl beads and stones the color of the aurora borealis, or else paved by black velvet dots and jet beads. This group ascends from \$65 to \$150.

DE BUSSCHERE, which is Belgian, is doing handmade shoes of lizard that is almost as soft and pliable as calfskin—pumps and slippers with pleasantly rounded toes and heels ranging from low to medium high; \$65 a pair. The colors are black, navy, brown, red, burnt gold, beige, and gray; the address is 60 East 56th Street.

BLOOMINGDALE's Young World Department is interested in clothes for infants through size 6X for boys and pre-teen 16 for girls. Parkas of black-and-white rabbit fur, the hood bordered with natural Norwegian blue fox and the whole thing lined with quilted red rayon taffeta, come to \$43.95 in sizes 3 to 6X and \$54.95 in sizes 7 to 14, including the federal tax. These are domestic, but everything that follows comes from Holland, England, Scotland, Spain, Italy, or Belgium. Three-quarter hooded coats of water-repellent gold cotton suede cloth are provided

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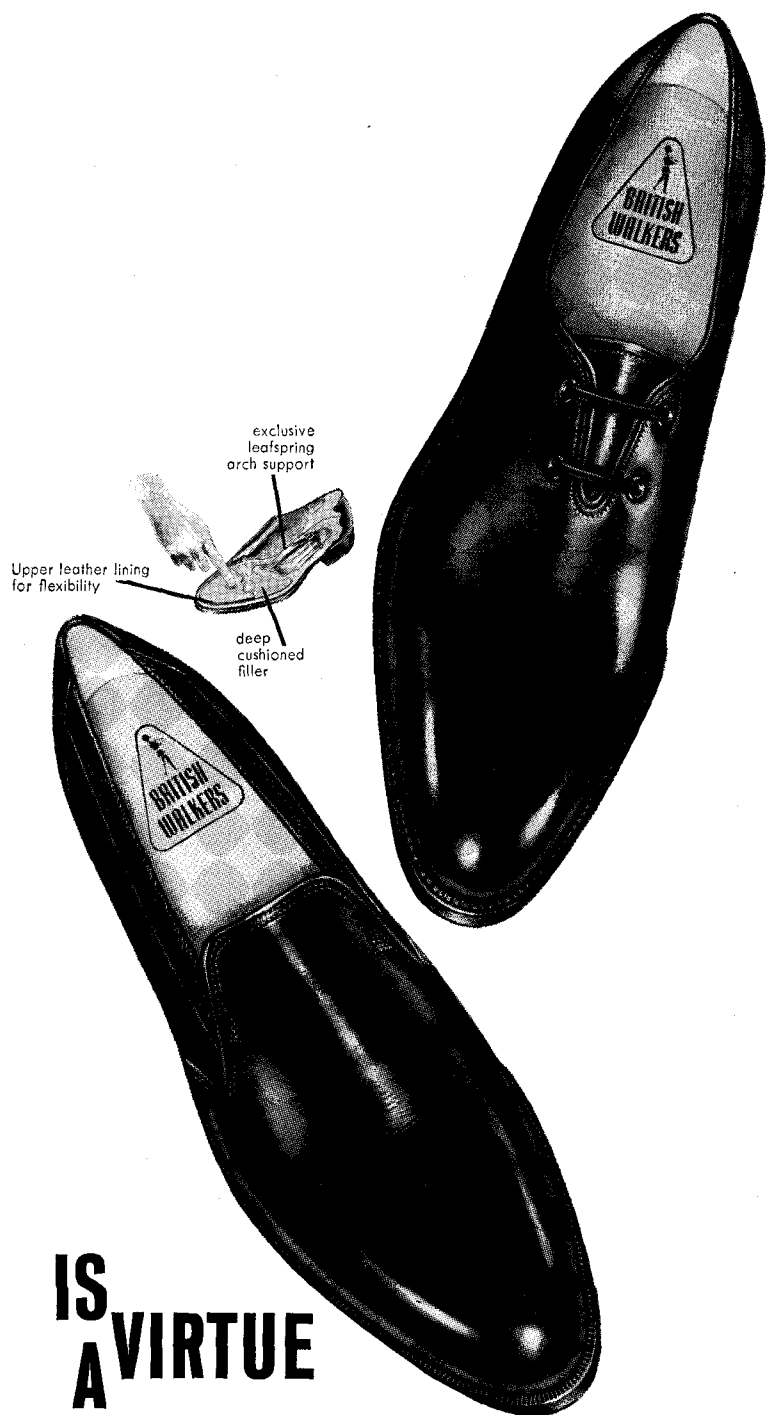
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y107, N. Y. 19

with linings of fake golden lamb. Reversible adaptations of duffel coats may be had with beige Melton cloth on one side and Hunting McInness wool-and-rayon tartan on the other, or in a combination of red Melton cloth and Prince Charles Edward wool-and-rayon tartan. Sizes 4 to 6X are \$19.95, sizes 8 to 14 are \$25. Toddlers' checked gingham smocks (pink and white, blue and white, yellow and white) with long sleeves elasticized at the wrists have kangaroo pockets in the wide box pleats down the front. Cotton mice, their noses deep in cotton books, are appliquéd on these for the benefit of incipient lovers of animal life. Well-made oxfords for small sisters and brothers come in navy, red, or white leather or in beige suède. Sandals with foam-rubber inner soles are off-white, natural, or red leather; they're for anything from infants through pre-teen size 9. Short washable gloves of white glacé kid fasten with a pearl bead on the inner wrist; Beauvais embroidery spills over the index fingers and the outer hand of short slip-ons of the same substance.

THE new Young Bonwit Ninth (floor, that is) clothes young men from the cradle through toddler sizes and young ladies up to teen size 15. The things from Italy caught my eye, such as ruffled cotton pinafores (blue, yellow, or white) embroidered on the bib top with strawberries. Pinafore dresses of red cotton lined with white cotton are decorated above the left hem with enormous yellow frogs, in blue vests and black top hats, who carry aquamarine umbrellas over their arms. The yokes of babies' white cotton sacques, buttoning in back, have pastel French knots bordered by blue, yellow, or pink scallop embroidery. The scalloped cuffs close with drawstrings at the wrists. And there are some of white organdie with yellow, blue, or pink smocked yokes on which miniature white organdie blossoms flourish. These wind up with long smocked and ruffled cuffs (no blossoms). —M. M.

The King's departure from Thailand's tradition as a land of ready laughter is understandable in view of his background, which has had its periods of tragedy. His father, the public-spirited Prince Mahidol of Songkhla, attended Harrow in England; the German Naval College, which awarded him a pre-World War I lieutenantancy; and finally Harvard Medical School, from which he got an M.D.—Noel F. Busch in the *Reader's Digest*.

Goodbye laughter!



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LETTER FROM BERLIN

OCTOBER 6

THE script of West Berlin's post-war history bears a marked resemblance to that of a silent-movie cliff-hanger—a long series of episodes of tense anxiety, each culminating in the suspense attending the latest Soviet ultimatum. The two and a quarter million residents of West Berlin, who simultaneously serve as principals, extras, and audience of this seemingly interminable production, have developed the habit (unlike bona-fide show people, who often date public events by the roles they've played) of ticking off their private milestones in terms of political crises. "We moved into this flat at the time of the '58 ultimatum," one of them will say, or, "Wolfgang came down with the measles just a week after the beginning of the Blockade."

The latest major cliff-hanging episode began with the breakup of the Paris summit meeting in May. An American here told me the other day of having observed the faces of several West Berlin acquaintances as they watched Khrushchev's televised press conference in Paris. "The immediate effect of what they saw was a strong sense of shock," he said. "Even these tough Berliners were stunned by Khrushchev's calculated brutality and by the bluntness of his threat to give the East Germans full and final control of the access routes to Berlin. Then the shock gave way to reflectiveness, and they began to ask, as West Berliners always do ask when something significant occurs in the outside world, 'Was bedeutet das für Berlin?'—'What does it mean for Berlin?' Well, after they had given it some thought, they realized it meant primarily that there would be no more attempts at East-West negotiation for a while, and that was fine with everyone here. The cheerfulness lasted until Khrushchev flew from Paris to East Berlin, and let it be known that he would speak before an élite audience of Party functionaries. That made the West Berliners begin to worry about a separate Soviet peace treaty with East Germany, and they gathered around their TV sets in considerable suspense. After the broadcast began, it was quickly evident that Khrushchev's manner was quite sub-

dued, and when he made just a few introductory remarks in Russian and then stepped down to let a translator read the rest of his fairly moderate speech, you could almost hear a sigh of relief throughout West Berlin."

Since the beginning of September, the tension has been rising again, as the East Germans have placed new restrictions on travel to Berlin and tossed off threats of more dire things to come. To visitors long familiar with the city, if not to most West Berliners, it seems that all this emotional buffeting—from shock to relief to worry to fear to reassurance, and so on and on—has had a strange effect on the general state of mind. Nowadays, a mother will interrupt her conversation about some inconsequential subject to blurt, "And just when the children are reaching school age," or a man will cut himself off in mid-sentence to curse "this awful feeling of always having to wait for something." Khrushchev's recent performances seem to have left everybody more worried than ever, though they don't like to talk about it, and show it

only indirectly. For example, West Berliners are more deeply concerned about the American Presidential campaign than are the people of any other city on the Continent. West Berliners ask American visitors, with mingled hope and worry, "*Was ist das für ein Mann, dieser Kennedy?*" What they really want to know, of course, is where this man Kennedy stands on West Berlin.

This is the only occupied city in the world where both press and public would like to be assured that the occupation will never end. At best, West Berliners expect to be subject to continued minor harassments from the East; at worst . . . Well, suppose some morning the Russians should simply walk out on one of the Air Safety Control meetings that representatives of the Four Powers still hold daily to direct all civilian flights to and from West Berlin. Or suppose the Russians should send an East German "representative" to attend tomorrow's meeting, and the three Western representatives should feel called upon to walk out in protest, leaving the skies in chaos. West Berliners are necessarily beset by many such nightmares. The day I was booked



"Officer, I think I have the right to know why I'm being questioned."



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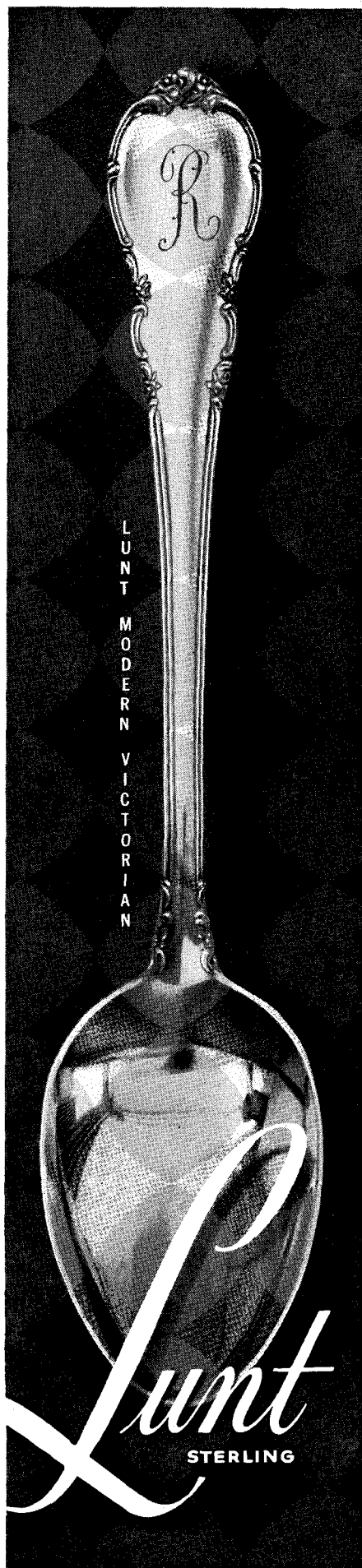
second to none. Turning 90 BHP at 6000 RPM, this engine is a classic "square" design—both bore and stroke are precisely 3.07 inches. Add to that a 2-throat Weber carburetor. Separate intake passages to each cylinder. Two overhead camshafts. An aluminum head.

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to fly here from Munich, via Air France, the line cancelled all its flights because its stewards had suddenly gone on strike. (Air France, Pan American, and British European Airways are the only lines permitted to serve West Berlin, using three twenty-mile-wide air corridors from the north, the west, and the south across the Soviet Zone of Germany.) Swiftly, Pan Am and B.E.A. scooped up all of Air France's stranded passengers, and I reached Tempelhof Airport, in the American sector of West Berlin, fifteen minutes before my originally scheduled arrival at Tegel, a smaller airport in the French sector. At the Tempelhof newsstand, I was interested to see that the Air France strike not only had made the front page of every West Berlin newspaper but had prompted a number of perturbed editorials as well. In West Berlin, an airplane is far more than a speedy and comfortable means of transportation. It is a lifeboat, and the editorial writers reminded the Air France stewards, and everybody else, that one simply does not strike when he is manning a lifeboat.

NONE of this means that the West Berliners have lost their legendary courage. The hundreds of anxious residents of West Germany who telephoned relatives and friends here immediately after Khrushchev's Paris tirade learned, to their astonishment, that everybody was calmly going about his business. "What else could we do?" a West Berlin friend asked me the other day. "Remember what Martin Luther said: 'If I knew that the world was coming to an end tomorrow, I would still plant my little apple tree today.'" Housewives did their shopping as usual, showing little or no inclination to hoard. In financial circles, capital was being invested in normal amounts, and long-range plans were being sketched out for the future. The day after Khrushchev's press conference, the president of the West Berlin Zentralbank announced that reports from all of the city's banks showed that withdrawals during the past twenty-four hours had been about average, but that deposits were off 1.8 per cent—possibly as accurate a measure as any other of West Berlin's attitude.

It's a sensible attitude—or, in any case, it's the only attitude one can live with and still live in West Berlin. Many people here are able to sustain it only because years of interpreting the political weather charts have made Eastern experts of them. They carefully read

Fair ladies and honest gentlemen, a bid for your most gracious attention!

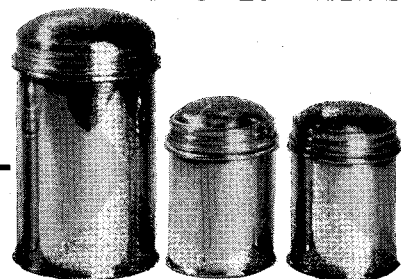
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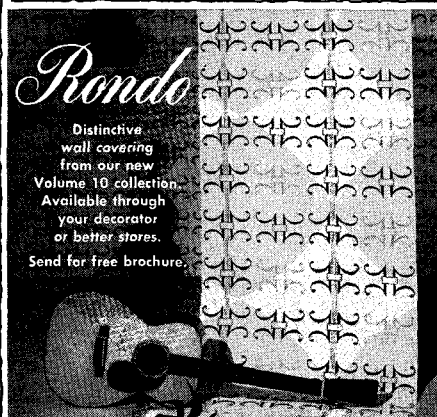
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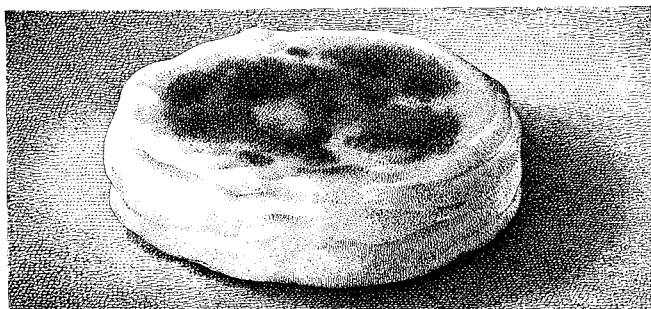
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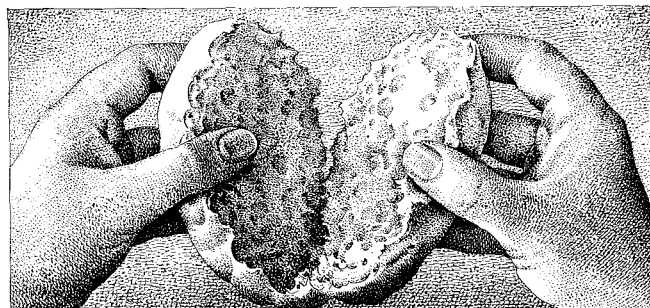
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An Educational Advertisement about the English Muffin



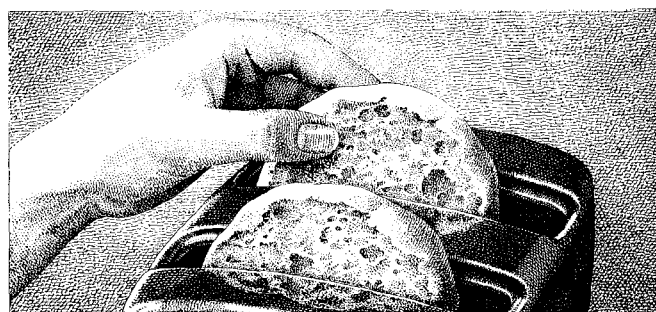
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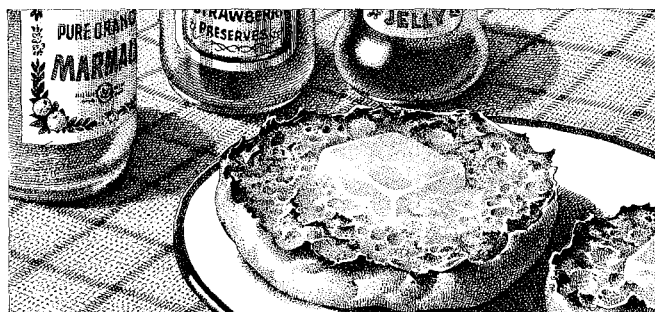
2. NEVER "KNIFE" THE ENGLISH MUFFIN

Pull gently apart *just before* toasting, turning it slowly as you pull. You may puncture edge beforehand. Pre-sliced or machine-split muffins lose freshness, texture!



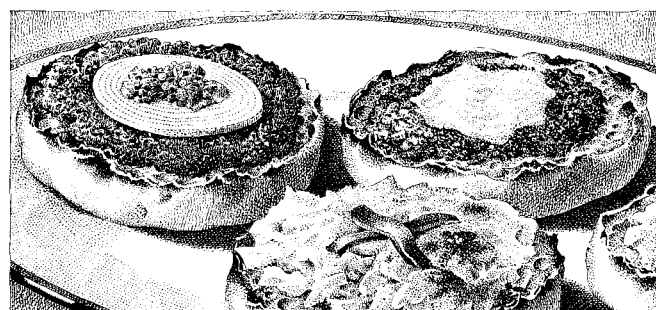
3. PUT THE HALVES IN YOUR TOASTER

See that wonderful surface texture of hills and valleys you've created by *pulling* the halves apart? They toast to golden perfection, eager to soak up melting butter.



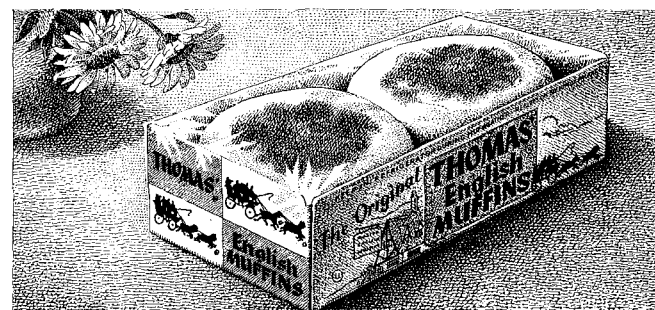
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6. ORDER THOMAS' BY NAME

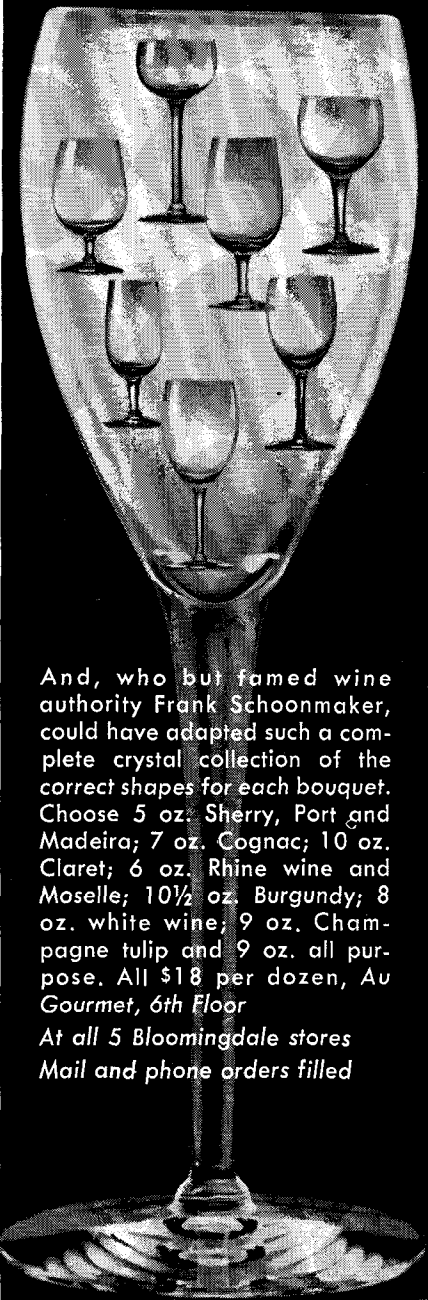
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between the lines of East Berlin's *Neues Deutschland*, a daily newspaper whose columns often contain advance hints of shifts in the Party line. Now the experts in second-guesswork can produce passages from *Neues Deutschland* printed a few days before Khrushchev's visit to East Berlin and explain how these indicated that it was premature to expect a change in the status quo. Right or wrong, West Berliners give the impression of knowing intuitively when Khrushchev is putting on a show and when he means business. They accept as a good barometer of the East's political mood the tone of the language to be heard over the East German radio and TV. That tone is rude in varying degrees. "The radio in the Deutsche Demokratische Republik is the radio of the people," the East German star commentator Karl-Eduard von Schnitzler announced on his program some time ago. "For this reason we cannot be objective; we must be partisan. We will not objectively report the statements and opinions of Adenauer. Newspapers and radio are instruments of power, and we must use them for the people and for peace. That is why we will not call Adenauer 'Mr. Chancellor,' but simply a lowdown warmonger." West Berlin listeners, construing this kind of language as a sign of Eastern frustration, hopefully say, "All is well as long as they bark a lot." This has been the general attitude toward Khrushchev's pronouncements in New York, although his tone toward Berlin has, in fact, been mollifying.

Sometimes it is hard to believe that anyone pays any attention to the barking. For instance, a performance in West Berlin not long ago of some Soviet dancers, musicians, and singers from the Ukraine was cheered by a vast crowd that included the city's Socialist Mayor, Willy Brandt, whom Gerhart Eisler, East Germany's chief propagandist, has referred to in his more restrained moments as "a careerist twerp." The climax of the evening came when the Soviet artists produced armfuls of flowers that they had received from Communist admirers in East Berlin and distributed them among their anti-Communist admirers in the West Berlin audience.

A flutter was caused about six months ago by the appearance of a large sign reading "INTOURIST" over a store front in a brand-new building on Oliver Platz, just a block away from the Kurfürstendamm, in the heart of West Berlin—a sign that was soon supplemented by eye-catching posters in the

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windows urging one and all to "VISIT THE U.S.S.R." West Berliners who for years had been hearing Khrushchev promise them a free one-way trip to Siberia considered this display the ultimate in sour jokes, and the newspapers wanted to know whether the West German Federal Railroads were planning to reciprocate by opening a tourist agency in Moscow's Red Square. Some members of Berlin's City Assembly (the legislative branch of the city government administered by Brandt and a sort of cabinet confusingly called the Senate) denounced the Intourist office as an outright provocation and held an acrimonious debate on the subject; this dissolved in roars of laughter during a deadpan explanation of the situation by Interior Senator Joachim Lipschitz, who is in over-all charge of the city's police and security. The Russians, Lipschitz said, when questioned about their authorization to open a travel agency, had duly produced a license to run such a bureau in Berlin—a license that had been issued to them back in the early thirties. But, Lipschitz went on, the license did not grant them the right to sell tickets; it merely permitted Intourist to "advise prospective travellers on trips to the Soviet Union." The West Berlin Senate, he said, had decided not to question the license "in order to avoid a diplomatic incident," and he promised that the bureau would be closed if it should be used for "any other purpose."

For a while, West Berliners amused themselves by walking up to the Intourist clerks, expressing deep interest in Russian folklore and scenery, and asking about prices, hotels, and visas. The supposed customer would be told that it would take from seven to ten days to get a Soviet visa and an East German transit permit. The customer might thereupon inquire whether Intourist could guarantee him safe-conduct through East Germany, since he happened to be on the blacklist of the People's Police there, to which the clerk would reply that the Soviet Union was unable to interfere in the internal affairs of the "sovereign" German Democratic Republic. "Too bad," the customer might then say. "Under the circumstances, I guess I'll have to pass up the Soviet Union, and go to Italy or Switzerland instead."

Having heard all the talk about the Intourist establishment, I went around one recent afternoon to have a look at what must surely be the world's gloomiest travel bureau. The window display was routine enough, consisting of Tartar dolls, Caucasian hats, and other

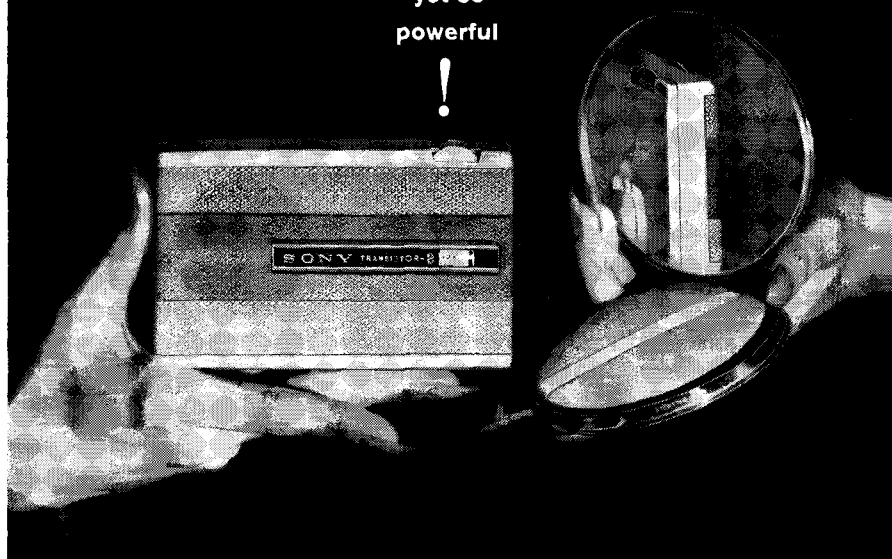
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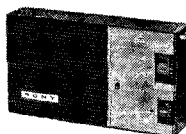
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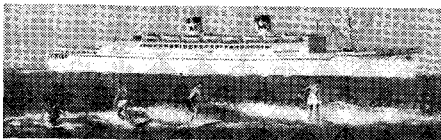
(illus. above) SONY TR 810 — 8-transistor radio. In black or cream with gold. Size 15/16" thin, 3 3/16" high, 5 1/4" wide. With battery, earphone, carry-case, in elegant Gift Box, \$39.95 (left) SONY TR 84 — Famous super-sensitive 8-transistor portable radio. Complete, \$54.95

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pretty specimens of Russian handicraft, plus beautiful large photographs of Sochi and Samarkand, and a model of a Soviet jetliner. But the interior might have been a mausoleum—all gray marble, which in the Soviet world is synonymous with munificence, and with nobody in sight except two male clerks, who were sitting at a pair of desks reading type-written documents. One of them rose as I approached, and, greeting me in thickly Russian-accented German, informed me dutifully that he could offer me only "advice" on travel in the Soviet Union; for tickets, I would have to go to another travel agency, a few blocks away.

There was a large choice of very interesting trips, the clerk said. I could fly, or I could take the Blue Express from East Berlin to Moscow via Warsaw, or, if I could assemble at least fifteen friends who liked to camp out, we could make it very cheaply by car, stopping at camping facilities in Brest, Minsk, and Smolensk for a special rate of less than five dollars a night per person. If I didn't spend too much on food, he added, I could make a ten-day round trip to Moscow in this fashion, with my wife and child, for less than a hundred dollars. I remarked that this seemed very reasonable indeed, and added that I supposed it must be some sort of introductory deal for the sake of propaganda. At the word "propaganda," the other clerk, who had gone on reading at his desk, looked up at me sharply. My clerk simply shrugged, and said, "Why not give it a try? You'll soon realize that it has nothing to do with propaganda. The Soviet Union," he continued earnestly, "is a beautiful land. A land of peace."

WEST BERLINERS say that they sometimes find themselves lost in once familiar parts of their own city, and this is hardly to be wondered at. So many new streets, new buildings, new squares, and new parks have made their appearance in a very short time that it would be impossible for anyone without a master set of blueprints to keep track of them all. I know that I would not have been sure which way to turn the other day when I revisited the region around the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, on the Kurfürstendamm, if I had not first visited the office of Building Senator Rolf Schwedler, the man responsible for all the blueprints, to examine a model of the area as it will look when the present rebuilding is complete. A modern nave is being built to one side of the old bomb-shattered church tow-

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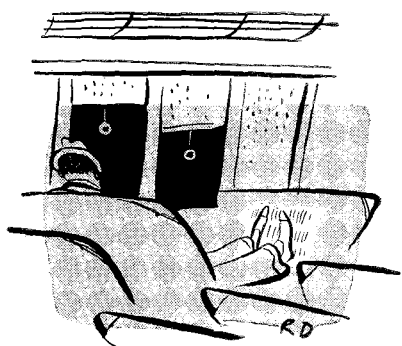
PARFUMS

WORTH

PARIS

er, which has been left standing as a wartime memorial, and behind the tower work has begun on a campanile that looks rather like a perpendicular Tower of Pisa. Big new office buildings have gone up all around the church; the neighborhood's only vacant lot—said to be the most expensive one in all Berlin—is the former site of the famed Romanisches Café, once the meeting place of artists and literati. Some legal tussles delayed the redevelopment of this patch of land, but they have been straightened out now, and plans are being considered for various projects.

Senator Schwedler, who has been from the start the driving power behind West Berlin's transformation from the world's largest rubble heap into what may ultimately be the world's best-planned metropolis, is a former mason and building engineer of firm convictions and wide vision. Ten years ago, he was able to convince a majority of his fellow-West Berliners that someday one out of every five of them would be driving a car (one out of every eleven is at present) and that they must plan accordingly if they were to avoid the traffic chaos so rampant during rush hours in Munich, Frankfurt am Main, and Cologne, to say nothing of cities abroad. Schwedler and his staff proceeded to evolve a farsighted plan for a network of metropolitan Autobahns, tangential connecting roads, and speedways that would give quick access to busy districts while circumventing the center of the city, and several of these new arteries are already open. "We were lucky," he told me, speaking of his whole city-building plan. "We started almost from scratch—a hundred and thirty-two thousand of the hundred and fifty thousand houses in the Western part of the city were destroyed or damaged by bombs. Also, we started later than the big cities in West Germany, which built first and planned afterward, so we were able to learn from their mistakes. There was no private capital available here, and the city would finance builders only if they agreed to build in accordance with our plans. Ber-



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flavor of Tia Maria
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"Sun time or railroad time?" the stranger asked.

"Either one," the mountain man replied. "Hereabouts, we're nigh as fur from one as t'other!"

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And when our OLD FITZGERALD finally reaches the curing casks of mountain oak, it lies there—still as pond water at sundown—through six full years or more.

Thus, more time-in-the-making restricts production of our modest country distillery to a few choice barrels a day.

And more time-in-the-aging delays still further the happy moment when OLD FITZGERALD reaches your glass. I know of no Kentucky distiller who purposely "sits" on his whiskey to such advanced ages as we.

Yet Time alone, be it *sun* time or *railroad*, is the very essence of OLD FITZGERALD's memorable flavor and unforgettable bouquet.

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lin wants to avoid the extremes of Manhattan, which is a giant trap, and Los Angeles, which isn't a city but a sprawl. We are trying to achieve a synthesis. True, many of the eighteen thousand buildings left standing after the war were atrocious, overcrowded cold-water tenements, with horrible back yards that had been made just wide enough, by order of Kaiser Wilhelm, to enable firemen to turn their engines around in them. It's difficult to do much about these places yet, because so many people are still living in them. We'll just have to wait until we have enough bright modern housing to move them into. We do keep pushing ahead. The John Foster Dulles Housing Development, in Kreuzberg, with four thousand apartments, is well under way, and in the Buckow-Rudow district near the sector boundary, Walter Gropius and some associates are designing a self-contained urban development with sixteen thousand five hundred apartments. We want to keep the city alive along the boundary line, because we believe that ultimately there will be no boundary line."

Schwedler's hardheaded idealism has produced impressive results. In the past ten years, a hundred and eighty thousand apartment units have been built under his direction (even so, he says, eighty thousand more are needed), providing a new home for one out of every five West Berliners. In addition, he has supervised the construction of office skyscrapers, hospitals, schools, playgrounds, the Free University of Berlin, and the Berlin Technical University. And, at his instigation, the government has been spending almost two dollars per capita annually for the creation and maintenance of parks, which are doubly vital these days, with West Berlin in some ways like a vast prison, and its inmates desperately in need of such oases.

LAST year, West Berlin became the biggest industrial city in all Germany, with a labor force of something like three hundred thousand West Berliners and forty thousand East Berliners (who are allowed, under the original occupation statutes, to commute to work from their own zone). West Berlin's industrial output went up eleven per cent in 1959—five per cent more than West Germany's. Ten years ago, West Berlin had over three hundred thousand unemployed; today only twenty-nine thousand people are so listed. Although the murky political future has plainly not had a depressing effect on West Berlin's

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business community, its leaders grow sombre when they contemplate an altogether different threat—that of a labor shortage, which is already coming to be a major worry in electrical and chemical plants. The situation is not being improved by the West German firms that have begun to fill the Sunday papers here with "Help Wanted" advertisements designed to lure skilled technicians away with offers of high salaries, new apartments, good schools for their children, and "secure" working conditions—the last being especially emphasized. Occasionally, West Berlin's community-conscious editors have felt obliged to turn down some of the more alarmist ads, on the ground that they put too much stress on the "secure" aspects of jobs in West Germany and on such scare terms as "these critical times." Many West Berlin factory owners have compensated for the drain on their labor pool by investing heavily in large-scale automation programs, with the result that last year's eleven-per-cent gain in industrial output was accompanied by an increase of only two per cent in man-hours worked.

THERE has been some talk lately in neutral foreign newspapers about the "amazing" industrial revival in East Germany. Business there does seem to have picked up in some degree, but much of the amazement has been produced by nothing more than mirages. A reported gain in East Germany's production of *Mopeds* (motorized bicycles) and motorcycles, for instance, is contrasted significantly with a decline in the production of such vehicles in West Germany, but the fact of the matter is that West Germany left the *Moped* stage behind about two years ago and many of its former *Moped* drivers are now proud owners of Opels or Volkswagens. Yet while informed and realistic West Berlin businessmen reject statistics purporting to show that East Germany's industrial production, like their own, rose eleven per cent last year, they do believe that there was a rise of six per cent, which, in fact, would exactly match the economic gain in West Germany.

A West Berlin fashion expert I know who recently visited the showrooms of what is known as a "half-nationalized" fashion house (that is, one that retains some capitalist latitude in handling both production and profits) in the Soviet Zone said on her return, "It was all quite surprising. There were beautiful cocktail dresses, made of materials in the latest colors, perfectly cut, and carefully

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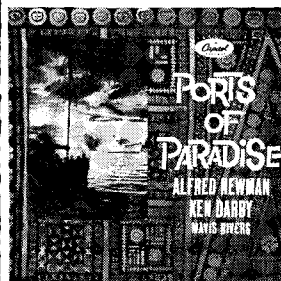
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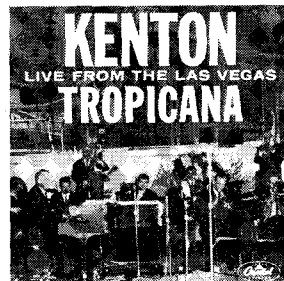
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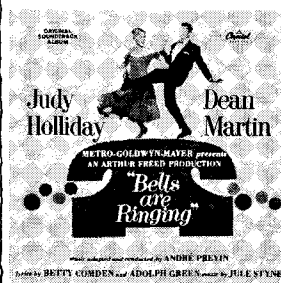
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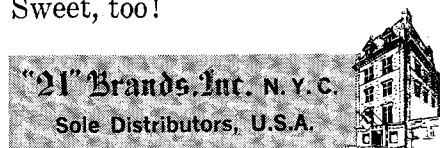
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finished—comparable, I'd say, to the best I've seen lately in Düsseldorf or here in West Berlin. The catch was that almost everything the firm turns out is for export only. The designer has been granted a bit more freedom than the state-run Deutsches Mode Institut, and is thus permitted to sell a few models to a carefully selected group of customers, like stage and movie stars and the wives of leading government officials, but everything else goes to Egypt, Syria, or Scandinavia. Every month, the designer's wife pops over here to West Berlin and furtively buys the latest issues of *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and the French and West German fashion magazines at the newspaper kiosk in Bahnhof am Zoo. These publications, of course, like all other Western ones, East Germans are forbidden to read."

Shortly after hearing this, I paid a visit to East Berlin to have a look around for myself. I came across no movie stars or any of their sisters in privilege, and not one of the women I did see gave the impression that she would be comfortable wearing anything like the designer's creations. In fact, I saw few signs of any "new prosperity." In a big department store on the Alexanderplatz, I was told that the waiting time for delivery on a television set was eighteen months; at an auto showroom, no one seemed to know how long I would have to wait for a new Wartburg car. Perhaps some of the men and women were a little better dressed than those I had seen in recent years, but the improvement in their appearance did not extend to their faces, which, by and large, were tired and drawn.

I have been back several times since, and it is still almost a physical shock to pass through the Brandenburg Gate from booming, busy West Berlin, where everybody talks at the top of his voice, to the silent emptiness of East Berlin's streets. Traffic lights have been installed at some intersections, but no one has ever bothered to turn them on, because there is no need for them. The East Berlin policeman painstakingly directing the trickle of cars at the corner of Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse is a pathetic figure after one has seen his West Berlin counterpart expertly converting turbulence into well-ordered lines of cars around the Memorial Church site. Strangely, although there are so few cars visible, the sickening smell of the cheap East German gasoline is very evident, mingled with the smell of dust and poverty.

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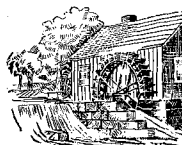


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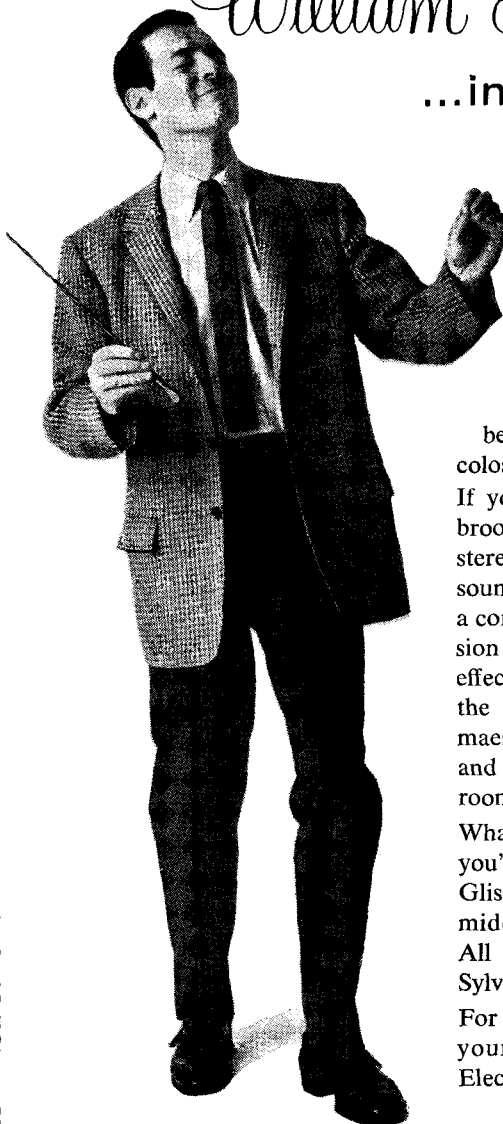
'DAMSITE'



Berlin, one still passes the dismally emphatic reminders of the war that formed the pattern of West Berlin before Senator Schwedler got busy—rubble heaps covered with weeds, and black window holes in what remains of shattered buildings. Pedestrians are hardly more numerous along the sidewalks than automobiles are in the streets, and those one does see are mostly alone and apparently in a hurry. Only at the hours when the shifts change in the factories is there any sign of a crowd, and even then the scene is far different from corresponding ones in West Berlin. There the factory workers stand around in groups for a while after leaving the plant, talking and laughing, and perhaps end up by going off together for a glass of beer at a nearby *Kneipe*. At an East Berlin factory near which I parked the other afternoon, they came out glumly, each alone, silently mounted their *Mopeds* or bicycles, and darted off in all directions, like frightened rabbits, looking neither left nor right. Leaving my car, I wandered past several grocery stores and butcher's shops, and found a long queue waiting in front of each of them. One shop was offering what a small sign in its window called "a limited supply of carrots," and I heard a housewife in the line complain that there had been almost no fresh vegetables in East Berlin this year. The woman behind her said she had just returned from a trip to Erfurt, where she had seen some fresh vegetables in a store. Then a couple of others chimed in, and for a while they all talked about the shortages, wondering whether insufficient production or faulty distribution was to blame. Since nobody knew the answer, they soon went back to discussing specific foods, and agreed that there was more fat and butter now than last year, and even some pork, "if you can get it." The trick, one woman said, was to be on hand the moment the pork went on sale; there would be plenty of it one day, and then none at all for weeks. Before returning to West Berlin, I stopped at a café on the Alexanderplatz for a cup of coffee, and while sipping it I glanced at the menu and saw that I was the beneficiary of a new largess. "Henceforth," I read, "instead of 5 grams of coffee per cup there will be 6.5 grams, at the same price." Here, I thought, was one statistic I had not previously seen in support of the rumors of increased East German prosperity.

One rarely encounters a car with an East German license plate in West Berlin, since only Party favorites dare let their presence there be known, but

Mr. Black conducts the William Tell Overture ...in his living room



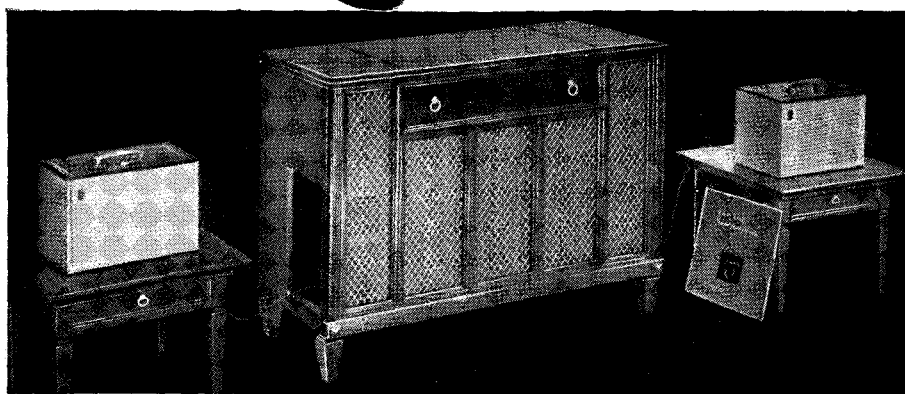
The music was so real he simply *had* to leap to the podium.

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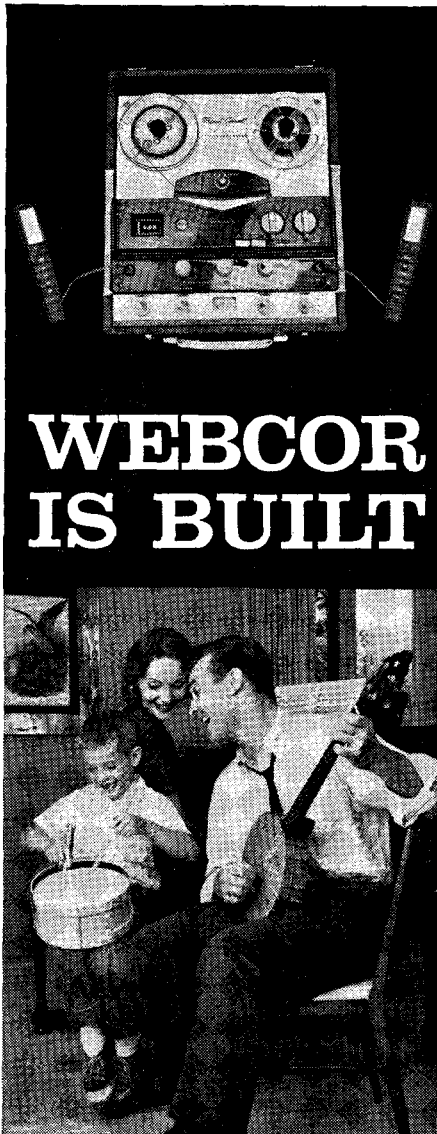
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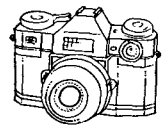
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West Berlin cars are a fairly common sight across the boundary line. The more modest ones belong mainly to people visiting friends and relatives, or seeking recreation in the East Zone's spacious and lovely parks. The occupants of the fancier cars—the biggest American makes—are likely to have more serious matters to attend to, for most of them are traders between the East and West. Some are legitimate businessmen, who have been engaged in facilitating the movement of goods under a bilateral trade agreement between East and West Germany. Recently, though, the West German government responded to the East's increasing truculence by announcing that it was cancelling the agreement at the end of this year, so these bona-fide traders may have to quit or switch their operations to more clandestine channels already known to some of their confreres. Even now, many shady deals for shipment of strategic items such as high-alloy metals, electronic measuring instruments, and chemicals, which Washington has asked its allies not to ship eastward, are negotiated in West Berlin; the goods may actually go by way of neutral countries, but the traders have their business addresses here. By far the greater part of the illegal merchandise is eastbound; that which travels in the other direction amounts to little more than what can be carried across the line by lone-wolf smugglers, whose techniques, though sometimes ingenious, are of the do-it-yourself variety. Thus, East German gasoline, whose only virtue is its low price, has been carried across the border in rubber containers replacing inner tubes in a car's tires, and not long ago a bogus jazz musician tottered west across the boundary several times, strangely weighed down by the burden of his single kettledrum, before he was stopped and his instrument was found to be full of new, low-quality Meissen china, which he had been selling to tourists in West Berlin as the real, eighteenth-century thing.

PEOPLE on both sides of the boundary are talking openly these days about the critical shortage of doctors in East Germany, and about how it could possibly make a serious epidemic a national disaster. In a single year—1958—almost ten per cent of the doctors in East Germany defected, and since then others have followed them across the boundary at a rate of about seventy-five a month. The exodus has left only one physician for every four thousand-odd people in East Ger-

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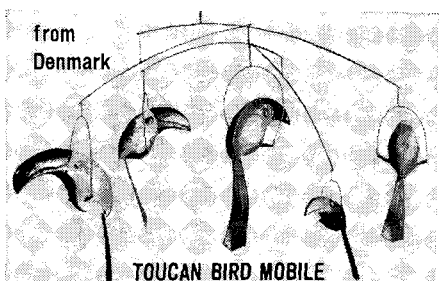


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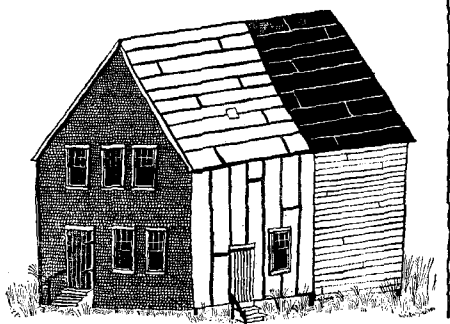
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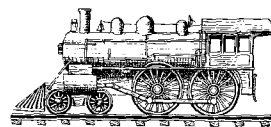
many, compared to one for every four hundred-odd in West Germany. Outside the bigger East German cities, it has become impossible to find a specialist of any kind, and some rural districts haven't even a general practitioner available. The government recently made tacit admission of the medical crisis when it revealed that it had brought in a clutch of doctors from Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. Ominously, there have already been typhoid outbreaks in Zittau and Potsdam, although both were apparently brought under control.

Not long ago, I spoke with a doctor who had just defected from East Berlin and was in the throes of soul-searching over leaving his patients. He said he had been well treated where he came from; he and his family had had a pleasant home, and he had made enough money for their needs. He had had an old B.M.W. car, and when it wore out, the authorities had offered him a Volga, a Soviet-made middle-sized luxury car, but he had held out for a brand-new Mercedes 220 (a model that is hard to find even in West Germany now) and had got it. Best of all, he and his family were among the happy few who were allowed to spend their annual summer vacation in the West. In spite of all this, the doctor had run away, and he told me why.

"The East German government recently decreed that even teachers and doctors may no longer have any say in determining what kind of education their children are to have," he said. "I was told my children wouldn't be allowed to attend the *Gymnasium* or the university, because those were for children from the working and peasant classes." (Since our talk, I have learned that the government has recently agreed to make exceptions to this ruling in the case of the children of certain much needed specialists.) "I found that I was no longer free, either in my private life or in my work. Some valuable drugs are simply not obtainable in East Germany, because the government won't import them, so I obtained a supply of them through friends in West Berlin. The authorities found out about it, and



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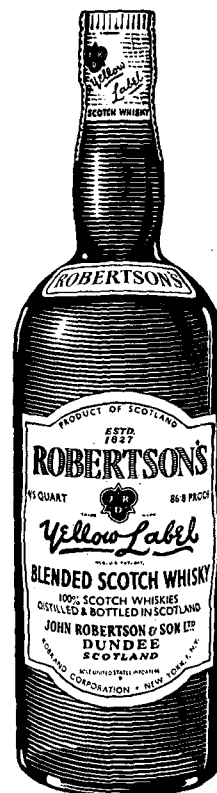
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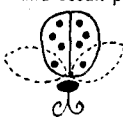
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I was reprimanded. Although I used to work eighteen hours a day, my patients often had to wait two or three days for treatment. In the end, I couldn't take it any longer. The pressure, the worry about my children, and the professional frustrations were just too much. And people better off than I was are having increasing difficulties. For example, many doctors who work in the big Charité Hospital in East Berlin have been allowed to live here in West Berlin, and a lot of the rest of us used to envy them bitterly, but now even some of them are on the verge of cracking up. What's more, there's an increasing shortage of professors in the medical schools at East Berlin, Leipzig, and Greifswald. The East's present generation of medical students is being sketchily taught and poorly trained. Why, I even heard that some of them were being sent for 'advanced' training to the University of Sofia, in Bulgaria, of all places!"

With East Germany's factory workers thoroughly regimented, and its farmers thoroughly collectivized, its artisans are the only substantial body of labor that still enjoys at least a semblance of independence. Apparently, however, the artisans are destined to go the way of the others before long, for, owing to mass defections lately, such a shortage of them has developed that the government, it is reported, has decided that they must be collectivized while there are still some left to collectivize. So shaky are conditions among the cobblers remaining in East Berlin that a customer must wait from six to eight weeks to have a pair of shoes mended. A defecting cobbler whom I met in West Berlin told me about his losing struggle with the party bureaucracy. "In order to repair all the shoes my quota required, I had to have more nails than I could get my hands on in East Berlin," he said. "I finally managed to buy a kilo of them on the black market, which is supplied from West Berlin, and all was well for a while, but then an inspector happened along and asked me how I had come by all those nails. I replied frankly that it was a matter either of going out and tracking down Western nails or of failing to meet my quota. He said he understood—and he did, of course—but he reported me just the same, so there was a black mark against me. Next, I got in trouble because it was discovered that I was paying my two apprentices more than the official wage rates. Naturally I was—every employer has to, because he can't get anybody to work for him at the rates set by the government. And then, to top

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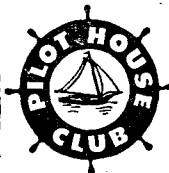
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it all off, I was informed that twice a week, starting at once, I would have to make out fantastically detailed reports on the state of my business and submit them to a politician who had never seen the insides of any shoes but his own. That was the last straw. I quit."

THE cobbler is one of 3,700,000 people who have arrived in West Berlin from the Soviet Zone since July 1, 1945. Last year, two hundred and three thousand defected, while between thirty and forty thousand erstwhile refugees went back East. Most of those who return home do so apparently for family reasons—because aged parents need them, or because wives and children have been unable to follow them westward. Any refugee from East Germany who decides to go back is permitted by both East and West German authorities to do so whenever he wants to. It is assumed in the West that those who do will tell their neighbors a lot about what they have seen and heard there. At any rate, the stay-at-home East Germans seem to be astonishingly well informed about what life is like in the Federal Republic these days. One of their chief sources of information, besides the returnees, is, of course, the Western radio, and they have various others. The popular West Berlin evening newspaper *Der Abend*, which, of course, is strictly banned across the boundary, recently ran a prize contest, and received a deluge of solutions from across the border, some of them sent in by people living in remote villages. The paper's circulation manager has no idea how the copies got to the hinterlands, but he has noted that on days when political tension is running especially high, about a fifth of the total circulation is likely to be accounted for at newsstands near the sector boundaries.

BERLIN's most absorbing theatrical evenings lately have been not in a legitimate theatre but in an opera house—the Komische Oper, on Behrenstrasse, in East Berlin, where Walter Felsenstein's *Kollektivoper* company has been appearing before capacity audiences, forty per cent of them from the other side of the boundary. Of Berlin's three opera houses, the East Berlin State Opera offers the best orchestra, the Städtische Oper, in West Berlin, offers the best voices, and the Komische Oper offers the most striking performances. Felsenstein, the *Kollektiv's* dictatorial general manager, is an avowed believer in strict adherence to the composer's intentions, and, as such, has per-



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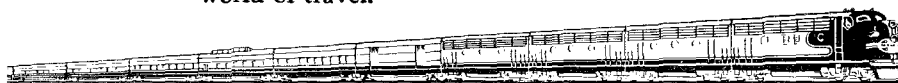
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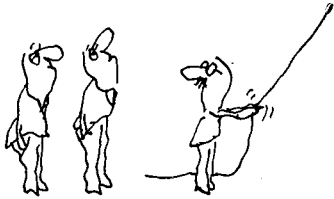
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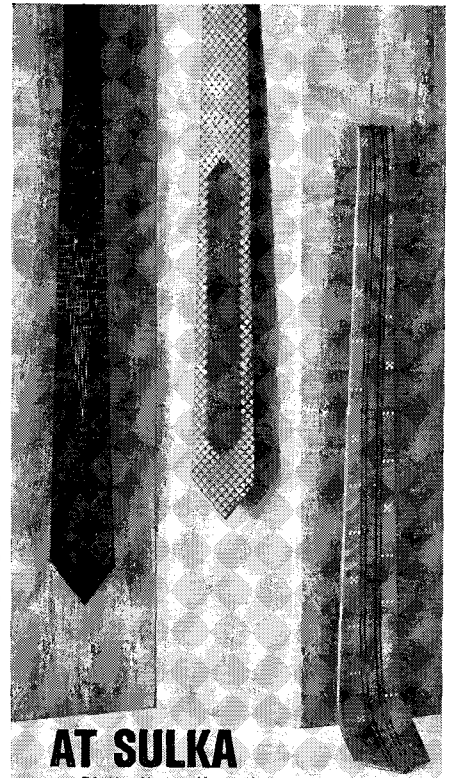
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emptorily done away with some of the more atrocious German translations of Italian and French operas. He drills his group with an exhaustive attention to detail that, in these days of high production costs, may well be unmatched anywhere; there are unauthenticated reports that he has rehearsed an opera for a full year, but even the three-month practice periods that are matters of verifiable fact make his rivals gasp with envy. No other opera house on earth—or, at least, none in the West—can afford that sort of thing. As *persona gratissima* with the East German regime, Felsenstein has just about unlimited financial resources and—even more important, and surprising—what seems to be wholly unlimited independence. If a dress rehearsal leaves him unsatisfied with the shape an opera is in, he will postpone the première, leaving the ticket-buying public to change its plans as best it may. When one of his principals falls sick, the singer is not replaced; the performance is simply cancelled.

Jacques Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," the opera I saw at the Komische Oper recently, had been lavishly rehearsed, even by Felsenstein's standards—two hundred and thirty-three times. When I drove up before the opera house, the street outside the building was filled with the cars of earlier arrivals from West Berlin and with East Berlin buses that had brought groups of workers and the inevitable Party deputations. Most of Felsenstein's performances are sold out in advance, but that doesn't mean that a well-heeled person who is really set on getting in can't do so at the last moment; I saw several members of workers' deputations turn scalper on the spot and sell their tickets to West Berliners at slightly over the box-office price—a crude insinuation of the profit motive that everybody seemed to take for granted. Inside the theatre, in a buffet room on the second floor, people were standing three deep in front of a counter at which beer, coffee, sandwiches, and plates of cold pork and salad were being sold. The pork was in especially heavy demand, notwithstanding rumors—officially denied, but widely believed and as widely spread—that the recent typhoid outbreaks in East Germany were caused by pork from Communist China.

The performance of "Tales of Hoffmann" had little in common with the customary production of the Offenbach masterpiece, and might more aptly, I thought, have been called "Tales of Felsenstein." According to the program notes, Felsenstein spent a couple



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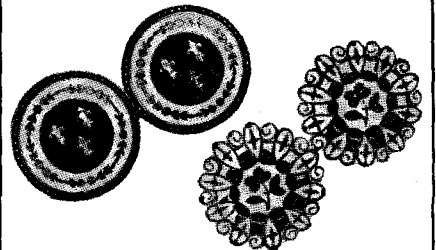
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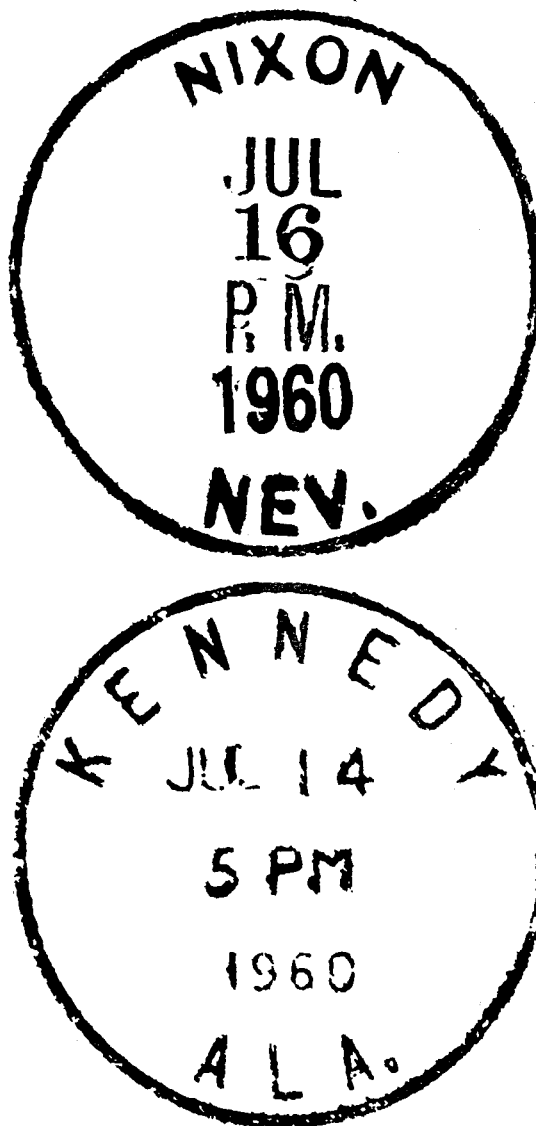
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of years studying a microfilm manuscript of the Jules Barbier-Michel Carré play, first produced in 1851, on which the opera was based, and an original copy of the libretto, which he borrowed from the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Offenbach died in 1880, while plans for the opera's first performance were still under way, and the work finally received its première the following year after Offenbach's original piano score for it had been orchestrated, with numerous alterations in the composer's original design, by Ernest Guiraud. From these erratic beginnings, the melodrama went on to an equally erratic career. After opening in Paris, it was produced by the Vienna Ringtheater, where, during its second performance, a fire broke out, causing almost four hundred deaths and destroying the building. Six years later, the Opéra Comique burned down shortly after the work had been performed there, and the only copy of Offenbach's original score was lost.

Having decided on the basis of his researches that no authentic version of the whole opera existed, Felsenstein felt free to substitute his own. His studies led him to believe that Offenbach had written the work as "a series of musical numbers with long dialogues in between," so Felsenstein removed the recitatives, which had in fact been added by various adapters, and reinstated Offenbach's original arias, duets, ensembles, and finales. According to the program notes, Felsenstein regretted that, in the interests of cohesion, he had had to cut out the opening chorus, which was unquestionably written by Offenbach, but he claimed it was necessary—and who is in a position to question him? Besides all this, Felsenstein's musical collaborator, K.-F. Voigtmann, doctored up the work with some "melodramatic interludes" and several entirely new pieces described simply as "based on Offenbach's music." ("Is it permissible," grumpily asked *Le Monde*, which, from Paris, did venture a question or two, "to put musical fragments from other works into a score for which they were not written?") In the first act, Hoffmann sings a romance that Felsenstein and his assistant borrowed from Offenbach's operetta "Maître Péronilla," which device the program justifies by observing that "this method was often used by the composer himself." In addition, the musically somewhat skimpy second act has been enriched by a duet from the third act and by the terzet part of a big septet, which is usually cut. Clearly, the distrust Felsen-

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stein and Voigtman feel toward adaptations in general does not extend to their own. "Felsenstein felt a close tie with Offenbach in their common excitement over the theme of the drama, with its fantastic visions," the program explains soothingly to anyone who may have reservations about the rights and wrongs of it all. "And though he was unable to restore the lost original, the future will show whether the re-created version has the force of a living original."

To me, the evening's performance made it abundantly evident that Felsenstein's heart lies primarily with the dramatic, rather than the lyric, theatre. For years before turning to opera, he produced plays in Berlin, and many Berliners have been tempted to ask the question that I heard a young woman ask her companion in the lobby: "Why do you suppose he bothers with opera at all?" In this version of "Hoffmann," the play was so obviously the thing, and the music so obviously secondary, that one could easily believe the gossip that Felsenstein sometimes stops the rehearsal of an opera to tell his cast reproachfully, "*Aber ihr singt ja schon wieder!*"—"But there you go singing again!" In any case, if the other night's "Tales of Hoffmann" wasn't great opera, it was very exciting theatre, and the audience was enraptured. Offenbach wouldn't have had a dull moment, either.

FOR the past three years, the Reichstag Building, which was the seat of the German Parliament from 1894 until 1933, when it was gutted by a mysterious fire that the Nazis accused the Communists of setting and everyone else accused the Nazis of setting, has been undergoing repair of the damage it suffered during the Battle of Berlin. Work on the southern and western façades is nearly completed, and the restorers have now started on the northern one. The eastern side, which is being left until last, is expected to present the most delicate engineering problems, because there is so little distance between its foundations and the Communist boundary that special scaffolds of some sort will have to be devised if they are to rest wholly on West Berlin territory. The engineers involved believe that they will work out a means of getting around this problem and that, provided the government comes through with the necessary money, the job will be completed in two more years. It is a source of regret to some of those responsible for the project that, if advance comments in the press are any gauge, many people

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won't care much when the Reichstag is at last restored, while many others will complain that the job cost too much, that the building should have been left in its damaged condition to serve as a war memorial, that a new building, farther from the boundary, should have been put up to take its place, and that, because of its precarious position so near East Germany, its restoration is certain to be interpreted as "provocation" by the East. Those who are worried about this last aspect have been especially alarmed by proposals recently going around that a token meeting of the West German Bundestag be held in the restored building.

I paid a call one afternoon on the engineer in charge of the restoration project, arriving at his construction shack, at the base of the scarred old structure, just as he was shutting up shop for the day. He told me that there wasn't much to see but that he would be glad to take me around and show me what there was. We walked up the broad stairway to the main entrance, which led us into a spacious lobby, on whose walls victorious Russian soldiers had scratched or daubed their names and addresses; the word "SLAVA" ("Glory") appeared many times, in many degrees of legibility, as did the inscription "STALIN-GRAD-BERLIN 22-6-41—9-5-45"—the beginning and the end of Hitler's war against Russia.

Leaving this hall, the engineer led me up a stairway with broad, shallow steps specially designed so that the sabres of Prussian cavalry officers wouldn't clatter on them—and on up into a southwestern tower. To me, the view from there seemed magnificent, but it was more than that to my guide, who, with a German's feeling for such matters, called it "a symbolic panorama." Flinging an arm expansively about, he said, "The entire past century lies just south of us. Let's start at the Brandenburg Gate, built by Friedrich Wilhelm II in 1791. I remember well when it was flanked by the French and American embassies. Behind the American embassy was the Hotel Adlon. Now the only embassy near the Gate is the Soviets', and the Adlon is destroyed. On the Western side of the boundary, let's follow the Street of the 17th of June, which commemorates East Berlin's fight for freedom in 1953, up to the Siegessäule—the victory column—which is still surrounded by the French cannons the German Army brought here from Paris in 1871. The few stones over there southeast of us are all that is left of the Reichskanzlei, where Hitler



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died. That empty space behind Unter den Linden was the site of the Imperial Palace, which the East Germans razed to make room for their Marx-Engels Square. Over there in the distance was Göring's Air Ministry. Now turn west, and you'll see the new postwar skyscrapers of the Hansa section. Between the trees, there, is Castle Bellevue, the West Berlin residence of our Federal President. That large building surrounded by old trees is the Swiss embassy—the only remaining one of the many embassies in this district before the war. It wasn't even touched—strange, isn't it? And that brings us back to the Brandenburg Gate."

The city was growing quiet now, with the passing of the rush hour. We looked down on the empty, silent street below us to the south, and watched an East German streetcar trundle up to the end of its westbound run, a couple of yards short of the boundary. Standing with the motorman on the front platform was the woman conductor. No passengers had stayed on the car until the last stop, because the subways provide the only legal public transportation between the East and West Zones, and there was nothing for her to do. At the terminus, so close to the border that he could have flicked a cigarette over it, the motorman stopped the car, then backed it through a switch and onto the return track. Removing his power and brake handles, he walked through the empty tram to the other platform, where he installed them again. From the back platform the woman conductor looked out hopefully for passengers, but there were none, so she blew a whistle and called to the motorman. He nodded, pumped his foot bell twice, and the ghost car crept slowly back into the depths of East Berlin.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Frances Lee Humiston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Humiston of Darien, formerly of Milford, has entered College of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif, where she will major in fiscal therapy.—*Milford (Conn.) Citizen.*

Techniques like rubbing the itching palms together.

OUR HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Dick Banks in the Charlotte (N.C.) Observer*]

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THE RACE TRACK

Low Tide



ALWAYS at this time of year, racing gets a little dull. Right now, the first-rate older horses are waiting for such big events as the Man o' War and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, and the two-year-olds have been getting ready for this Saturday's Champagne Stakes. Even the smart sprinters have been idle. As a result, the programs have been made up of claiming races and scrambles involving non-winners of anything ever, which can be tolerably boring. Still, I must say that the performance of Don Poggio and Amber Morn in the Manhattan Handicap at Belmont last Saturday was as thrilling as anything you could ask for. They went together stride for stride for most of the last three furlongs, and it wasn't until nearly the end of the mile and a half that Don Poggio came away. He won by three lengths. Polyad was third, five lengths farther back. Come to think of it, the Manhattan is usually a good show. Remember the finish last year, when Round Table beat Bald Eagle? Of course, the most famous Manhattan of all was Devil Diver's, in 1944. That afternoon, something named Alex Barth set the pace for the first six furlongs in the buggy-horse time of 1:22⅓, and the mile in 1:48⅓ (no doubt the slowest mile of the year), whereupon Arcaro sent Devil Diver over the last half mile in a fast 0:48, which was pie for him.

Although this year's Manhattan was a good race, there was something a bit depressing about the runners in the paddock. It wasn't that Find, who is ten years old and had run a hundred and two races, was still trying to make himself the richest gelding in history (he may do it yet; he needs only \$22,164 to top Armed's record), or that Eddie Schmidt, who is eight, seemed to be trying for some sort of endurance record (he had started ninety-two times and travelled thousands of miles); I suppose it was that the other entries made one face up to the fact that we're in a pretty parlous way for Class A horses. As for Don Poggio, let's reserve judgment on him. He's a sturdy, strapping colt, and he won five races in the Argentine last year before Gustav Ring bought him and imported him. He

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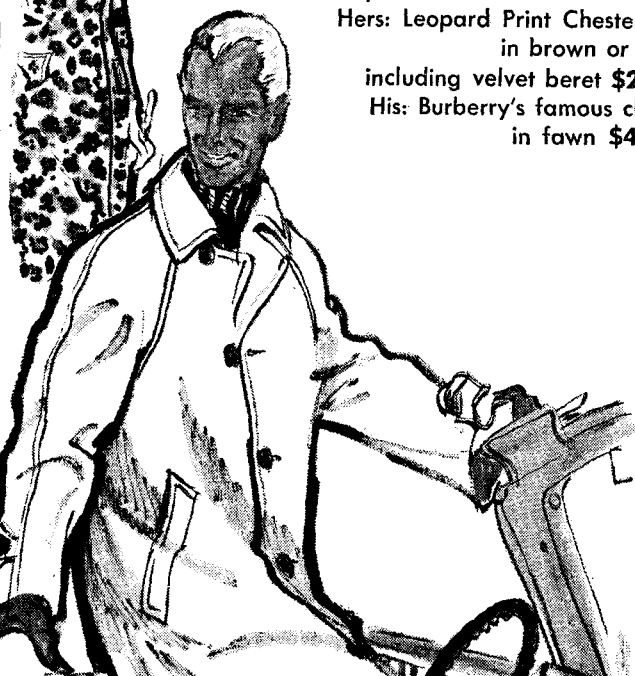
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romped off with the Merchants and Citizens Handicap at Saratoga, but then he was down the course in the Long Island Handicap on the opening day at Belmont. Saturday, by the way, was quite a day for Bobby Dotter, who trains Don Poggio; earlier that afternoon, he saddled a two-year-old named Guadalcanal, who is owned by his wife and had never raced before, and he won and paid a \$117.80 mutuel.

MANY racegoers who visited Belmont last weekend came away convinced that Calumet Farm's Beau Prince would win the Champagne Stakes. The reason for this view was the way he won the City Island Purse, a winding-up gallop for the Champagne. He began slowly, but on the far turn he produced a burst of speed that carried him from seventh to second place, and from there he went on to win going away. Watchers say it put them in mind of Citation's dash in the Sysonby and Berlo's spurt in the Bel-dame. It's no secret that Beau Prince is the pride of Calumet. He looks the part, too, being a big, handsome bay—a typical son of Bull Lea in color and conformation. He wears bandages on all four legs, but that doesn't mean that he's unsound. The chances are he'll be favorite for the Champagne. However, another colt likely to have strong support is Carry Back, who won the Cowdin early in the week with a smart effort. It's my guess that there will be a lot of runners—at least fifteen.

THE most distressing news of the week was Bally Ache's mishap in Chicago last Saturday. During the running of the Hawthorne Gold Cup Prep, he dislocated the ankle that had given him so much trouble earlier in the season, and he'll never race again, although it is hoped he can be saved for the stud. I understand that he was leading and was only a hundred yards from the winning post when the ankle gave way. The race was won by Hymient, a 6-1 chance. T. V. Lark was second and Rigoletto II was third. It seems that the worst things happen to the best racers. First Hail to Reason and then Bally Ache. I wonder who'll be next. As things stand now, the Gold Cup should be easy for Kelso. —AUDAX MINOR

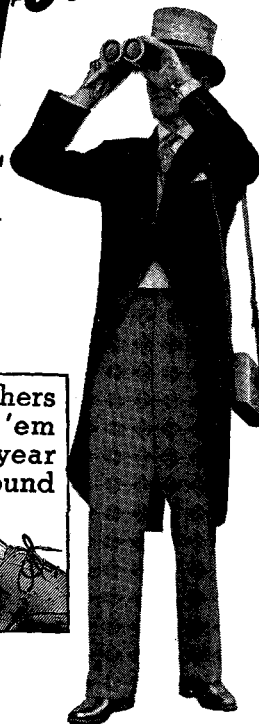
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[H. de la Chapelle in the Pasadena
(Calif.) Independent Star-News]

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BEFORE THE END OF SUMMER

WHEN Dr. Frazier came, Bennie's grandmother told him to run down to the spring and wade in the stream that flowed from it across the pasture field to Mr. Charley Miller's pond, or play under the big oak tree that stood between her field and Mr. Charley Miller's. He started along the path, but when he was about midway to the spring he stopped. He had waded in the stream and caught minnows all that morning. He had played under the oak tree all yesterday afternoon. He had asked his grandmother to let him walk the mile and a half down the road to James and Robert Lee Stewart's to play, but she had not let him go. There was nothing he wanted to do alone. He wanted someone to play with. He turned and went back and crept under the window of his grandmother's room. Their voices floated low and quiet out into the cool shade that lay over the house.

"How long will it be?" he heard his grandmother say.

"Before the end of summer."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. You should have sent for me long ago."

"I've passed my threescore and ten years. I'm eighty-four."

What did they mean? Perhaps he ought not to be listening.

"How will it come? Tell me, Doctor. I can stand it."

"There will be sharp, quick pains like the ones you've been having. Your heart cannot stand many more attacks. It grows weaker with each one, even though you're able to go about your work as you did before the attack came. I'm going to leave you a prescription for some pills that will kill the pain almost instantly. But that's about all they will do. When an attack comes, take two with a glass of water. They'll make you drop off to sleep. One time you won't wake up."

Now Bennie understood. But he could not turn and run away.

There was a brief silence. Then his grandmother said, "Don't tell Birdie nor anybody else."

"But you can't stay here alone with the child all day long. Why, he's only ten years old."

"I know. . . . Doctor, there ain't anyone to come stay with me. Birdie must go to the Fieldses' to work. You

know it's just Birdie, the boy, and me. I got no close kin. My husband, my three sons, and my other daughter's been dead for years now. You see, I know death, Doctor. I know it well. I'm just not use to it."

"No one is," Dr. Frazier said.

"Here's what I want to do. I'll go on just like before. There ain't nothin' else for me to do. When an attack comes, I'll take the two pills and I'll send Bennie runnin' down the road for May Mathis. She'll come. May will come. I know nobody I'd rather have set beside me than May. I knowed her all my life. Me and her done talked about this thing many times. It's July now. July the seventh. Then August—then September. But here I go runnin' on and on. Let me get your money. You've got to be paid. You've got to live."

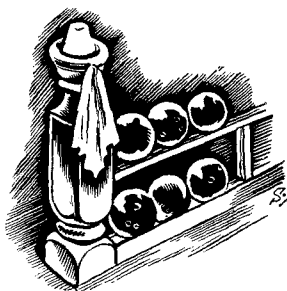
"Please," Dr. Frazier said.

"No harm meant."

In a moment, Bennie heard them walking out onto the porch through the door of her room. Then he could see them as they crossed the yard to the gate, where Dr. Frazier's horse and buggy stood. He was a little man, with a skin that was almost black. He climbed into his buggy and started up the road toward the town, which was three miles away, and she stood and looked after him. Her back was to the house. People said that Bennie's grandmother had Indian blood in her veins, for she had high cheekbones and her nose was long and straight, but her mouth was big. Her eyes seemed as though they were buried way back in her head, in a mass of wrinkles. They danced and twinkled whenever they looked at him. She was a big woman, and she wore long full skirts that came all the way to the ground.

She closed the gate and started back to the house, and it came to Bennie that he was alone with her, and that she was going to die soon. He turned and ran noiselessly across the back yard, through the back gate, and down the path to the spring.

When he reached the spring, he kept running. He ran across the pasture field and up the hill to the barbed-wire fence that divided his grandmother's land from Mr. Charley Miller's. He threw himself to the ground and rolled under the fence, picked himself up on the oth-

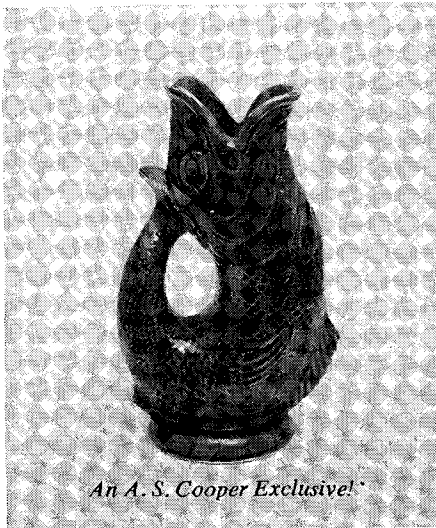


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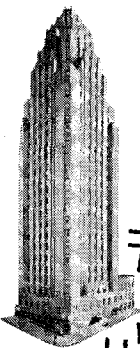
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er side, and ran through Mr. Charley Miller's field of alfalfa and into the woods, until at last he fell exhausted in the cool damp grass of a shaded clearing.

His grandmother was going to die. She might even be dead now. She was going to lie cold and still, in a long black casket that would be put into a hearse that would take her to church in town. The Reverend Isaiah Jones would preach her funeral. People would cry, because people liked his grandmother. His mother would cry. He would cry. And now he was crying, and he could not stop crying.

But at last he did, and he sat up and took from his pocket the clean white rag that his grandmother had given him to use as a handkerchief and dried his eyes. He must get up and go back to the house. He would have to be alone with his grandmother until his mother came home from the Fieldses' after she had cooked their supper. And he must tell no one what he had heard Dr. Frazier say to his grandmother.

He found her sitting in her big rocking chair, her hands clasped in her lap. "You been gone a long time," she said. "The water bucket's empty. Take it and go fill it at the spring. Time for me to be gettin' up from here and cookin' supper."

When he got back from the spring, he found her laying a fire in the kitchen stove.

It was nearly dark when he saw his mother coming, and he ran to meet her. She looked at him closely and said, "Bennie, why on earth did you run so fast?"

He could only say breathlessly, "I don't know." He added quickly, "What did you bring me?" Sometimes she brought him a piece of cake or pie, or the leg of a chicken from the Fieldses'. Today she did not have anything.

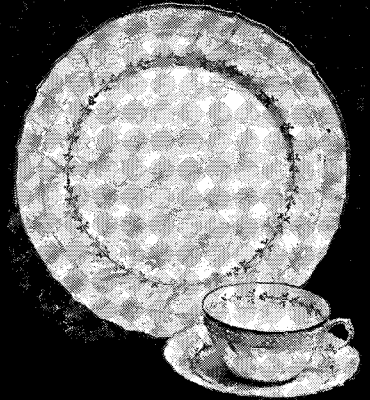
It was a long time before he went to sleep that night.

The next day, he stayed outdoors and only went into the house when his grandmother called him to do something for her. She did not notice.

On Sunday, his mother did not go to the Fieldses'. In the morning, they went to church. That afternoon, Mr. Joe Bailey drove up to the house in his horse and buggy to take Bennie's mother for a buggy ride. She had put on her pretty blue-flowered dress and her big wide-brimmed black straw hat with the red roses around its crown and the black ribbon that fell over the brim and down her back. She looked very pretty and as pleased as she could be. Bennie wanted to go riding with them. Once,

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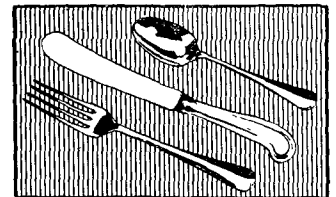
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he had asked Mr. Joe if he could go along, and Mr. Joe had grinned and said yes, but Bennie's mother had not been pleased at all, for some reason. This Sunday, after they had gone, his grandmother let him walk the mile and a half down the road to play with James and Robert Lee Stewart.

He knew that his grandmother was preparing to die. He came upon her kneeling in prayer beside her bed with its high headboard that almost touched the ceiling. As she sat in her rocking chair, she said the Twenty-third Psalm. He knew only the first verse: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Now he felt toward his grandmother the way he felt toward certain people, only more so. There was a feeling that made people seem strange—a feeling that came from them to you—that made you stand away from them. There was Miss Sally Cannon, his teacher. You did not go close to Miss Sally. She made you sit still and always keep your reader or your spelling book open on your desk, or do your arithmetic problems. If she caught you whispering or talking, she called you up to the front of the room and gave you several stinging lashes on your legs or across your back with one of the long switches that always lay across her desk. You did not go close to Miss Sally unless you had to. You did not go close to Dr. Frazier or the Reverend Isaiah Jones. Teachers, doctors, and preachers were special people.

You did not go close to white people, either. Sometimes when he and his grandmother went to town, they would stop at the Fieldses'. They would walk up the long green yard and go around the big red brick house, with its tall white columns, to the kitchen, where his mother was; it always seemed a nice place to be, even on a hot summer day. His mother and his grandmother would chuckle over something that Miss Marion Fields or Mr. Ridley Fields had done. They would stop smiling the minute Miss Marion came into the room, and they would become like people waiting in the vestibule of a church for the prayer to be finished so they could go in. He knew that he acted the same way.

Miss Marion had light-brown hair and light-brown eyes. His grandmother said that she was like a sparrow, for she was a tiny woman. She always wore a dress that was pretty enough to wear to church. The last time he was at the Fieldses', Miss Marion came into the kitchen. After she had spoken to his grandmother, she turned to him. He

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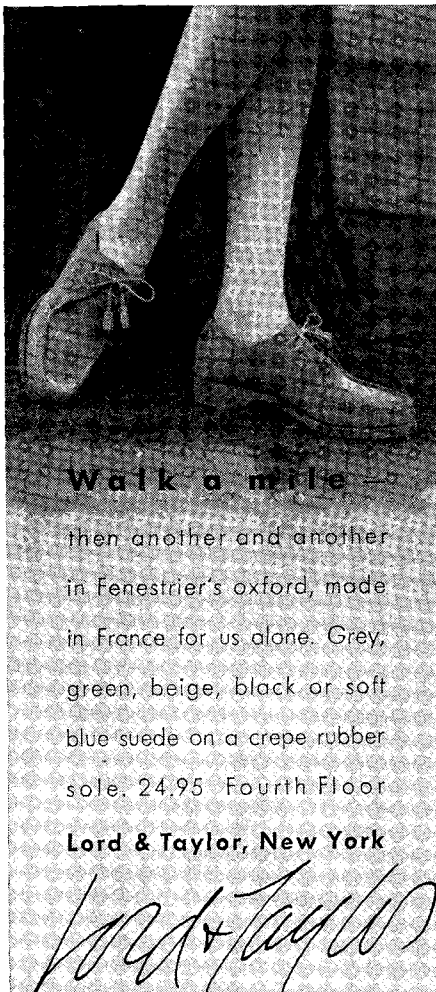
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was sitting in a chair near the window, and he felt himself stiffen both inside and outside. She said, "I declare, Birdie, Bennie's the prettiest colored child I ever did see. Lashes long as a girl's. Is he a good boy, Hannah?"

"He's a quiet child," his grandmother said. "Sometimes I think he's too quiet, but he's a good child—at least when I got my eyes on him." They all laughed.

"I'm sure Bennie's good," Miss Marion said. "Be a good boy, Bennie. Eat plenty and grow strong, and when you're big enough to work, Mr. Ridley will be glad to give you work here on his place. We're so glad to have your mother here with us. Now, be good, won't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he answered.

"Birdie, give him a piece of that lemon pie you baked for supper. Well, Hannah, it's been nice talking with you again. Always stop on your way to town."

TWO weeks to the day after Dr. Frazier's visit, Miss May Mathis came to see his grandmother. She was much shorter than his grandmother—a plump woman, who always wore long black-and-white checked gingham dresses that fell straight down from her high full breasts to her knees and then flared outward. Her chin was sharp, with folds of flesh around it. Her nose was wide and flat. She had small, snapping black eyes. Her skin was like cream that had been kept too long and into which hundreds of tiny black specks had fallen.

As she came into the yard, she asked Bennie if his grandmother was at home. She said she would sit on the porch, where it was cool. He ran into the house to tell his grandmother that she was there.

His grandmother put away her sewing and went out on the porch. "May, I'm glad you come. I've been lookin' for you," she said.

"I'd been here sooner, but my stomach's been givin' me trouble lately. Sometimes I think my time ain't long."

"Hush—hush! You'll live to see me put under the ground."

"Well, the day before yesterday I spent half the day in bed. I thought I'd have to send John for you," Miss May answered, and she went into a long account of the illness that troubled her.

Bennie got up from the edge of the porch and ran around the house. The two old women paid no attention to his going. He knew what his grandmother would say to Miss May. She would tell

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Miss May how she wanted to be dressed for burial. She would name the song she wanted to be sung over her. He had heard the same conversation many times. Now it was different. What they were talking about would soon "come to pass," as his grandmother would say. Miss May did not know, but he knew.

He went out of the back gate and down the path to the spring. He waded in the stream awhile, catching minnows in his hands and then letting them go. He went across the pasture field. He broke off a persimmon bush to use as a switch, and he chased his grandmother's cow about the pasture a bit. But the cow was old and soon grew tired of moving when he hit her with the switch. Then he went to the big oak tree that stood between the fields and sat down. He stayed there until he saw Miss May Mathis going out of the front gate.

The July days went slowly by, one much like another. It grew hotter and hotter.

One day when he walked into the house after playing a long time in the stream and the pasture field, he found his grandmother quietly sleeping in her big rocking chair. He saw a bottle full of big white pills on the dresser. It had not been there when he left the house. An empty glass stood beside the pills. He felt too frightened to move. Her breast was rising and falling evenly. She stirred and then opened her eyes.

She seemed dazed and not to see him for a moment. Then her lips curved into a queer smile, and a twinkle came into her eyes. "Must have dropped off to sleep like a baby," she said. "Run outdoors and play. I'll set here awhile, and then I'll get up and start supper."

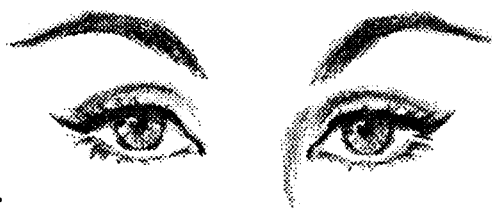
Later on, she called him and asked if he could make out with milk and cold food from dinner. She left the milking for his mother to do when she came home from the Fieldses'. But the next morning his grandmother was all right, and he thought that she was not going to die that summer, after all.

One morning, a little after his mother had gone to the Fieldses', Mr. John Mathis drove up. He turned his horse and buggy around to face the way he had come. Then he walked up the path to the house. He was a tall, rawboned man with a bullet-shaped head, and he looked exactly like what he was—a deacon in a church.

"What is it, John?" Bennie's grandmother asked.

"It's May. She was sick all day yesterday. Last night I had to get the doc-

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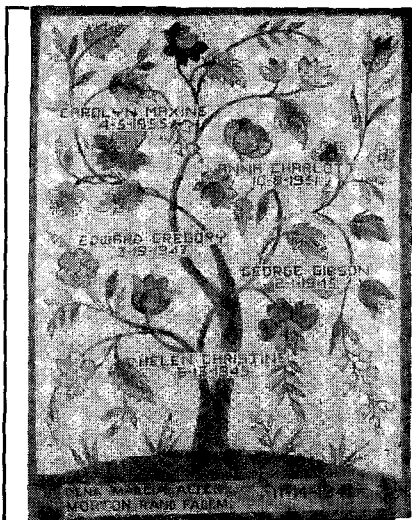
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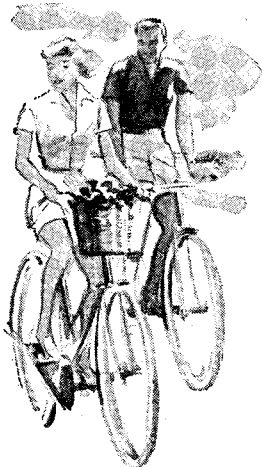
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tor for her. Jennie Stewart's there now."

"I'll be ready to go in a minute," his grandmother said.

On the way to the Mathises', Bennie sat on the back of the buggy. His grandmother and Mr. John said only a few words. When they reached the house, his grandmother told him to keep very quiet and to be good, and she went inside at once. There were people on the porch, and people continued to come and go. It was midafternoon, and still his grandmother had not come from within the house. A Ford car drove up to the gate. In it were Philomena Jones and her mother. Philomena was a year younger than Bennie. She had a sharp little yellow face, big black eyes that went everywhere, and she wore her hair in two long plaits. "Come on," she said, "and let's play something." When they were out of hearing of the grown-up people, she said, "Miss May going to die."

"How do you know?"

"I heard my mama say she was. She's old. When you're old you have to die."

Next, Philomena said, "Your mama's tryin' to catch Mr. Joe Bailey for a husband. Mama said it's time she's getting another husband if she's ever going to get one."

"You stop talkin'!" Bennie told her.

"She said your pa's been dead nine years now and if your mama don't hurry and take Mr. Joe Bailey—that is, if she can get him—she may never get a chance to marry again."

"If you don't stop talkin', I'll hit you!"

"No, you won't. I'm not scared of you, even if you are a boy, and I'll say what I want to. Mama said, 'Birdie Wilson's in her forties, if she a day, and if a woman lets herself get into her forties without marryin', her chance are mighty slim after that.' I'm goin' to marry when I'm twenty."

"Nobody'd want you. You talk too much."

"I don't, neither."

"I won't play with you. I'm goin' back to the porch," he said.

Philomena stayed in the yard a little longer. She carried on an imaginary conversation with a person who seemed as eager to talk as she. After a while, she ran back to the porch and sat down and gave her attention to what the grown-up people were saying, now and then putting in a word herself.

Then his grandmother came out from the house. People stopped talking at the sight of her face. "May's gone," she said.

The people on the porch bowed their

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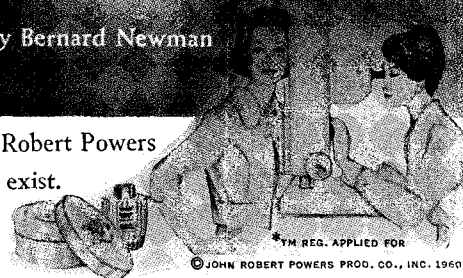


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heads, and their faces became as though they were already at Miss May Mathis's funeral.

His grandmother looked very tired. After a moment, she said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh. Blessed be the name of the Lord." There was a silence. Then she spoke again. "I thought May would do for me what I have to do for her now." She turned and went back into the house. Some of the women rose and followed her.

The people who remained on the porch spoke in low voices. Someone wondered when the funeral would be. Someone wondered if Miss May's sister Ethel, who lived in St. Louis, would come. Someone hoped that it would not rain the day of the funeral.

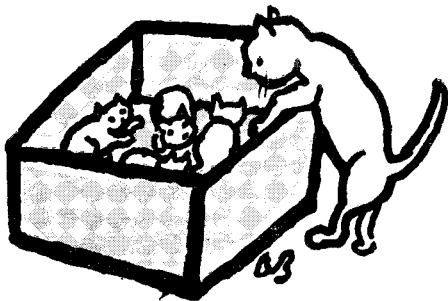
Then Mr. John Mathis and Bennie's grandmother came out on the porch. Mr. John said, "Hannah, you done all you could do. May couldn't have had a better friend. You're tired now. I'll send you home."

At home, his grandmother seemed not to notice him. Her eyes seemed to be taking a great sad rest. She sent him to the spring to get water to cook supper.

As he walked down the path, he thought about his grandmother. He felt more sorry for her than he felt fear of her. Miss May Mathis was dead; he could not run and get her now.

On Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at the Baptist Church, Miss May Mathis's funeral service was held. There was a procession of buggies, surreys, and even a few automobiles from the house to the church. Mr. Joe Bailey came and took Bennie's mother, his grandmother, and him to church. The funeral was a long one. He sat beside his grandmother and listened to the prayers, the songs, and the sermon, all the time dreading the moment when the flowers would be taken from the gray casket, the casket would be opened, and the people would file by to see the body for the last time.

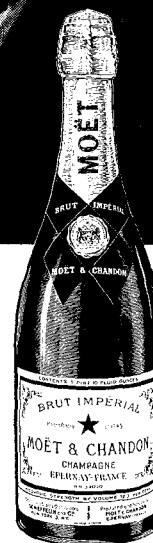
The Reverend Isaiah Jones described Heaven as a land flowing with milk and honey, a place where people ate fruit from the tree of life, wore golden slippers, long white robes, and starry crowns, and rested forever. The Reverend Isaiah Jones was certain that



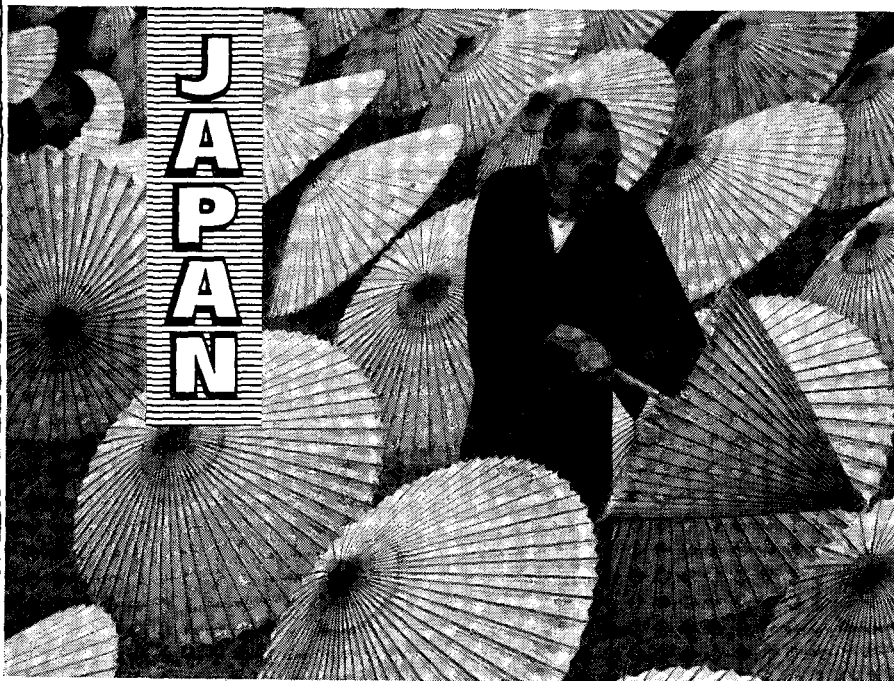
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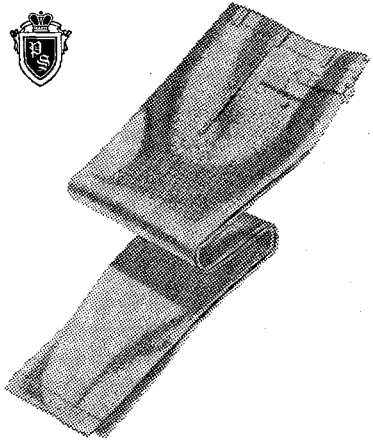
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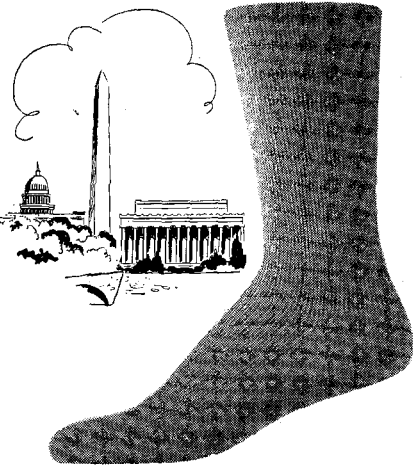
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Miss May Mathis was there, resting in the arms of Jesus, done with the sins and sorrows of this world. Bennie wondered why Mr. John covered his face with his hands, and why Miss May's sister Ethel, who had come all the way from St. Louis, cried out, and why people cried, if Miss May was so happy in this land. It seemed that they should be glad for her, so glad they would not cry. Or did they cry because they were glad? He could not understand. The Reverend Jones said that they would see Miss May on the Resurrection morning. Bennie could not understand this, either.

At last the gray casket was opened, and people began to file by it. And at last he was close. His mother went by, and then Mr. Joe. Now his grandmother. The line of people stopped, waiting expectantly. His grandmother stood and looked down on Miss May for a long time. She did not cry out. She simply stood there and looked down, and finally she moved on. Now he was next. Miss May Mathis looked as though she had simply combed her hair and piled it on top of her head, put on her best black silk dress, pinned her big old pearl brooch to its lace collar, picked up a white handkerchief with one hand, and then decided that instead of going to church she would sleep a little while. As he looked down on her, he was not as afraid as he'd thought he would be.

Outside the church, as the procession was forming to go to the graveyard, Dr. Frazier came up to his grandmother and asked how she was.

"As well as could be expected, Doctor," his grandmother said. And then, in a low voice, "I've had only one."

"You got through it all right."

"Yes."

"And this?"

"I've managed to get through it."

"You will be careful."

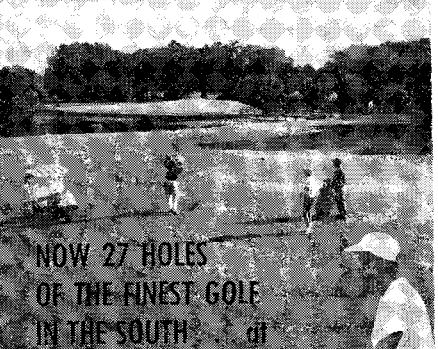
"Yes."

"Now?"

"He'll have to go to the Stewarts'."

They did not know that he understood what they were talking about, even if none of the other people around them did. He heard two women whispering. One said to the other, "It's wonderful the way Aunt Hannah took it." He felt very proud of his grandmother.

NOW his grandmother's footsteps were slower as she moved about the house and yard. He kept the garden and the flower beds along the yard fences weeded, the stove box full of



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wood, the water bucket full all the time, without her having to ask him to do these things for her. He overheard her say to his mother, "Child does everything without being told. It ain't natural."

"Reckon he's not well?" his mother asked anxiously.

"Don't think so. He eats well. Maybe the trouble is the child don't have nobody to play with every day. He'll be all right when fall comes and school starts."

August came, and it grew hotter. The sun climbed up the sky in the morning and down the sky in the evening like a tired old man with a great load on his back going up and down a hill. Then one hot mid-August day dawned far hotter and sultrier than the one just past. It grew still hotter during the early part of the morning, but by midday there was a change, for there was a breeze, and in the west a few dark clouds gathered in the sky. His grandmother said, "I believe the rain will come at last."

About three o'clock, the wind rose suddenly. It bent the top of the big oak tree that stood in the yard. There were low rumbles of thunder.

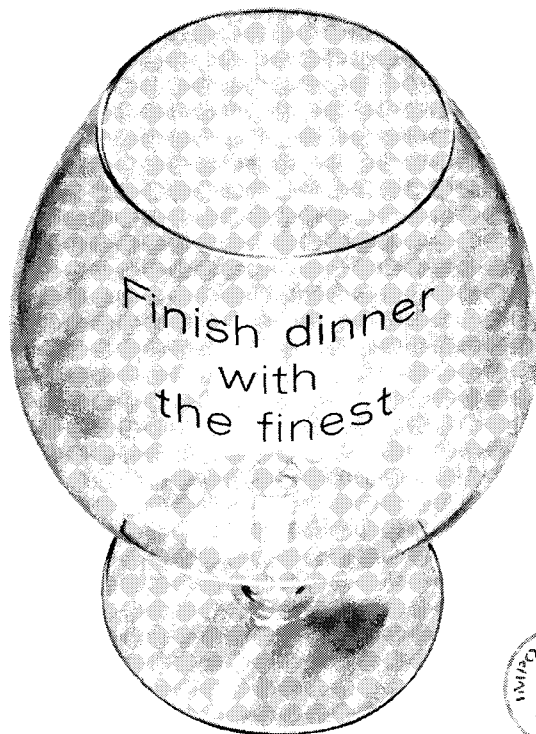
"Bennie, Bennie, come! Let's get the chickens up!" his grandmother called to him.

By the time all the chickens were safe in the henhouse and chicken coops, it was time to go into the house and put the windows down. The wind lifted the curtains almost to the ceiling. They got the windows down. His grandmother went into the kitchen. He went out on the porch. He wanted to watch the clouds, for he had never seen any bigger or blacker or quite so low to the earth—he was sure they must be touching the ground somewhere. He wanted to see what the wind did to the trees, the corn, and the grass.

At last the rain fell, first in great drops that were blown onto the edge of the porch by the wind and felt cool and good as they touched his face. They made him want to run out into the yard. Then the rain came so quickly and so heavily, and with it so much wind, that it came up on the porch and almost pushed him back into the house. The thunder roared and there were flashes of lightning.

"Bennie, Bennie, where are you?" his grandmother called, and when he went inside she said, "Set down—set down in the big chair there or come into my room if you want to. I'm goin' to just set in my rocker."

"I'll stay here," he said, and he went



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to the big chair near the fireplace and sat down.

"There—there—just set there. I'll leave the door open."

He tried to keep from thinking what might happen if his grandmother had one of her spells, but he could not. He went to the fireplace. The back of the fireplace was wet; water stood on it in drops that looked like tears on a face. He stood and looked at it awhile, then he sat down in the big chair. There was nothing else to do but to sit there.

He heard her cry out. The cry was sharp and quick. Then it was cut off.

She called him. "Bennie! Bennie!" Her voice was thick.

He could not move.

"Bennie!"

He went into the room where she was.

She sat on the side of her bed. She was breathing hard, and in one hand she had the bottle of white pills. "Get me a glass of water. One of my spells done come over me."

He went into the kitchen and got a glass from the kitchen safe and filled it with water from the bucket that sat on the side table. Then he went back to her and gave her the water.

She took it and put two pills in her mouth and gulped them down with the water. She was breathing hard. "Pull off my shoes," she said.

As he was unlacing the high-top shoes she always wore, she gave a little cry. He felt her body tremble. "Just a bit of pain. Don't worry. I'm all right," she said. "It's gone," she added a moment later.

When he got her shoes off, he lifted her legs onto the bed, and she lay back and closed her eyes. "Go into the front room," she said, "and close the door behind you and stay there until the storm is past. I'm goin' to drop off to sleep—and if I'm still asleep when the storm is over, just let me sleep until your mama comes. Don't come in here. Don't try to wake me. 'T won't do me no harm to take me a long good sleep."

He could not move. He could only stand there and stare at her.

"Hear me? Go on, I tell you. Go on—don't, I'll get up from here and skin you alive."

He crept from the room, closing the door after him.

He went to the big chair and sat down. He must not cry. Crying could not help him. There was nothing to do but to sit there until the storm was past.

The rain and the wind came steadily now. He sat back in the big chair. He wondered about his mother. Was she

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safe at the Fieldses'? He wondered if the water had flowed into the henhouse and under the chicken coops, where the little chickens were. If it had, some of the little chickens might get drowned. The storm lasted so long that it began to seem to him that it had always been there.

At last he became aware that the room was growing lighter and the rain was not so hard. The thunder and lightning were gone. Then, almost as suddenly as it had begun, the storm was over.

He got up and went out on the porch. Everything was clean. Everything looked new. There were little pools of water everywhere, and it was cool. There were a few clouds in the sky, but they were white and light gray. He looked across the field toward Mr. Charley Miller's, and he opened his eyes wide when he saw that the storm had blown down the big oak tree. He started to run back into the house to tell his grandmother that the storm had blown the tree down, and then he stopped. After a minute, he stepped down from the porch. The wet grass felt good on his bare feet.

He felt his grandmother in the doorway even before he heard her call. He turned and looked at her. She had put on her shoes and the long apron she always wore. She came out on the porch, and he decided that she looked as though her sleep had done her good.

He remembered the tree, and he cried, "Look—look, Grannie! The storm blew down the tree between your field and Mr. Charley Miller's."

"That tree was there when me and your grandpa came here years and years ago," she said. "The Lord saw fit to let it be blown down in this storm. I—I—" She broke off and went back into the house.

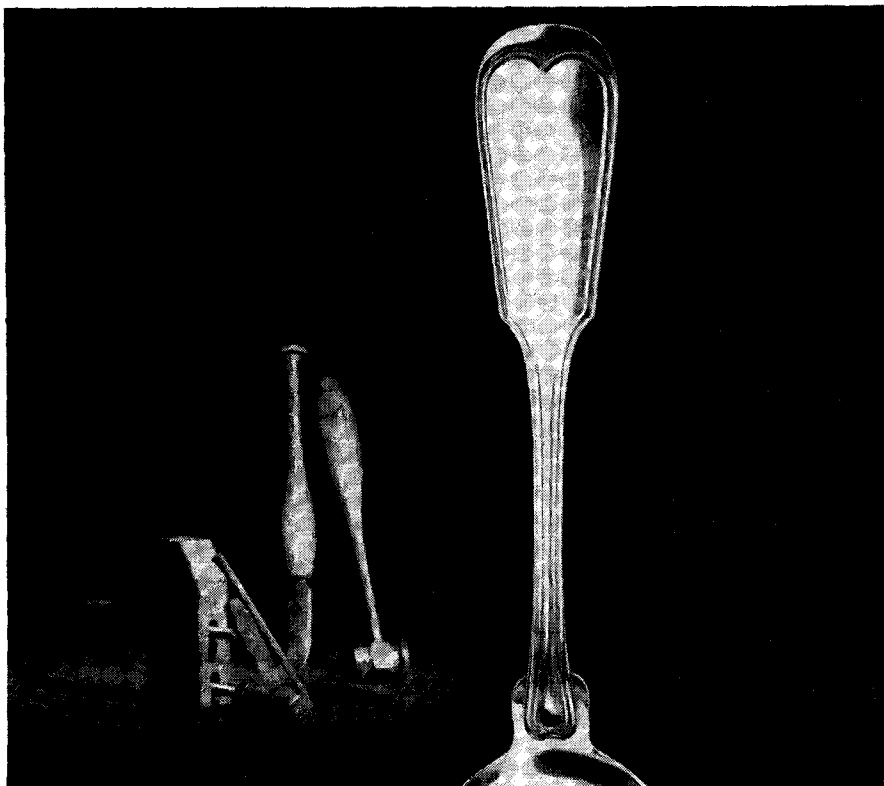
He ran into the house and said to her, "I'm goin' down to the spring. I bet the stream's deep as a creek."

"Don't you get drowned like old Pharaoh's army," she said.

THE storm drove away the heat, for the days were now filled with cool winds that came and rattled the cornstalks and the leaves on the oak tree in the yard. There were showers. The nights were long and cool; the wind came into the rooms, gently pushing aside the neat white curtains to do so.

One morning when he went into the kitchen to get hot water and soap to take to the back porch to wash his face and hands, he found his mother and grandmother busy talking. They

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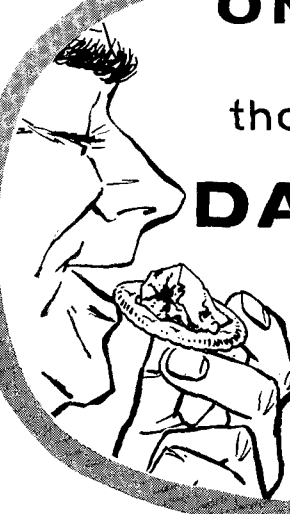
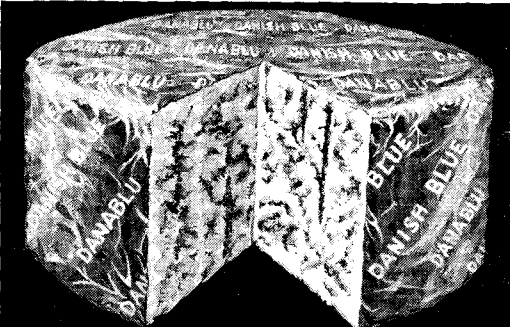


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stopped the moment they saw him. His mother's face seemed flushed and uncomfortable, but her eyes were very bright.

"Done forgot how to say good mornin' to a body?" his grandmother said.

"Good mornin', Grannie. Good mornin', Mama."

"That's more like it."

"Good mornin', Bennie," his mother said. She looked at him, and he had a feeling that she was going to come to him and take him in her arms the way she used to do when he was a little boy. But she did not.

His grandmother laughed. "Well, son, Mr. Joe Bailey went and popped the question to your mama last night."

His mother blushed. He did not know what to say to either of them. He just stood and looked at them.

"What you goin' to say to that?" his mother said.

All he could think to say was "It's all right."

His grandmother laughed again, and his mother smiled at him the way she did when he ran down the road to meet her and asked her to let him carry the packages that she had.

"When will they be married?" he asked.

"Soon," his mother said.

"Where will they live—here?"

"That ain't been settled yet," his grandmother said. "Nothin' been settled. They just got engaged last night while they were settin' in the front room and you was sleepin' in your bed. Things can be settled later." She gave a sigh that his mother did not hear. But he heard it.

He poured water from the teakettle into the wash pan and took the pan out on the back porch and washed and dried his hands. He looked across the fields and hills. The sun had not come up yet, but the morning lay clear and soft and quiet as far as his eyes could see.

His mother was going to marry Mr. Joe Bailey. He did mind a little. He knew that was what she wanted. He liked Mr. Joe. When Mr. Joe smiled at him, he always had to smile back at him; something seemed to make him do so.

After his mother had gone to the Fieldses', he and his grandmother sat down to breakfast at the table in the kitchen. His grandmother never ate a meal without saying grace. Usually she gave thanks just for the food that they were about to eat. This morning she asked the Lord to bless his mama, Mr. Joe, and him, and she thanked the Lord for answering all her prayers.

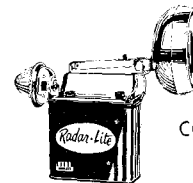
As they ate, she talked to him. She

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spoke as though she were talking to herself, expecting no answer from him, but he knew that she meant for him to listen to her words, and he knew why she was talking to him. "Joe Bailey will make your mama a good husband and you a good father to take the place of your father who you never knew. The Lord took your father when your father was still young, but that was the Lord's will. Joe Bailey will be good to you, for he is a good man. Mind him. Don't make trouble between him and your mama. Hear me?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Don't you worry about where you'll stay. You'll be with your mama. Hear me?"

"Yes'm."

She sat silent for a moment, and then she added, "Well, no matter if your mama is going to marry Mr. Joe Bailey. We got to work today just like we always has. No matter what comes, we have to do the little things that our hands find to do. Soon as you finish eatin', go to the spring and get water and fill the pot and the tubs."

AUGUST drew toward its close, but the soft cool days stayed on, and they were calm and peaceful. His grandmother cooked the meals, and washed and ironed their own clothes and those that his mother brought home from the Fieldses' and Mr. Charley Miller's. Sometimes Bennie wondered if she had put from her mind the things that Dr. Frazier had said to her that day he listened under the window. Sometimes it seemed to him that he had never crept close to the window and listened to her and Dr. Frazier. The summer seemed just like last summer and the summer before that.

One day near the end of the month, Mr. John Mathis stopped by the house on his way to town. He was on horseback, riding a big black horse whose sides glistened. He hailed Bennie's grandmother, and she came out on the porch to pass the time of day with him.

"Ever see such a fine summer day, John?" she said.

"It's not a summer day, Hannah. It's a fall day. It's going to be an early fall this year."

"Think so?" his grandmother asked. Her face changed, but Mr. John did not notice.

"I can feel it. I can feel it in the air. The smell of fall is here already." Then they fell to talking about the church and people they knew.

She stood on the porch and watched Mr. John ride up the road on his big

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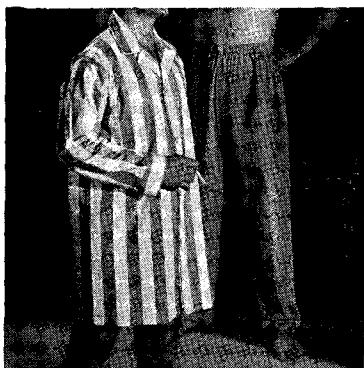
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black horse. Often that day, she came out on the porch and stood and looked across the fields and hills.

When Bennie went outside for the first time the next morning and looked around him, he did not see a single cloud in the sky. The quiet that lay about him felt like a nice clean sheet you pull over your head before you go to sleep at night that shuts out everything to make a space both warm and cool just for you. The day grew warm. A little after midday, clouds began to float across the sky, but for the most part it remained clear and very blue. He played in the yard under the oak tree, and then he went down to the spring and played. In the afternoon, he rolled his hoop up and down the road in front of the house. He grew tired of this and went and sat under the tree.

He was still sitting under the tree when his grandmother cried out. She gave a sharp sudden cry, like the cry people make when they've been stung by a bee or a wasp. He got to his feet. Then he heard her call. "Bennie! Bennie!"

He ran into the house and into her room.

She sat in her big rocking chair, leaning forward a little, her hands clutching the arms of the chair. She was breathing hard. He had never seen her eyes as they were now. "Water—the pills—in the dresser."

He ran into the kitchen and got a glass of water and ran back to the room and gave it to her and then went to the dresser and got the bottle of pills. He unscrewed the top and took out two of them and gave them to her.

She put the pills in her mouth and gulped them down with water. Then she leaned back and closed her eyes. At last she breathed easier, and in a few moments she opened her eyes. "Run and get—get Miss—No, go get your mama. Hurry! Your grandmother is very sick."

It was a long way to the Fieldses'—even longer than to the Stewarts'! He stood still and looked at her. She was a big woman, and the chair was a big chair. Now she seemed smaller—lost in the chair.

"Hurry—hurry, child."

"Grannie, I'll stay with you until you go to sleep, if you want me to," he heard himself say.

"No! No! Hurry!"

"I heard you and Dr. Frazier talking that day."

"Child! Child! You knew all the time?"

"Yes, Grannie."

"When I drop off to sleep, I won't



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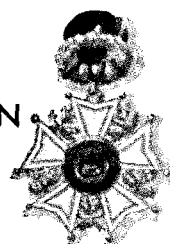
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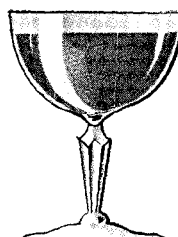
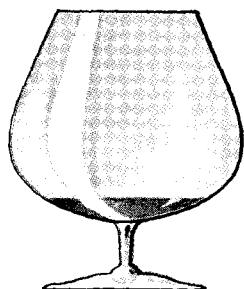
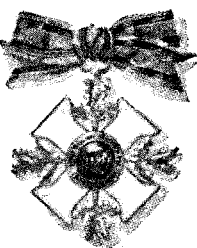
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wake up. Your grandmother won't wake up here."

"I know."

"You're not afraid?"

He shook his head.

She seemed to be thinking hard, and at last she said, "Set down, child. Set down beside me."

He pulled up the straight chair and sat down facing her.

"Seems like I don't know what to say to you, Bennie. Be a good boy. Seems like I can't think any more. Everything leavin' me—leavin' me."

"I'll set here until you go to sleep, and then I'll go and get mama."

"That's a good boy," she said, and she closed her eyes.

He sat still and quiet until her breath came softly and he knew that she was asleep. It was not long. Then he got up and walked from the room and out of the house.

He did not look back, and he did not run until he was a good way down the road. Then suddenly he began to run, and he ran as fast as he could.

—GRANT MOSS, JR.

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. SCOTT. Mr. President, when the Senator makes the comparison between a symphony and a prizefight, I know the Senator does not wish to reflect upon culture. The Senator is a lover of good music.

Mr. CLARK. I yield to my friend in all the cultures.

Mr. SCOTT. I would not wish the Senator to go that far.

I was about to say that the Senator is one of those who know there is no such thing as Beethoven's 10th symphony, for example.

Mr. CLARK. I said "Fifth."

Mr. SCOTT. I know. I said, the Senator is one of those who know there is no such thing as Beethoven's 10th Symphony.

Mr. CLARK. We agree that there is a Fifth?

Mr. SCOTT. We agree there is a "Fifth Symphony." We will both take the "Fifth Symphony."

Mr. CLARK. But not the fifth amendment.

Mr. SCOTT. But not the fifth amendment.

I am not opposed to the extension of culture to anyone who is ready, willing, and able to receive it.

Mr. CLARK. This is a very bold statement for a Republican.

Mr. SCOTT. I would say if there is an implication that Republicans are uncultured, I have no objection to that allegation.

Mr. CLARK. Of course, not all Republicans.

Mr. SCOTT. It would tend to bring the Republicans closer to others who do not particularly wish to be known as revelling in culture.

The Senator is leading me somewhat away from the purpose of my inquiry.

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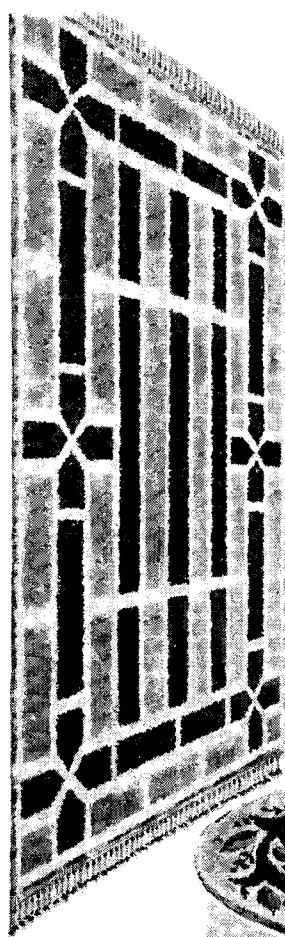
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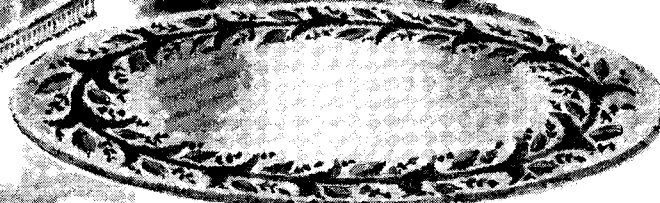
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Max Nomad and Wacław Machajski

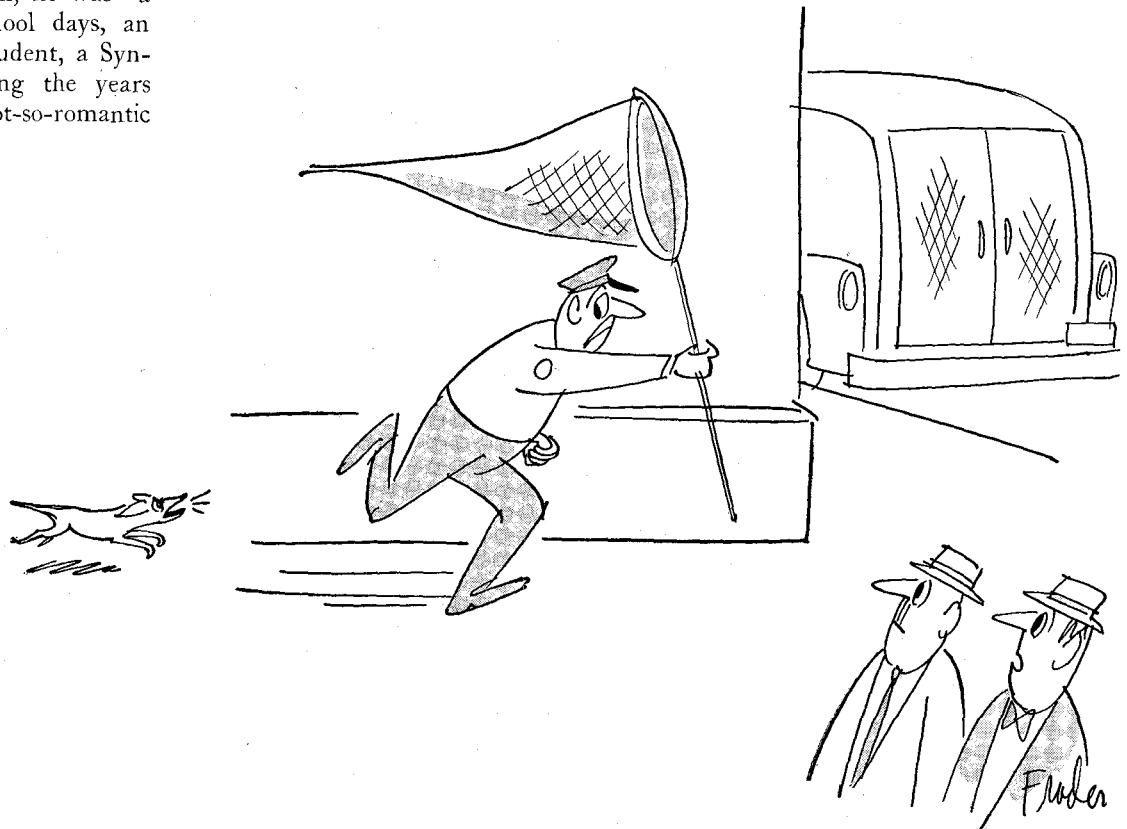
THE specialist in revolutionary history who writes under the name of Max Nomad has published a new and important book called "Aspects of Revolt" (Bookman Associates). Max Nomad, whose first book, "Rebels and Renegades," appeared in 1932, has occupied a unique position in the intellectual world of New York. Though working exclusively in the field of reformist and radical politics, he has had no affiliation, during this period of literary activity, with any political party, nor has he written to promote any cause. He has been critical of the leaders of all the movements, and this has not made him popular with the Left. Far from sharing utopian illusions, he is skeptical alike of the capacity of the masses to improve their own condition and of the capacity for sustained disinterestedness of those who claim to represent them. What, then, is the fascination that revolution exerts for Max Nomad? What has made him a connoisseur of radicals? In order to understand his point of view, you must know that he was born in Poland and that, as he tells us in the preface to this latest book, he was "a Socialist in my high-school days, an Anarchist as a college student, a Syndicalist *sui generis* during the years of my romantic and not-so-romantic vagabondage, and finally a Soviet sympathizer some forty years ago when Lenin and Trotsky were still glorious legends, between 1917 and 1920," and that at some point—what was cardinal for his thinking—he came under the influence of Wacław Machajski, a heretical Polish radical whose views are calculated to eat away the convictions of any school that has pretended to have for its object the realization of the equable Socialist state.

Wacław Machajski (pronounced "Vatzlav Makhighski"), who was born in Russian Poland, began as a

Polish nationalist and was imprisoned for five years by the Russians. He had also become a revolutionary Marxist, and on getting out of prison, in 1892, when he was twenty-six years old, he made an attempt to smuggle into Poland a manifesto, prepared by Polish and Russian students in Switzerland, that was intended to support a rebellion of the factory workers of Lodz. He was caught and sent to Siberia, where he spent six years in the extreme northeast, on the edge of the Arctic Circle. He had, however, as was possible in those days, when the censorship was easy to evade, an excellent opportunity to acquaint himself with Socialist literature, and this literature had upon Machajski an entirely unintended effect. It led him to certain conclusions quite contrary to Socialist theory which he expounded first, while still in Siberia, in a small treatise called "The Evolution of Social Democracy," published under a pseudonym and circulated illegally. This he later, after leaving Russia, incorporated in a larger work, called "The Intellectual Worker," which was printed in Russian in Geneva.

The most important feature of the theory of politics which Machajski had

come to evolve was the discovery that the Socialists, who had put themselves forward as the spokesmen and agents of the working class, in reality belonged already, without their being aware of it, to a class of an entirely new kind, whose interests they would eventually defend at the expense of the interests of the manual workers. This class was composed of technicians, intellectuals, professional men, and middle-class clerks and officials who had had a good education. It was a group that had enormously increased in the course of the eighteenth century, and it had become impossible for its members to depend, as they had formerly done, on aristocratic or royal patronage. They did not recognize themselves as a class but, conscious of their growing importance as the feudal regime gave way, they felt also the impulse toward power, and they reached out—having no other possible allies against the remnants of the old society and the strong commercial bourgeoisie—for the support of the working class. In the case of the Socialist parties in the countries west of Czarist Russia, Machajski decided that, no matter how Marxist they pretended to be in their objectives, they did not have any real



"There's a case of a square peg in a round hole."

intention of overthrowing the capitalist system; they merely wanted to be able to direct it, and as for Russia itself, when its rebels should have got rid of absolutism, they would eventually behave in the same way. These reformers did not really aim at what they called the "classless society," which was just as much "pie in the sky" as their American Socialist successors were to call the rewards of religion. It was a lure to win adherents from the working class. Their real, unavowed aim was to supplant the private capitalists, and for this they needed first not violence but democratic processes of government, which would enable them to get into office, and then government ownership of industries, which would make them the supreme masters. They would absorb certain former capitalists and certain able self-educated workers, and they would function as an administrative hierarchy, with larger salaries than the working class, and in consequence wider freedom and superior education. They would soon forget the interests of the working class when its help was no longer needed.

Now, this theory of Machajski's falls in with a number of striking predictions—inspired by hopes or by fears—that had already been made by others. One remembers the ideal of the Comte de Saint-Simon, who, in the early years of the nineteenth century, proposed a great "Council of Newton"—since he believed that it was Newton who had been chosen by God to convey the divine revelations—to be composed exclusively of scientists, writers, composers, and painters, which was to organize and run society in accordance with social laws corresponding to the physical ones that governed the heavenly bodies; and one remembers that the followers of Saint-Simon emphatically disavowed any interest in promoting equality among the properly unequal grades of men. It is significant in this connection that the last leader of the Saint-Simonist movement should have begun as an engineer and ended as a railroad director. And Max Nomad quotes some anti-Socialist prophecies that point in the same direction. The Anarchist leader Bakunin, in 1873, predicted that the Marxist state, if it ever came into existence, would be dominated by a "privileged minority. . . . That minority, the Marxists say, will consist of workers. Yes, perhaps of *former* workers. And these, as soon as they become rulers or representatives of the people, will cease to be workers and will look upon the entire world of manual workers from the heights of the State. They will no long-

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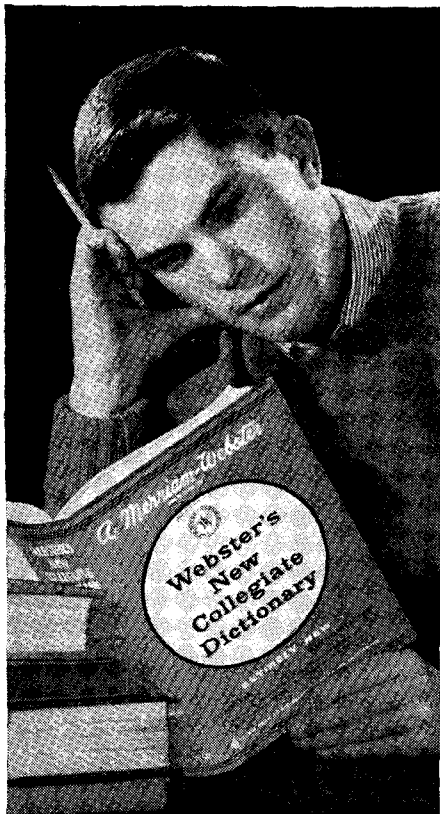
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er represent the people, but themselves and their own pretensions to rule the people. . . . They will establish a single State Bank that will concentrate in its hands all commercial-industrial, agricultural, and even scientific production; and the mass of the people will be divided into two armies, the industrial and the agricultural, which will be under the direct command of government engineers who will constitute a new privileged scientific political class." Herbert Spencer, in 1884, in his "Man Versus the State," said that "the machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since, vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization, once developed and consolidated, must become irresistible. . . . It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru, under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and indoors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves." Max Nomad might also have cited Flaubert's prophetic creation, in his "L'Éducation Sentimentale," of the teacher of mathematics Sénécal, who is first an intransigent Socialist, then a merciless factory foreman, then a policeman putting down the workers in the revolution of 1848. Thorstein Veblen, who was not intransigent but who made certain radical criticisms of the American economic system, departed from conventional theory by arguing, in "The Engineers and the Price System"—the book that gave rise to the technocracy movement—that if any sort of Socialistic society was ever to be realized in the United States, the transformation would be effected not by the working class but by the concerted action of the engineers. The cold contempt of Marx and Engels for most of their working-class collaborators, though it was not shared by Lenin, set an example to the later leaders of the Union of Soviet Socialist Re-

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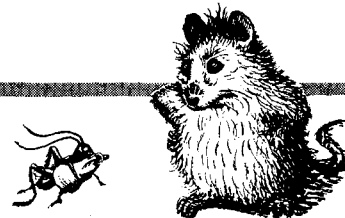
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publics, who have confirmed the worst apprehensions of Bakunin and Herbert Spencer. The forecasts of James Burnham's book "The Managerial Revolution" are in process of being confirmed by the tightening grip on the United States of the armed forces, the engineers (the Corps of Engineers is itself a part of the Army), and a host of professional bureaucrats, often the products of "schools of administration," who seem to be getting into their hands more and more of the business of the government, the foundations, the universities, and the various public institutions—to which group, as Max Nomad points out, the officials of the labor unions belong.

In regard to the fundamental principle involved in these recurrent phenomena, so subversive of Socialist assumptions, Machajski was certainly right. There is a category of class here implied that has never been recognized in quite the same way by the analysts of "class structure." Mussolini and the Russian Communists and the bureaucrats of the Pentagon Building, though they speak in different-sounding dialects and wear uniforms of different design, do have a professional managerial interest in common. But Machajski's announcement of this law by which the managers and intellectuals first enlist the support of the manual workers and then drop them to consolidate their own position did not, as one might have expected, put an end to his radical activities. If the leaders of the Socialist sects had invariably, in the past, let the workers down, he himself would prove an exception by continuing to defend their interests; he would stick by them to the end. He would not only fight to put up their wages but would insist, after the advent of the bureaucratic state, on bringing down its managers' salaries to a parity with the workers' augmented wages. But how was this to be accomplished? By a revolutionary dictatorship—for it was figuratively in very small type that Machajski admitted this. He spoke of it in print only once, and afterward, though he never denied the necessity for a dictatorship, he dwelt mainly on the strategy of strikes as a way of enforcing the workers' demands. But even though he does not go further than the pressure to be brought to bear by striking, there is implied here, as Max Nomad says, a serious inconsistency with Machajski's general thesis. For would not the end result of the policy of continual strikes be not merely equalization of income but also nationalization of industry? The employers could not be expected to consent to reduce their own salaries to the level of



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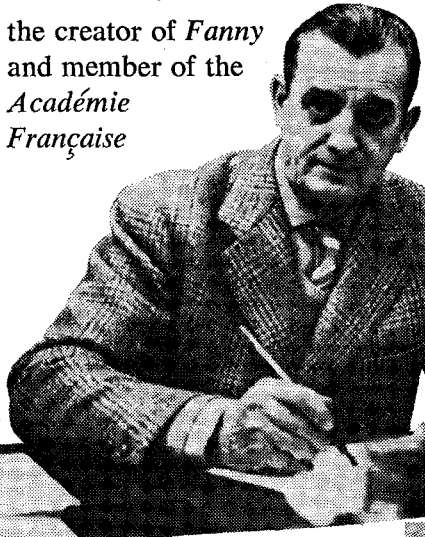
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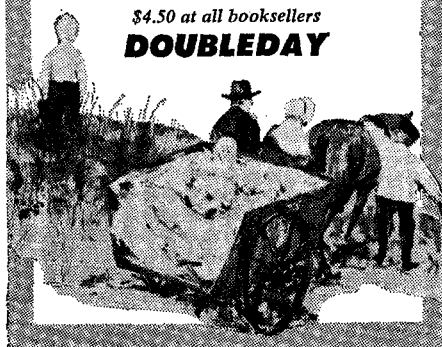
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the manual workers, and if they declared a general lockout, the government would have to take over. If the working class then took over this government, those among them who were well enough educated and competent enough to run it would soon become a specialized group and would award themselves special privileges. When the followers of Machajski asked him why they themselves, not coming from the laboring class, were working against their own class interests, he would answer that they were working in the interests of their "revolutionary career"—that is, they were the only revolutionists who would be able to sustain their loyalty to the working class and who would thus effect a true revolution. When they asked him how, assuming their eventual success, it would be possible for the uneducated workers not to continue to be deceived by the educated people who governed them, he would answer that the means of deception would by that time have become exhausted.

Machajski and his Russian followers, who called themselves the Workers' Conspiracy, took a small but active part in the 1905 revolution, concentrating on relief for the unemployed and organization of public works, rather than on the struggle for political democracy. But the group was broken up by arrests, and Machajski again went abroad. He was able to come back to Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution and to publish one issue of a paper called *Workers' Revolution*, in which he warned the workers and peasants who were supposedly now the masters of Russia that it was really the intelligentsia who would rule them through their workers' deputies. He told them that they must equalize incomes (which, consistent with the teaching of Marx, had never been an aim of the Soviets), otherwise they would never be allowed to acquire the higher skills. "When the working class strives for its own rule, it means that it strives for revolutionary domination over the government. Through its revolutionary pressure, through the expression of the will of the toiling millions, the working class ought to dictate the law to the government." But how was this to rescue the situation from Machajski's own vicious circle? Nobody, in any case, paid much attention. Some of his followers had joined the Bolsheviks. But, later on, the predictions of Machajski began to trouble the minds of the manipulators of the official ideology. In the twenties, they went so far as to prohibit the republication of the pamphlets and books he had written in

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TIMES THREE

With foreword by W. H. AUDEN

Switzerland twenty-five years before, and the more the Soviet society came to justify Machajski's thesis by producing a privileged officialdom that coerced and harassed the "peasants and workers," the more savage against him this officialdom became. Trotsky made a point of attacking him, because almost to the end, in exile, he persisted in denying that the Soviet bureaucracy was really an exploiting class. When Machajski died, in 1926, *Pravda* printed four columns of denunciation, and twelve years later, at the time of the purges, when the bureaucracy had become a despotism, it devoted six columns to him. These blasts, says Max Nomad, must have seemed to it the only revenge it could take. He was dead, and no doubt his few followers had either also died or left Russia, so they could not be made to confess that they were counter-revolutionary Trotskyists in the service of Hitler and Wall Street.

THE story of Wacław Machajski is told in Max Nomad's new book, and he is present in all its thinking, as he has been in that of Nomad's earlier works. Max Nomad is to this extent a loyal disciple, in that he still stands up for "the masses" and believes that their condition has been actually improved by the movements to effect their betterment, though—with the exception of "a few pure idealists"—their leaders continue to behave in the way Machajski said they would. As we have seen, he shows Machajski's inconsistencies, but he also elaborates Machajski's themes and supplements Machajski's findings with a good deal of new material derived from his own research and observation.

One of the chapters of "Aspects of Revolt," "The Elusive Ideal," discusses equality of income and seeks to show that it can never be realized, since there must always, at the outset of any society that is aiming to establish Communism—as Marx was forced to admit and as the Soviet Union has demonstrated—be categories of public servants who need to live in greater comfort and who may claim for themselves higher incomes than the citizens on lower levels of culture and responsibility. These begin with a great advantage over the general run of the population because they are better educated. Now, suppose that, by some miracle of disinterestedness, these exceptionally well-equipped officials make an attempt to give everybody else the benefit of a training equal to theirs. Long before the general level has been raised to the

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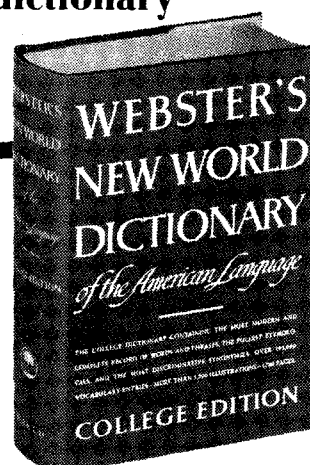
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point at which the former illiterates have shown themselves capable of this higher education, the program to improve them will inevitably have lapsed; the official technicians and managers will so have consolidated their group position that they will have made such higher training their monopoly. This happened in the Soviet Union, where at first the children of the Red Army officers and of the other upper strata were sent to superior schools, but this grading of education is now said to have been abolished or disguised. In any case, the student who could qualify for higher education must be sound in his attitude toward the Soviet State and may be expected, if able enough, to take his place in its upper ranks, and something of the kind must also have happened in the case of the families of our union officials, who can afford to send their children to better schools than are possible for the ordinary member. Differences in education will be always, says Max Nomad, unavoidable, and they will always make equality impossible. Another chapter, "Why and How They Changed," presents a whole parade of cases of Left statesmen and labor leaders—Weitling, Lassalle, Clemenceau, Briand, Ramsay MacDonald, Mussolini (Pilsudski figures in another chapter)—who illustrate Machajski's thesis in a variety of ways. We learn that even Norman Thomas, surely one of the most steadfast of Socialist leaders, has finally been brought to the conclusion that "the messianic hope which consciously or unconsciously inspired most of us to become Socialists is scarcely tenable in America or elsewhere in the world. . . . History and our better knowledge of our human psychology have destroyed or profoundly altered that particular scheme of earthly salvation. We have learned much about the temptations of power, and we know that there is no messianic working class nor any sort of élite that we can trust automatically to save 'mankind.'"

Another chapter, "The Pedestal"—particularly dampening—consists of examples of the recurrent stupidity of the uninstructed masses in voting against their own interests: "the docility," for example, "of the millions of American organized workers who, save in the case of almost monumental scandals, permanently reflect their dictatorial rulers, even if—not satisfied with their fabulous salaries—they are disposing of the union treasuries and welfare funds as if they were their own property;" the action of the British lower classes, after the vic-

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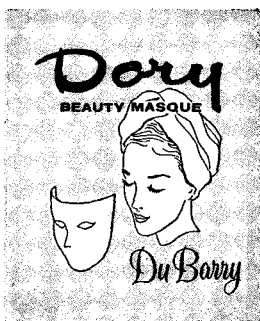
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tory of the Labour Party in 1945, in subsequently restoring the Conservatives, for the reason, according to Nomad, that they believed themselves to have risen to the middle class and to owe it now their class allegiance; and the voting out of office by the Milwaukee electorate of their Socialist municipal government, after what Mr. Nomad says was "an unimpeachable twenty-four year record of . . . graftless administration," under the influence of "a young and charming demagogue whose only plank was 'Clean out City Hall and oust the Socialists.'"

Has Max Nomad perhaps himself been a little inconsistent here? Might not this administration, in its twenty-four years of office, already, in conformity with Machajski's law, have been alienating itself from its constituents, so that these latter were correct in repudiating it? And what about the British Labour government in the country in all the world in which Sorel's law of "social capillarity" is supposed to operate most rapidly? There is also an amusing chapter, "Dead Dogs and Holy Falsehoods," which discusses the uses of slander in the revolutionary struggle for power, from John Quincy Adams's description of Jefferson as "double-dealing, treacherous, and false beyond all toleration," through Marx's nasty attack on Bakunin for the purpose of getting him out of the First International, to *Pravda's* characterization of Gandhi as "a flunky of British imperialism." But this kind of slander is by no means confined to the politics of revolution. What about Lyndon Johnson on Kennedy just before the latter's nomination? What about Kennedy on Nixon just afterward?

One gets a distinct impression that Max Nomad keeps a filing case in which he puts away, as he happens on them, examples of the various types of paradox involved in Left Wing politics, which paradoxes themselves form a kind of collection. Thus in chapters such as the two last mentioned there are moments when "Aspects of Revolt" seems a little like a mere cabinet of curiosities of revolutionary behavior. There are also a chapter on "Bandits with a Philosophy"—Pancho Villa, the American Anarchists, the Bolshevik "expropriators," of whom Stalin was one and at whose "expropriations" Lenin winked—and another on "Angry Amazons"—Frances Wright, the early-nineteenth-century social reformer; Sofia Perovskaya, who assassinated Alexander II; Emma Goldman, the Anarchist; Rosa Luxemburg, the independent Marxist; and Beatrice Webb,



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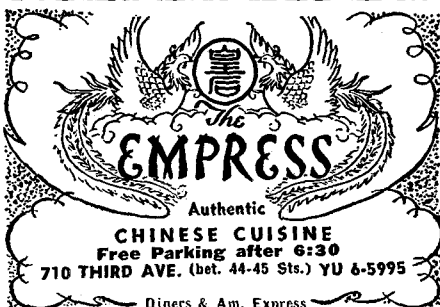
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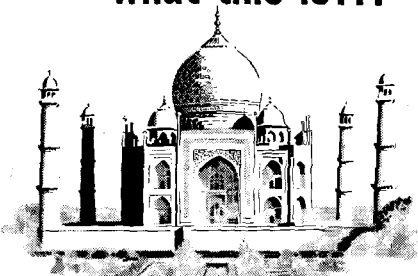
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the British Fabian Socialist—as to whom Nomad seems to feel that they cannot be assigned to the same category as his masculine figures and whose careers he makes little attempt to analyze in the Machajskian terms. Yet "Aspects of Revolt" is an effort in the direction of an "anatomy" of revolution. It is, so far, Nomad's best book, and one stops oneself from saying what a pity it is that it wasn't written earlier, because when one compares it with his earlier books—"Rebels and Renegades," of 1932, and "Apostles of Revolution," of 1939—one sees that before the last war Max Nomad, though quite non-utopian, still retained a little more of his original radical faith. At the end of the second of these, he expresses the hope that "out of this bloody welter may emerge a European Union of Democratic Socialist Republics, equally remote from the jungle of capitalist chaos and from the graveyard of Fascist or 'Communist' totalitarianism. For all its economic inequalities, for all its never-ending class struggles between the higher and the lower income groups, such a Union would point the way toward a new civilization. A civilization combining the security of a planned socialized economy with that freedom of expression which is the only guarantee of progress."

A new phase for Max Nomad had, one sees, begun when, in 1953, he published his "A Skeptic's Political Dictionary and Handbook for the Disenchanted." This mordant and amusing volume is described by the author in a foreword as a work of "melancholy radicalism." "My own modest ambition," he concludes, "is merely to help those few decent people, in the words of Chamfort, who may be hiding somewhere, to see clearly through the political double talk of yesterday, today, and the threatening tomorrow." Here is his definition of "Communist": "1. A man not to be judged hastily. He may turn out to be a stoopigeon for the F.B.I. rather than a spy for the M.V.D. 2. One who believes that political liberty, though granted by non-Communists to Communists, should not be granted by Communists to non-Communists. 3. One who believes that a full dinnerpail is better than the right of free speech, and that therefore those who get impatient about the absence of the former under 'Communism' should be deprived of the right to complain about it." And here is his definition of "American Democracy": "A system under which the voters invariably elect the candidates presented to them by the political ma-

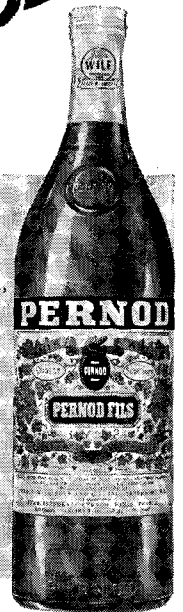
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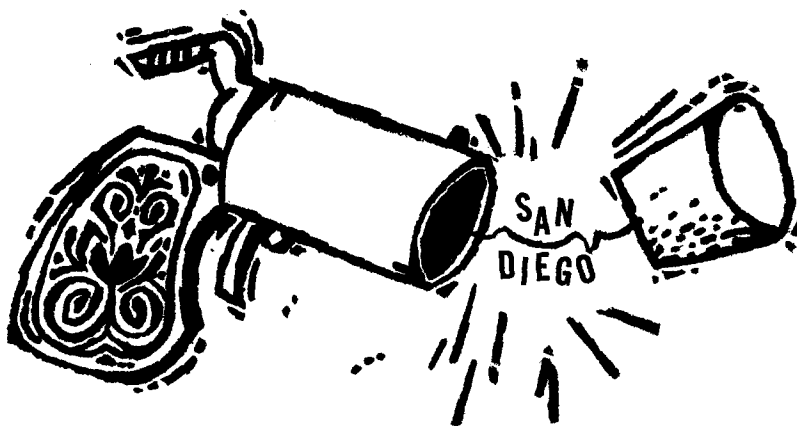
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chines of one of the two big office-holders' and office-seekers' trusts. The result is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, carried on by politicians and office-holders in partnership with those owning the wealth of the country and holding it in trust for the people."

But he has not allowed himself to become a cynic. In the preface to "Aspects of Revolt," which is, I suppose, his real testament, "I have no use," he says, "for those snobs, whether Nietzscheans or plain Babbitts, who look down with contempt upon the crowd; yet I cannot help realizing that the masses are hopelessly benighted and gullible, ready to submit to any form of servitude, either sanctified by tradition or ushered in by demagogues and adventurers after the long overdue collapse of the old regime." And the book, although also "disenchanted," is the most impressive example he has given us of his good will and his fundamental humanity as well as his immense multilingual learning and his inquiring, comprehensive intelligence.

In the last chapter of "Aspects of Revolt"—called "Changeless America?"—Nomad speculates on the future of the United States. "The indifference," he says, "of the American workers toward anti-capitalist ideas has given America the unique status of a country which, for all its anti-Communist hysteria, is not threatened by either Socialism or Communism." But suppose automation and mechanical brains result in mass unemployment? Might not this result in violence of the characteristically American kind? Might not this rebellion necessitate the organization of "a super-New Deal that would combine the advantages of the Welfare State with those of a semi-socialized economy and full employment—while maintaining the traditional vocabulary of 'free enterprise,' dear to rich and poor alike in the United States, as are the myths of monarchy, pseudo-democracy, Socialism, Communism, and Fascism to the illusion-hungry denizens of other sections of the globe?" Or might not "an overproduction of the technical intelligentsia" result in the engineers' strike that Thorstein Veblen thought a possibility and the assumption by the engineers of the direction of American industry? "All this," Max Nomad concludes, "may or may not happen in the more or less distant future. However, for the time being it looks as if the comforts and benefits enjoyed by the great majority of those who in other countries are included among the underprivileged were a guarantee against



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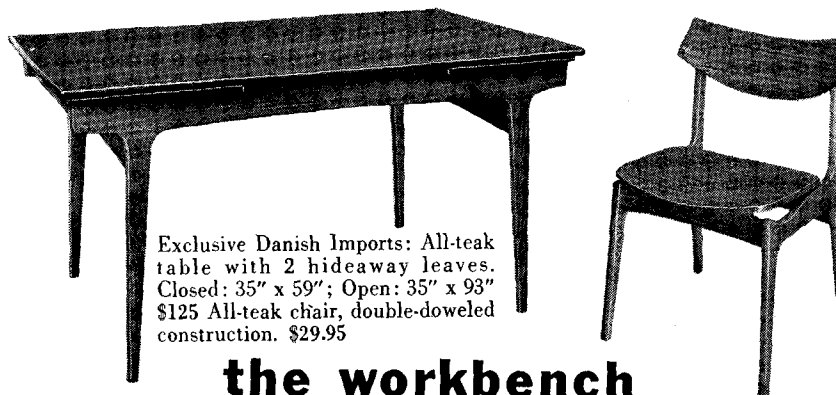
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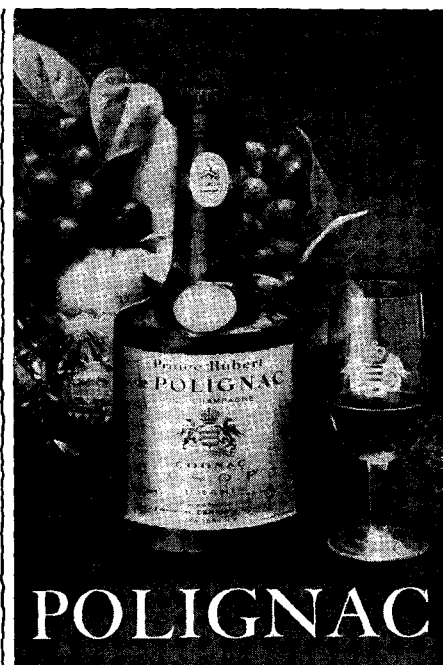
any attempt—peaceful or violent—at a thoroughgoing change in the American way of life, all its injustices, inequalities, and prejudices notwithstanding.” But “the center of gravity,” he thinks, may “shift from the big shareholders to the engineers, the economists and the intellectual workers in general, whom the other sections of the population may have to restrain from becoming all too powerful.”

THE last time I saw Max Nomad was some years ago in Webster Hall, at a debate between Peter Viereck and Corliss Lamont, with Norman Thomas presiding. He was sitting in the first row of the balcony, regarding the speakers with the dark round eyes that combine a certain irony with blandness, and I wondered what had brought him out. Norman Thomas and Corliss Lamont were perfectly familiar to him, he must have known exactly what they would say, and I decided that it was the neo-conservatism of the Metternich-admiring Viereck which had piqued the curiosity of this expert. When I greeted him after it was over, he said nothing about the debate, but simply raised his eyebrows and smiled in the equivalent of a gentle shrug.—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

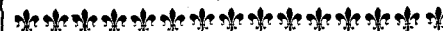
FICTION

THE BEAT OF LIFE, by Barbara Probst Solomon (Lippincott). This splendid first novel deals with the progress and death of a love affair that is doomed because the girl, Natasha, is weakened by the pride that is her only defense against her lover, Tim, a nice, affectionate, acute, and intellectually able young man whose naturally warm heart has been twisted by his determination to feel and practice the resentment against women that he believes a man should feel who has been brought up by a woman alone. Tim's mother and father have long been divorced, and his mother is a militant feminist, but if she had been the gentlest of women and the best of mothers, he would still have refused to grow up and face himself as a man until he had exacted all the satisfaction he could get from what he honestly believes to be his right to paralyzing self-pity and, in this self-pity, to revenge on women. Natasha, in her pride, and in her despair as she watches the vacillating agonies of the boy she loves and who loves her, in his way, has an abortion, not realizing the devastation that the act of murder will bring about in her



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spirit. Shortly afterward, she quietly kills herself, and in death gives Tim the best gift she could have given him, since she was not strong enough to force him to acknowledge her; she gives him a lifelong weapon that he can use against all the women in his future—the memory of herself. Mrs. Solomon's writing is even, furious, humorous, and as clear and sound as writing of this colloquial, up-to-date kind can be. She is a very good novelist. The scene is New York at the present time.

THE BLACK BOOK, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). In its motifs, virtues, and excesses, this 1936 novel resembles the "Alexandria Quartet" in embryo. It is set in a moldering London hotel, and its characters—a student-satyr from Peru, a balding homosexual pianist, a narcissistic gigolo, a good-hearted whore, a hunch-backed teacher at a girls' school, and so on—seesaw between self-analysis and delusion, the one exception being the narrator, a young writer, who finally abandons "the English death" for the Ionian Islands as the first step on his journey to spiritual maturity. Despair is the prevailing emotion, frustration the general lot, and sex the universal anodyne. The most fascinating relationship is that between Death Gregory, a former occupant of the hotel, whose diary the narrator quotes extensively, and Gracie, a Cockney girl. Gracie is a dumb animal of feeling, Gregory the last word in coruscating self-destruction, and their love affair is appalling, comic, and moving. The novel is honest, self-conscious, and disturbing in the vehemence of its disgust. In spite of Durrell's prodigious talents as an image-maker, it is also often monotonous. This edition has an introduction by Gerald Sykes and a brief preface by the author.

PETER PERRY, by Michael Campbell (Orion). Mr. Campbell's attitude is truthful and irreverent, and it is expressed in language that is darting in movement and full of impulse, combining pity and humor into a style that could hardly be better suited to this novel about the city of Dublin and certain of its inhabitants. Among the inhabitants, the figure of Peter Perry, an angular elderly lady of triumphant individuality, stands out alone. She is a splendid creature—proud, shabby, devious, talkative, mysterious, suspicious, friendly, everything but dull. Among her companions are her nephew, a pleasant-



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natured university student; a dubious Englishman who threatens her peace of mind; and a crowd of flashing, quick-moving, quick-talking people who have more eccentricity than character but who are entertaining enough and must not be blamed if the stage seems to lose much of its light and life when she is not occupying its center. There is a good deal that is awkward and obvious about Mr. Campbell's symbolism, but he gives the best part of his talent to his story and his characters, and he has produced a first-rate novel. The time is the present.

FAREWELL VICTORIA, by T. H. White (Putnam). A charming, sketchy novel about the reign of Queen Victoria, about the effect on English life of the breakup of the Victorian regime, and, more directly, about the life of one of the Queen's more obscure subjects, Alfred Mundy, who was born the son of a groom on a great country estate in 1850, worked with horses all his life—in his middle years as a coachman and later as a horse-cab driver—and died in a small seaside town at the age of eighty-three. Mundy, a gentle, accepting man, trained to obedience and not possessed of much conviction, is an accurate reflector of the changing times he lived through, and Mr. White gives a kindly, matter-of-fact account of him. The book was first published in England in 1933. This, the first American edition, is remarkably well illustrated with sketches and drawings from various sources, including *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*.

GENERAL

TURMOIL AND TRADITION: A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY L. STIMSON, by Elting E. Morison (Houghton Mifflin). The caption beneath the last photograph of Mr. Stimson in this book is a summary of its subject's public career: United States Attorney, Southern District of New York, 1906-09; Secretary of War, 1911-13; Delegate-at-large, New York Constitutional Convention, 1915; Lieutenant Colonel, 305th Field Artillery, Colonel 31st Field Artillery, United States Army, 1917-18; Special Representative of the President to Nicaragua, 1927; Governor General of the Philippine Islands, 1927-29; Secretary of State, 1929-33; Secretary of War, 1940-45. Professor Morison's brilliant biography offers more than the details

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of this extraordinary record; it conveys the quality of a man who made his mark in one period of history and yet managed to learn and develop and then make it again, in a very different time. Stimson was born in 1867 into an upper-middle-class New York family of Calvinist faith; his training made him diffident of his abilities, determined to overcome his inadequacies by hard work, certain that good and bad were evident and absolute, and prepared, without question, to serve the good. Until the end of the First World War, the men with whom Stimson worked—Teddy Roosevelt among them—pretty much shared his allegiance to, and his definitions of, righteousness and duty. But during his term as Hoover's Secretary of State, Stimson realized that the rest of the world was not united in seeking progressive or Christian solutions to its problems. Fairly early in the nineteen-thirties, he foresaw the Second World War, and advocated American rearmament, because he believed America should be ready to fight for the right. And Stimson himself was ready, when the chance was offered, to serve as a Republican Secretary of War in a Democratic administration. As Morison describes it, he performed superbly, demonstrating an understanding of innovation (for example, he forced our reluctant professional Army to adopt radar) that was fairly astonishing in a man who remained so conservative in other ways that he cut friends who had been divorced. Without any psychiatric impudence, Professor Morison makes clear the fundamental unity of a character that contained such seeming contradictions. His style is sensitive and solid, and his book is a pleasure all the way through. Photographs.

COMPANY OF STRANGERS, by Anthony Heckstall-Smith (Coward-McCann). The confessions of a middle-aged Englishman of leisure who innocently fell in with a fascinating family of international stock swindlers (Herr Doktor Julius Gert, his fat wife, Clari, and their playboy son, Peter), let himself become their dupe, and ended up serving eighteen months in Maidstone Gaol. Mr. Heckstall-Smith makes no bones about his stupidity, but he also makes no great fuss about it. He simply tells, with unusual narrative skill and an excellent sense of character, the story of his misadventure as it happened—the chance meeting in Flor-



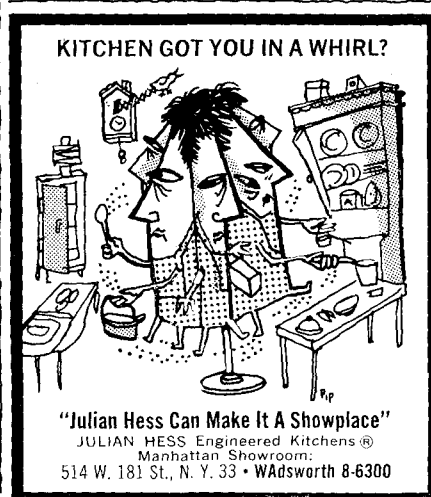
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ence, the apparently chance reunion in London, the deepening friendship in Toronto, the climax in New York—and lets us judge whether, in the circumstances, we would have been less susceptible to the Gerts' enormous charm, less suspicious of the eventual business overtures, less blind to the occasional, almost imperceptible danger signals. The result is a most remarkable memoir.

JAZZ STREET, by Dennis Stock (Doubleday). A hundred and thirty faultlessly reproduced photographs of jazz musicians—in their underwear (Louis Armstrong), trudging through Times Square at six in the morning (Bill Crow), *en famille* (Lee Konitz), at work (Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Zutty Singleton, Duke Ellington), walking their dogs (Pee Wee Russell), posed à la Karsh (Sidney Bechet, Dizzy Gillespie, Barney Bigard), and at rest (Jimmy Rushing, Mary Lou Williams). Two of the pictures are unforgettable. The first shows the late Lester Young, pale, limp, and almost one-dimensional, perched like a spectre on the edge of a bed, and the second Bud Powell's demonic, seemingly disembodied eyes, which peer hypnotically out of an expressionless stone face. The rest of the collection, all of which is the work of Mr. Stock, is by turns arty, funny, and merely conventional. The captions, which have been shunted unmercifully to the back of the book, and a short preface are by Nat Hentoff.

NOTE: Four books, each containing a considerable amount of material that originally appeared in this magazine, have recently been published. They are "Black Maria" (Simon & Schuster), an album of cartoons by Charles Addams; "Oh, Happy, Happy, Happy!" (Golden), an album of cartoons by Charles Saxon; "Stanley's Way" (Atheneum), a report by Thomas Sterling on his visit to those places in Africa that Henry M. Stanley first explored ninety years ago; and "The View from Here" (Harcourt, Brace), a volume of reminiscence by Robert M. Coates.

Periodically I encounter a most arresting and unconventional question as to whether Sen. Lyndon Johnson is going to help or hurt the Democratic ticket in the South.

It is usually taken for granted that he will.—*Roscoe Drummond in the Riverside (Calif.) Enterprise.*

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Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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